THE SATURDAY EVE POST

Fo lin

Volume 201, Number 23

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Norman Rockwell

Merrie Christmas

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TWO RED-HAIRED WOMEN

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

MR. TIMOTHY O'MEARA was a few years past sixty. He was bald, his countenance bore the scars of his youthful hard work and of the business struggles of his middle age. He was a building contractor, and he lived in Brooklyn. But in spite of all this staid and sober circumstance, Mr. O'Meara was essentially romantic, and would be so until dreams and visions ceased with him altogether.

He had never led the kind of life, in his own person, that he felt should have been his, but he was forever reaching out into the past and identifying himself imaginatively with heroic actions and colorful situations. From the world at large he concealed this strong propensity of his, but his two sons, Jack and Terence, who had gone into his business with him, could now and then goad him into narrations which delighted them. Like so many Americans of Irish descent, all the poetry in his nature was twined about his love for Ireland, and his sons had discovered that the surest way to get him talking was to pretend to depreciate Ireland. He thoroughly understood what they were at, but he could never resist the challenge; and his snorts of rage as he answered them, and the occasional touch of Irish brogue that stole into his speech as he grew more interested in his legendary lyrics, were all a part of the game not least loved by him and his sons.

"It has always been a strange thing to me," said Terence to his brother Jack, one evening after dinner as they all sat about with their pipes and coffee, "that the Irish should fall down the way they do in the matter of diplomacy. Great warriors they have had in plenty, and great generals, great singers and great orators, but never one great diplomatist."

And Terence winked at his brother Jack as their father's bald head suddenly flushed pink.

"Yes," said Jack, with an unfilial answering wink, "and do you know, I've about come to the conclusion that William of Orange was the world's greatest diplomatist."

The senior O'Meara dropped his pipe, and for an instant the young men thought that for once they might have gone too far. But after one dreadful glare their father turned his face away from them and addressed the empty air as if speaking of his sons to someone not present.

"Shame upon them," he said—"shame upon them both for their terrible ignorance! And sorrow to me that has such sons!"

He Took His Sword Between His Teeth and Plunged Into the Wather, Strikin' Out Bold and Strong for the English Shore

He picked up his pipe, refilled it with cut plug and then addressed his sons with dignity:

"The greatest diplomatist of all times, ancient or modern, was an Irishman," he said—"not even barring Machiavelli, who was by descent an Irishman himself, as the name shows—nor yet Talleyrand."

"Who was he, dad?" asked Jack.

"Timothy O'Meara was his name, the same as me own, and my ancestor he was," said Mr. O'Meara. "But neither one of you two would he acknowledge as his descendants."

The old gentleman's "neither one" trembled on the verge of being "nayther wan," and from this his sons argued that they had got him started. They settled themselves to listen, and presently, sweeping his mental eye back and forth along the ages, Mr. O'Meara descried a most attractive period and swooped upon it.

This great diplomatist, Timothy O'Meara, I'm telling ye about—me own name he had, and me ancestor he was, and by the word of him that's been handed down from O'Meara to O'Meara for generations, he must have been pretty much the same figure of a man I was in me own youth—lived during one of the most ticklish times in the history of the world. 'Twas an epoch so known and noted for bein' dangerous to everybody alive that 'tis a surprise, lookin' back on it, that anny wan survived that epoch to tell about it. Merely to kape wan's head upon wan's shoulders in thim days called for a constant exercise of tact and diplomacy of the first wather.

The main trouble with the British Islands at that day and date was that there was two quanes rulin' at the same time, wan of them in England, and that was Elizabeth, and the other wan in Scotland, and that was Mary Quane of Scots. And added to all the other trouble of the world was the terrible fact that both of thim quanes was red-headed.

Red-headed Mary, she sat on her throne in Edinburgh and promulgated to the known world that if she had her rights she would be quane of England too. And red-headed Elizabeth sat on her throne in London and told the entire universe that she was quane of England, and if she had her rights she would be quane of Scotland as well, and thim that disbelieved her had better keep away from the swing of her scepter, be damned to them, says she. For she was a terrible talker and swearer, and a woman with two fists. A well-educated woman she was herself, but you could tell it on her that education hadn't been long in her family, and altogether she was wan of the roughest ladies that ever wore a crown.

But as it Was, He Remembered His Tact and Did Nothing But Twist the Old Boy's Whiskers a Swipe or Two

Whichever wan of them finally won out as undisputed quane of England, it went without sayin' that she would claim Ireland too. Everywan always claimed it. None of them foreigners could ever get it into their heads that all Ireland ever asked for was to be let alone in peace and quietness, so that she could fight out her troubles for herself. Fire and sword and the bloody Sassenach was doing their terrible work in Ireland at the very moment I'm speakin' of.

In the old and ancient days a thousand years before the time I'm tellin' ye of, as ye would know yourself if ye were not both stuffed to the ears with ignorance and misinformation, Ireland was the world's greatest country, givin' her light and learnin' to all the nations that gathered at her feet.

Most countries has but enough royal blood in thim to have but wan king and wan quane at a time, but in Ireland it's always been different. There was the king of Ulster and the king of Connaught, the king of Leinster and the king of Munster, and over thim all was the high king of Ireland. And there was a lot more families that would have been sittin' on thrones thimselves if they but had their rights. And all these kings of Ireland, being proud and unconquerable heroes, was naturally opposed to each other gettin' away with annything; and that's how the foreigners was always gettin' in.

This Timothy O'Meara I'm tellin' ye about—my ancestor he was—would have been high king of all Ireland himself if he had but had his rights. But you two are willfully ignorant and unworthy of the remarkable men from whom ye sprang, and I don't know why I'm taking the trouble to enlighten ye.

Time and again Timothy O'Meara rallied his countrymen against the Sassenach, but always they came again, because there was so many of thim. And after years of warfare, during which he had become the most skillful swordsman the world has ever seen and the most sagacious and strategical general, he says to himself wan day, he says:

"Be damned to all this! It's gettin' us nowheres at all, at all! As soon as I have wan tin thousand of thim English well whipped and sit down to me bit of porridge and bacon, there's another tin thousand of thim landed. 'Tis time to try diplomacy."

And he sat down on the shore of Ireland, a figure of a man like Conachur MacNessa or Finn MacCool himself, and combed his red beard through his fingers, and looked over toward the shore of England and cogitated. And he took off his helmet and scratched the place on top of his head that was growin' just a trifle bald, as was the premature way with me own hair, and he thought and thought.

"If I could but meet a king of England and talk this matter over with him, face to face and man to man, aquel to aquel and king to king, we might strike a bargain," says he. "But with no lesser man below the rank of king will Timothy O'Meara bandy words. And I don't like talkin' it over with a quane. Women is the divil."

If he had wan weakness in the world it was a weakness for women. By his appearance as well as his mental qualities and the great fame of his eloquence and warlike deeds, he was always and forever enslavin' women, and scarcely knowin' that he'd done it. But after he had seen the plight they was in, and their sufferin's for love of him, his ginerous heart would always begin to pity the poor craytures and he would be aisy and reassurin' with thim, and thin, if he wasn't careful, they'd wrap him around their little fingers. And I hope that I'll never find out that either wan of you has inherited that tendency.

"I don't like it—her being a quane instead of a king," says he. "But somebody's got to save Ireland. So here goes!"

And with that he took his sword between his teeth and plunged into the wather, strikin' out bold and strong for the English shore. I was always a great swimmer, and this Timothy O'Meara, me ancestor, was as much at home in the wather as Manannan mac Lir himself.

"Tact," says he, rollin' in the seas and spoutin' wather like a porpoise—"tact is what will save Ireland. Tact and diplomacy!"

Hand over hand he clambered up the rocky coast of Cornwall—as ye've seen me, yourselves, go up the framework of a building—and then he batted the sea gulls away from his eyes and shook the salt wather from his beard, and borrowed the first horse he seen and galloped off. Early next mornin' he was in London, and a surprisin' city it was to him, what with the crowds and leanin' houses and high towers and royal troops and all thim bannered palaces; but he was The O'Meara of that time, better than anny of thim, and he would not show his surprise to the Sassenach. He paused but long enough to trim his beard and dress himself in the latest style, and well before noon he set off to the quane's palace.

'Twas no trouble at all for him to identify that same. If the two of ye were not sunk deep in ignorance and illiteracy, which ye are, ye would know that Quane Elizabeth's palace in that day was the most splendid and stately edifice ever erected by anny monarch annywheres outside of ancient Ireland. Through all the outer magnificence strode Timothy O'Meara with his head up, and that in his eye that forbade a question by anny underling. Past the courts and guards and fountains runnin' wine, and all the enginery and paraphernalia of great and royal luxury he went, till he came to a flight of broad steps that led upward to a most magnificent hall.

And all over thim steps, and at the top of thim, in front of the big gilded doors that led into the hall of state, was a crowd of the most risplindent courtiers on guard—English they was, most of thim, but with a sprinklin' of Scotch and a few Spaniards and Frinch, and two or three Irish—bad cess to the traitors! Knights and baronets, earls and dukes and princes, ginerals and admirals, by the gay and splendid look of thim, with their jewels and velvets, that's what they was, no less.

"And who are ye," says wan swaggerin' sprig of nobility, with his hand on his sword hilt as Tim laid hold upon the big door, "that thinks he can crash the gate of the quane's own hall, without lave or likin' from annywan?"

"I'm The O'Meara," says Tim, and he gave the young popinjay a backhand swipe that tumbled him down the stairs. None of us O'Mearas has ever had great patience with empty impertinence, then or now.

Fifty swords were out in a second and they ringed him round.

"I'm here from Ireland," says Tim, "to see the quane of England. If diplomacy was not me intintion I'd cut me way through youse. But if there's anny of ye wishful for a little sport, now's the time to spake up. Diplomatist though I be, I'm the man for ye!"

Siviral of thim proved to be wishful, and in less than ten minutes he decimated three of thim Englishmen with a Scottish claymore, and then he accommodated an aquel number of Scotchmen with an English broadsword, and thin he took in his fist wan of thim Spanish rapiers and gave a fencin' lesson to a Frenchman, and then he says:

"Gintlemen, what man is the master of the British Islands at any form of fencin' with anny kind of soord?"

"The O'Meara is!" says they all, with wan hearty voice.

"'Tis well ye English and Scotch know it," says Tim. "But is there anny Welshman here has his doubts?"

But if there was anny Welshman there, he said nothing disputatious about it. And just then the lord chancellor flung open the big door to the quane's hall, and he says:

"And what's all this racket of weapons out here? Have ye no more sinse than to be scrapin' steel almost in Her Majisty's very prisince?"

"'Tis I that am the responsible party," says Tim.

"And who might you be?" says the lord chancellor.

"I'm The O'Meara," says Tim.

"So!" says the lord chancellor. "The boldest rebel in Ireland! I've heard of ye!"

"I'm no rebel," says Tim, "but a free man. And were I not here on a diplomatic mission I'd bloody your mouth for ye." But as it was, he remembered his tact and did nothing but twist the old boy's whiskers a swipe or two.

"Stop your blattin', ye old goat," sings out Quane Elizabeth to the lord chancellor from her throne, "and bring The O'Meara to me, if 'tis he indeed that has his clutches on you. 'Tis long I have wanted to meet that impudent warrior!"

Timothy O'Meara—my ancestor he was—walked up the hall to where the quane set on her throne, and he made her the bow that anny gentleman

He Stepped Up to the Throne and Dropped His Arm About Her. But He Only Kissed Her Wance or Twice, Rememberin' His Diplomacy

With One Neat Backhand Sweep He Sent That Fellow's Head Rollin' Down the Hill and His Horse Galloped Off With the Rest of Him

of breedin' makes to a lady, but divil the bit did he kneel to her, and he stood and looked her in the eye and she sat there and looked back at him.

"Ye're the bold rebel, Timothy O'Meara," says Queen Elizabeth.

"I've heard ye're no coward yerself, Your Majisty," says Tim.

"Do ye know anny reason why I should not have your head struck from your shoulders?" says the quane.

"Siviral," says Tim.

"Such as?" says she.

"Faith," says he, looking pointedly at her own red hair, "if ye had the same love for red hair in a man that I have for red hair in a woman, ye'd never think of it," says he. "Besides which, 'twould be to the great detriment of me neck."

"That's what they all say," says the quane.

And with that, they smiled at each other, and all the guards and courtiers and dukes and counselors that was gathered about smiled also. A high-tempered and imperious woman was this Quane Elizabeth, and there was something free and commandin' in her that caught the fancy of me bold Timothy from the start. Not that she was anny great beauty; her nose was a trifle too long for that, but there was the divil's own intelligence in her eyes, and a humorsome way about her mouth, and a kind of dangerous element about her altogether that made her fascinatin' to Timothy O'Meara at wance, for he was wan of thim men that seeks out the prisince of peril for the pure enjoyment of facin' it. Thim intelligent women has always had a great fascination for meself; and there was manny a beautiful woman that loved Tim O'Meara that he cared less for than Queen Elizabeth, for all her long nose and bad manners and the way she painted her face. As for Tim, there was never yet the woman looked at the big lad without her imagination was stirred, nor was she ever quite the same woman afterward.

"And for what do ye come here so bold and proud, with your neck so stiff and your hand upon your sword?" says the quane.

"I'm here as the discendant of the ancient kings of Ireland, rightful and historical," says Timothy O'Meara—"them that had their high seats on the hill of Tara and was the masters of war and wisdom. I bear word to ye from the green island that's never been conquered yet, and the word I bring is that ye might as well quit tryin'! For a thousand years we've been assaulted and tricked and massacred by the bulcheens of the world—the Dane, the Norman and the Sassenach—but we're still strong-hearted in the field and fightin' back. And in a thousand years from now, if there's wan heart still beatin' there, 'twill be a heart that's free and strong, aven though it beats alone against a million tyrants. Ye cannot conquer us, quane, but ye can take away thim troops off a people that was never yours and never will be; ye can do that free and ginerous without conditions, and ye'll find a ginerosity springin' up to equal yours, and after while 'tis Ireland may forgive ye and be your friend."

"'Tis I that am the quane of Ireland!" says Elizabeth.

'Twas on the tip of The O'Meara's tongue to rejoin with heat, but he remembered his diplomacy in the nick of time, and all he said was: "Some dirty, lyin' old fool of a prime minister has been stuffin' thim beautiful ears of yours with nonsinse and falsehoods, Your Majisty."

Quane Elizabeth sat and thought, and frowned at him and sized him up, the while she picked her teeth with the end of her scepter, for good manners was only an occasional practice with that quane. Then she sent everywan else from the room, and she says:

"Mr. O'Meara, in me heart I know ye're not far wrong. But 'tis wan of the obsessions of this people of mine that the ruler of England should be the ruler of Ireland too. 'Twould not be so aisy as ye seem to think—doing what ye ask. But if I was to take the risk and give up Ireland to ye, tell me this: What would ye give me in return?"

"Annything ye want," says Tim.

"Scotland's what I want," says she.

"'Tis yours in six weeks," says Timothy, "if ye'll give me but half the men ye have blunderin' about Ireland, and I'll take a few hundred of me own Irishmen that has learned thim English the rudiments of fightin'."

"Annything else?" says the quane.

"France, if ye'd like it," says Tim.

"Annything else?" says the quane, speakin' but little above a whisper this time, but with that tilt of the head that says:

Well, what about it?

Tim, he was wan of thim unfortunate men that's cursed with a knowledge of what ye can do and when ye can do it, and he stepped up to the throne and dropped his arm about her.

But he only kissed her wance or twice, rememberin' his diplomacy just in time, and not wantin' to commit himself with irrevocability.

"Tim," says she, "can't ye forget Ireland and stay in London for a while? I need men like yoursilf. Ye should be commander of me armies and admiral of me navies and prime minister of all me councils, and if there's annything more than that ye might want, ye'd have but to put the name on it, Tim."

Tim thinks quick and diplomatic to himself, wonderin' whether it would be for the benefit of Ireland if he married her, or whether that would work out to the detriment of both Ireland and himself in the long run.

"Marriage," says he, tentative and judicial, and risking another kiss on her for the sake of Ireland, "is wan of thim yes-and-no games, Your Majisty."

"Who said annything about marriage?" says she, twisting loose and frowning on him. "Be damned to marriage! The Maiden Queen was I born and the Maiden Queen will I die. I'm a broad-minded woman, with very few prejudices, but the wan strong prejudice I have is against a quane gettin' married. What I was thinkin' of was, maybe we might be engaged for a while."

"I hear Your Majisty's already been engaged a good deal to a lot of these noble gazabos," says Tim, "including King Philip of Spain and siviral dukes."

"Thim others is but statecraft, Timothy," says she. "There's little that's personal in thim. With you and me 'twould be far different."

"Well, now then, Your Majisty," says Tim, "ye put me in mind of a

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She Pushed Him Away From Her, and She Gave Him a Long Look and She Laughed. "Ye Trade Too Fast, Mr. O'Meara," She Says

THERE IS NO CONVERSATION

By REBECCA WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Can You Think of the Blackness in That Woman's Soul?

THERE is no such thing as conversation. It is an illusion. There are interesting monologues, that is all. We speak; we spread round us with sounds, with words, an emanation from ourselves. Sometimes they overlap the circles that others are spreading round themselves. Then they are affected by these other circles, to be sure, but not because of any real communication that has taken place—merely as a scarf of blue chiffon lying on a woman's dressing table will change color if she casts down on it a scarf of red chiffon.

I am talking now of times when life is being lived, not when it is being talked about, not when the intellect is holding the field. Then, of course, ideas can be formulated, can be passed from one mind to another. It is not easy, but it can be done with care, like handing round a pearl on which you wish an opinion to a circle of experts. You cup the palm to hold it, you keep the hand very steady. No such caution is possible when one is really living. Then there is no conversation.

Nothing ever demonstrated to me more effectively that such is the case than the story which was unraveled to me not long ago by a series of incidents which began on a September afternoon, in the Champs-Élysées, when I met the Marquis de Sevenac.

I tried not to see him, because meeting him involves me in one of those insincerities to which people who are interested in character constantly find themselves committed. When we are together I cannot help watching him with a fascinated fixity, because he perpetually struggles with a comic dilemma.

Étienne de Sevenac is older than he likes to be, for he is fifty and an inveterate beauty. When one looks at him one gets a terrifying intimation that age exists as an isolated and devouring entity—that it is not just the name we give to the running down of the old machine, the lining of the skin, the dimming of the eyes, the blanching of the hair, the decrepitude of the skeleton; for Étienne de Sevenac's skin is white and smooth, his deep-set eyes are bright as a boy's, and therefore those white streaks in his hair have that look of prematurity and contrast which is so attractive; his body is straight as if he were a young cavalry officer.

Yet youth has gone out of him. How does one know it? I cannot say. One just sees age ingrained in him. It cannot be described, because it is unlike anything else. One can imagine him looking in a mirror and checking up all the different aspects of old age and saying, "Yes, that's all right; yes, that's all right; yes, that's all right," and in satisfaction turning away to some other occupation; and then suddenly arresting himself, because there was something tingling through his mind, as if something he had seen in the mirror had struck a chord in his being that was going on vibrating and vibrating and vibrating till he could attend to nothing else, till he was shaken and shattered, till he got up and performed some of those ministrations to himself which were responsible for his marvelous appearance—rubbed creams into his forehead with the finger tips of a masseur; fitted the little cup of boracic lotion to his eye and tilted the head sharply backward; wrote a letter to his electro-therapeutist to say he would come and have the ultra-violet rays on the scalp tomorrow at seven; raised his arms straight above his head with the grimace of disgust which the voluptuary feels when his body has to do anything but describe curves encircling curves; and let the muscles of his stomach clench and shut the torso down close to the legs like the blade of a closing jackknife, till his finger tips stubbed themselves on the floor in a way that could not have been borne if it had not been the only way one could tell that one had extended oneself to the extent that it was understood was absolutely necessary if it was to keep one really —— Then one slipped one's feet into shoes that were a little narrower and longer than was necessary and hurried out to find some people who were beautiful and gay and young, who obviously would not bore themselves for one moment with the society of anybody who was old.

It interests me to watch such dramas. I cannot take my eyes off one if it is enacted in front of me; and that fixity Étienne de Sevenac, who was not unobservant, had recorded but had misinterpreted. He thought I liked him. As it happened, he could not be under the delusion that I loved him. But he believed that I regarded him as a pleasant person, that I was full of kindly wishes for his well-being. In this he was wrong. I felt no pity for his distress about his age, because in fact he was not old. He was at most a year or so over fifty and in a physical state that would have contented anybody who had not had some gluttonous dream of being a young Antinoüs for decade after decade. He was just being a bore, like those film actresses who from the age of twenty-five utter no words except, "I've got to have my face lifted. Don't you think I ought to have my face lifted?" Also I feel that people are bound to have accumulated interests and responsibilities which leave them no time for these egotistical excesses unless they have lived with an appalling coldness and selfishness.

I do not like him at all. But although I have no pity for his distress, I do not want to increase it by being disagreeable; for I know that then he would say to himself, "She was not like this last year. Ah, I suppose I have aged a lot since then." Therefore, when I meet him, I am insincerely agreeable. Therefore, when I can, I avoid meeting him.

But that day I submitted quietly. For when I first saw him he was walking quite close to the trees, in the shadow

and with his face turned to where it was darker, although the other side of the pavement, where by the rule of the road he ought to have been walking, was golden with what would probably be the last strong sunlight of the year. A tire-burst made him turn toward the road a face that I thought haggard and wild. It was then that he saw me. He cut uncivilly across the path of some prettier women than myself to get to me, and it seemed that the line of his footsteps somehow traced a diagram of misery.

He said, taking my hand but forgetting to smile, "I didn't know you were in Paris."

I answered, "I arrived only last night from my house in Provence."

Perfunctorily, he said: "You look wonderful. And how wise you are to give up those eternal sports clothes and wear a tailor-made. You can wear that sort of thing." A pause fell, because he was so preoccupied that he had lost all touch with his own conversation. He knew he had embarked on the sort of remark which he believed obligatory at that stage of the conversation, but he could not tell what he had said, or whether he had said enough and could go on to the matter regarding which he really longed to speak. He remembered to ask me, "How is your husband?" And then he stood beside me in silence, while I felt like a pillar box in which an absent-minded person has posted letters which he would like to recover so that he could see if he has properly addressed and stamped them.

Then he said, "Come and have a cocktail at my flat."

I objected: "I was just about to take a taxi to the Rue de Ranelagh to see Violet."

He said, "But you don't understand. I want you to come and see my pictures."

Dumfounded, I said, "But surely I have seen your pictures often enough."

He gripped my arm and shook it and exclaimed, rather as if I had become hysterical in a shipwreck and were refusing to leave the deck and get into a boat although there was no longer a moment to spare: "Yes, you've seen them often enough! But they're sold! They're going to be taken off my walls tomorrow! I want you to see them once again!"

I gasped, "They're sold!" That was inexplicable. Étienne adored his pictures; he surely could have no need to sell them, for he was a very rich man. I had known him many years and I had met him in many places, and I had never known him not to spend vast amounts of money. "Why did you do that?"

"I had to," he said. "I'm ruined." And as I still regarded him in amazement, he added: "I haven't anything left. I have had to give up my flat. I'm going to London on Monday to help Uncle Léon in the bank. I have always detested that place." He made, as he spoke, the large enveloping gestures I had often seen him use when he was compelling people to give him their attention by providing them with some anecdote so remote and so compendious, so successful in forcing Zola and Yvette Guilbert and Rostand and Heredia and Degas to have lent their essences simultaneously to his mother's drawing-room, that everybody present was sure to find something for themselves in it.

I was conscious that he was receiving a certain amount of pleasure from holding the interest of another human being by his present instead of by his past, but it was not nearly enough to offset the desolation, the sense of wrong, that was flattening his voice to a kind of drone unnatural to a Frenchman—specially unnatural to Étienne de Sevenac.

During the Following Week We Were Perpetually Together

I murmured, "What a shame! I am so sorry! Your lovely flat!"

"Yes," he said, "you always loved it, didn't you? Come and see it for the last time."

I had never felt the slightest emotion concerning his flat—and, indeed, at the moment had but a faint recollection of it, as the last occasion I had visited it was distant by perhaps seven or eight years. Still, Étienne was so obviously near to tears at that moment, and so eternally under the temperamental necessity of doing whatever he had to do, whether it was weeping or anything else, before an audience, that I was quite willing to fall in with his ideas and go back to his flat with him. But, unfortunately, I had not only forgotten what his flat was like—I had even forgotten where it was. So I had to stand pretending a vacillation I did not feel, that was plainly inappropriate to the consideration of a visit that was to be purely one of condolence, until he laid his hand on my arm and gently compelled me in the right direction. In point of fact, his flat was quite near; it was in one of those side streets on the right as you go up toward the Bois. He had moved to it years and years ago, on the occasion of his divorce, from a much nicer house he had had in the Faubourg St. Germain to be near the Villa Said, when he was thinking of writing a book on a journey he had made in Syria with Pierre Louys, and Anatole France had promised to help him—a reason unsubstantial in all but the richness of its allusiveness.

He walked alongside me, with his head down and his hands clasped behind his back, silent most of the time, but occasionally breaking out in excitement to say the same thing over and over again: "I can't believe it's happened yet. I can't credit it. Fancy having to go to live in London at the beginning of the winter. You see, there isn't one thing where my luck has held." It was like a man taking a doctor home to his wife. "She's dreadfully bad, doctor—she's dreadful bad."

It was on the fourth floor. He did not mind any more going up slowly—he forgot to be afraid that I might think he could not run up fast. I remembered the sitting room, once I had seen it. It was lined with a pitted silver Japanese wall paper that made one feel as if one were sitting cheek by cheek with the moon. It had been furnished some time before the war, when there was no nonsense about period decoration or austerity. There was a Dutch marquetry escritoire and an Italian refectory table and some Louis Quinze chairs and an Empire cabinet, all very good,

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"Do You Care for Me or Don't You? Don't You Understand Me? I'm Asking, Do You Love Me?"

THE MONGOLIAN COLOSSUS

By Roy Chapman Andrews

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Excavating a Pre-Mongol Site Containing an Adult Over Six Feet Tall. These People Were Known as Weigars and Lived in Mongolia About 2000 Years Ago

SHACKELFORD, photographer of the Central Asiatic Expedition, had been hunting fossils all the morning. He came into the mess tent for tiffin and casually remarked that he had found a "bone." Rather too casually, I thought. I was sure that the half had not been told. After suitable encouragement he admitted that it was a large bone—a very large bone. Only the end of it was projecting from a hill slope, but that end was as big as his body. There was a roar from the table at that, for Shack's body is far from thin. He is not exactly globular, but he certainly is fat. A bone as big as any part of his torso would be some bone.

"Don't believe me then," quoth Shack, "but I'll show you."

And show us he did. Walter Granger, Bill Thomson, Shack and I went there in a car, for the place was two miles from camp. It proved to be a gray slope which dropped off abruptly into a deep ravine. Ten feet down the side lay a great white ball. Until I examined it I would not believe that it was bone, for it actually was as thick as Shackelford's body. A little brushing off of yellow sand showed it to be the head of a humerus, or upper arm bone. More brushing exposed its entire length and brought to light the end of another massive shaft which ran deep into the hillside.

All of us stared in amazement. It is not easy to ruffle the calm of Granger and Thomson. They have been at it too many years and have dug up too many strange beasts. But they got a real jolt when they saw those bones. As for me, I was too impressed even to talk. The size was almost terrifying.

We supposed that they represented the Baluchitherium, the colossal rhinoceros of which we had found a skull in 1922. That beast was bigger than the most gigantic mammoth. It was the largest mammal that ever walked upon the earth so far as science knew. Professor Osborn estimated it to be twenty-four feet long, thirteen feet high at the shoulders and capable of browsing on branches twenty-two feet above the ground. Still these figures mean little unless you can visualize them. Just pace off your room and estimate the height of the ceiling; then you will get some conception of the size of a full-grown Baluch.

Working Out the Prospect

THE upper arm bone which Shackelford had found was as thick as a man's body and four feet long. A man's humerus would look like an unimportant sliver beside it. And remember that it was the shortest bone in the beast's fore limb above the feet. The second giant shaft proved to be the radius. It was five feet long and so heavy that two of us could hardly lift it. In order thoroughly to prospect the deposit, the side of the hill must be removed; it might reveal an entire skeleton.

So at seven o'clock the next morning half the men of the expedition were shoveling energetically at the coarse yellow sand. The bones were so hard and big that there was little risk of breakage; therefore Granger allowed me to work around them with a curved awl and a whisk broom. Usually I am banished from the immediate vicinity of an important specimen. I can find fossils right enough, but my impetuous nature is not suited to the delicate operation of removing them. I simply cannot work for hours or days, as the others do, before I even know what is there. My pickax methods do get quick results, but they are a bit rough on the specimens, I must admit. In the language of the expedition, when a fossil is broken beyond repair it has been given the "R. C. A."

Pond, Perez and Thomson Digging on a Site Which Proved to be One of the Most Interesting of the Year. It Was Here That All Kinds of Stone Implements Were Found; Also Drilled Fox Teeth and Worked Bird Bones

Working out a prospect is always fascinating; if it happens to be an unknown beast, it becomes a thrilling adventure. Lady Carnarvon once told me of her feelings when she peeped for the first time into a chamber of Tutenkhamun's tomb. Here were the first eyes that had looked into that room since it was walled up four thousand years ago. She could not have been more excited than I was as I brushed away the golden yellow sand that had inclosed our specimen for six million years. The tomb of the Egyptian king gave a glimpse of the world of men and their way of life when civilization had only just been born. Our glimpse was of an incredibly more ancient past, millions of years before man had come upon the earth.

An Unknown

BEFORE the massive radius lay bare for its entire length Granger discovered another from the opposite side; also two enormous ribs. Just behind them, farther in the hillside, my brush exposed a corner of a flat bone; then a huge tooth nearly as large as an apple came into view. That gave all of us a thrill, for a skull with teeth meant that we could positively identify the specimen. But it proved to be only a jaw, and the left side was gone. The doctor next uncovered the middle metatarsal of one foot. A human metatarsal is about four inches long; this one is nearly two feet in length and larger than a rolling pin.

Then we paused to have a look at things. The shoveling squad had removed fifteen feet of hillside, leaving a flat bench where the bones lay exposed. They were all on the same level, close together, and the ends pointed in the same direction. It was obvious that the deposition had taken place in the bed of a swift stream flowing north. Cross-bedding of the yellow gravel and the position of the bones told the story. The animal had died in the stream, the flesh decomposed and the skeleton disarticulated. The smaller parts had been carried on by the water; doubtless many had been broken by pounding against rocks. The massive limb bones had been left where the beast died. They were too heavy even for a torrent to move more than a few feet.

It was useless to dig farther into the hill, for we were rapidly getting out of the stream bed. Only excavations along the watercourse northward would yield results, but unfortunately a deep ravine had cut through it in that direction and the ancient bed was gone.

We were disappointed not to have found a skull, but the jaw was some compensation. The teeth showed at once that the specimen could not be Baluchitherium; almost certainly the bones represented an unknown beast. It was as large as Baluch, if not larger, and must be just about the maximum size that land mammals can attain.

Nature has put a very definite check upon size. If an animal grows too large it cannot move about readily enough to obtain sufficient food. Neither can it adapt itself to any radical change of conditions, such as climate, which affects food supply. The inevitable result is the extinction of the species. Baluch browsed on leaves from the upper branches of the trees, like a giraffe. When conditions changed and the forests began to disappear he and all his large relatives died, because they could not get enough to eat. He never got to America, for he was much too big. Neither did he reach Europe. Central Asia and Northern India appear to have been his playgrounds.

Shackelford was immensely pleased with himself and his great bones. He had good reason to be too. One does not

discover the world's biggest mammal, and a new species at that, every Tuesday and Thursday! After such an event one has the satisfied feeling that he has not lived in vain. But we did not let him enjoy his peculiar distinction for very long. Heavy competition began at once. Captain Hill found a huge skull that doubtless represents the same species. Then Shack matched it with another not quite so good. The doctor hunted early and late and produced an assortment of valuable bones of our titanic beast. I trailed along with three or four vertebræ and parts of feet. Altogether they give us a pretty respectable representation of the skeleton. Of course most of them came from different individuals, but for scientific study and description that is not of great importance. Eventually a restoration will be made at the American Museum of Natural History.

I wish I knew what the animal's name will be, but it cannot be christened until the bones arrive in the American Museum, where there is other material for comparison. Only in that way can his relationship be correctly determined. It is a pretty safe bet that we will find he is first cousin to Baluchitherium; that he is another branch of the great group of rhinoceroses, some members of which are still living. And it is an equally safe bet that he will stand for all time as the world's most gigantic land mammal.

The marvelous bad lands which lay just below our camp produced other new beasts. One of them was almost as big as the Mongolian colossus and even more extraordinary in appearance. It belonged to a group of mammals known as titanotheres, which superficially resembled rhinoceroses, but had no direct relation to them. They became extinct many millions of years ago and are not represented among modern mammals. Until we went to Mongolia it was supposed that America had a corner on the titanothere market.

Mr. Andrews Looking Over the Eocene Formation at Urtyn, Obo. In Circle—Andrews and Granger Beside a Rib, a Humerus and, in the Foreground, a Femur Which Took Four Men to Carry. At Top—Pond Explaining to Andrews the Different Uses of the Stone Implements of the 20,000-Year-Old Dune Dwellers Found Near Baron Sog

Titanotheres

NONE had been discovered elsewhere, with the possible exception of a doubtful fragment from Austria. But Professor Osborn had been studying titanotheres for twenty years and he was certain that they did not originate in America. He believed that they must have come to us out of Asia.

One of the last things Osborn said to me when I left New York in 1921 was: "Look out for titanotheres. You surely ought to find them in Central Asia." And find them we did, just four days after reaching Mongolia. The first ones discovered were so close to some of the American species that they could hardly be distinguished It was a remarkable demonstration of Osborn's scientific reasoning.

Since that time we have found a dozen remarkable species of titanotheres. But the most extraordinary and grotesque of all was the one discovered last summer. The beast was much larger than the largest living rhinoceros. Its skull is concave and shaped like a Western stock saddle, the occipital ridge corresponding to the cantle and the nasal bones to the pommel. The fused nasals project straight up at right angles to the skull and swell into great bulbous ends He carried his nose in the air if ever an animal did

Evolution Unchecked

NATURE seldom does a thing without good reason and probably a vertical nose served some useful purpose to the beast in the beginning of its development. But in this case evolution seems to have run away with itself, as it sometimes does; it got started and could not stop. The enormous antlers of the extinct Irish elk are an example, as, indeed, are those of our American moose. Although at first moderate-sized antlers were useful to a moose, certainly in the living species the development has long since passed utilitarian limits; now they are a distinct disadvantage in size, weight and in the strength it requires to renew them annually.

I suspect that our new titanothere was a browser and fed on leaves from bushes and low trees. In that case he must have had a short thick trunk or pendulous upper lip to bring the front of his face into working position. When the reconstruction is made at the American Museum and his horns are covered with the imaginary flesh, which will be correctly indicated, I can promise a creature as strange in appearance as any that ever roamed through a bad case of delirium tremens. This beast represents an entirely new phylum or branch of the titanotheres. It is doubtful if they ever reached Europe or America, as nothing even remotely resembling them has been found there. We have seven of the huge saddle-shaped skulls, as well as many other bones of the skeleton.

The chaos of ravines and canyons below the camp seemed to be full of important specimens. It took only an hour or two of prospecting to find something new. It was easy because our men knew their jobs. Yet fossil hunting seems to be rather a mysterious business to the uninitiated. I am asked

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Isis of the Stone Age—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

SHE was called Star of Dawn because of the late star which had twinkled through the forest foliage when her mother brought her into the world. There had been great rejoicings in that camp of squalid shelters, and her mother, Red Doe, had taken one of the rare symbolically significant little cowrie shells from her own string of such, had threaded it to hang around the newborn baby's neck. For, in the maternal genealogy alone recognized, she—like her mother, Red Doe—was of the blood, was sacredly descended from that vaguely omnipotent, primeval Great Mother, creatress of all things, inventress of all those multitudinous taboos and precepts which strictly regulated every circumstance of human life; who, thousands of years earlier, had been magnified into the first that human awe had conceived of divinities.

So long as that wandering group of savages possessed one female authentically of the mother-goddess blood, guaranteeing fertility to the world, it might feel reasonably certain that the game would continue to be found in sufficient plenty, that there would always be vegetable food to be gathered by the women, that children would be born and that the clan would not dissolve anarchically in the absence of that hereditarily divine authority she incarnated, and conferred temporarily on the man who was chief solely because he was her husband.

Therefore a continuance of those benefits being now cheerfully assured, the group had rejoiced and sung uncouth songs to the beating of wooden drums that frightened away evil spirits from this precious little life. While Tusked Boar, Red Doe's present consort, elaborately feigned—as was incumbent on him—to have no acquaintance with the spouse whose vitally feminine character must now not be in the least impaired by contamination with his antagonistic masculinity, Red Doe had made a great magic for her child. Daubing her with lifeblood-simulating red ocher, she laid upon her all she possessed of the various symbols of the Great Mother—cowries, spiral land shells and wild figs that gave milk, reaffirming the potency of the divine principle in the babe.

Old Snow Weasel, brother of Red Doe's mother and the much-feared wizard of the clan—even the ugly and truculent Tusked Boar was afraid of him—had made another magic with the hunters. Waving lighted sticks taken from the women's fires, they had marched in an intricate dance around a man disguised in the skin of a bear. Thus the Great Mother—was it not she who had taught women to tame the elusive spirit of the fire, so dreaded by all wild things?—would, in this moment of evident benevolence, be further constrained to facilitate a great killing of bear meat on the morrow, adequately to feast this coming among them of the latest born of her awesomely sacred race.

Illustrious though was that origin, it did not at all exempt little Star of Dawn from the common hardships of their nomad life. Her earliest memories were of long weary journeys when, no longer carried, she toddled whimperingly, clinging to the pelt around her mother's loins, in the file of brutish seminude women burdened with children and bearing on their heads the bundles of their few possessions; of at last the pungently smoking fires kindled with carefully conserved brands and muttered words of magic by those women busy at the new halting place; of the ever-renewed anxious waiting for the return of the hairy-visaged skin-clad hunters, triumphantly laden with game, or bad-temperedly in an ominous silence that meant hunger for them all; of the never-ending patient search by the women and children for whatever was edible of roots and seeds, grubs and creeping things; of again migration to new hunting grounds, sometimes in the depths of the primeval forest, sometimes in the grasslands at its margin, whence to the northward were visible the distant snow-gleaming summits of the Caucasus. In those migrations, those always temporary camps, Star of Dawn grew into a little nakedly running girl, miming with her girl playmates the manifold duties of their mothers, precociously superior to the little boys who—aloof from them in an already incipient separation of the sexes—played at being hunters, mimicked the swaggering of the grown men, chipped flints cleverly into knives and weapons, or sat around in a precisely imitated idleness of vainglorious gossip.

Far from connoting a relative inferiority was the incessant domestic drudgery of the women. If they alone constructed the crude shelters of branches and skins; alone gathered vegetables, fetched water, tended the fires, cooked the meat and prepared the pelts brought in by the hunters; if they alone had responsibility for the children—it was because the camp was very definitely theirs. Woman—the sole recognized parent, formidably wise with all manner of maternally imparted secret lore, uncannily expert in magic, in a variety of ways a creature believed to be of occult potential danger by the naïvely superstitious male—was still socially dominant in that primitive polity created by her at the first hearth circles of a now immemorial past. The men—welcomed as food providers, welcomed as husbands in a greater or less permanence of marriage—were essentially extraneous to it; their communal life centered in the exclusively masculine secret societies celebrating mysterious rites in forest meeting places awesomely taboo to the women. Quite satisfied to be of the really important sex, and very conscious of her dignity, was little Star of Dawn, as she played with those grave little girls who called her mother, even as Red Doe was commonly called mother by men and women plainly older than herself. For would not she also one day be the source of all authority and all prosperity in this clan where now Red Doe was the indubitable representative of the mother goddess?

Vigorously, indeed, did Red Doe exercise that divinely sanctioned sway, her every caprice beyond impious question. Who knew what blasting spell she might fix on those with whom she was at anger? One of her consorts, Leaping Fish, had notoriously wasted away and died as a direct consequence of the magic she had made over parings of his nails, unearthed by her from the place where he had prudently buried them.

Unprepossessing though she was, with coarse semimasculine features between her ropes of thick braided hair, and a tongue unmatched for vehement vituperation, her somewhat fickle affections found no lack of husbands ambitious for the brief glory of consortship. Hunter after hunter had succeeded that Tusked Boar whom Star of Dawn could barely remember, to be acclaimed as chief by the others,

Her Earliest Memories Were of Migration to New Hunting Grounds, Sometimes in the Depths of the Primeval Forest, Sometimes in the Grasslands at its Margin, Whence to the Northward Were Visible the Distant Snow-Gleaming Summits of the Caucasus

to be at last slain by a rival or humiliatingly dismissed with shrill and shameful words. None of them was more than the docile agent of her sacred will. Only with the old wizard, her maternal uncle, did she ever consult in matters of their primitive statecraft, making occult divinations with him to determine the various seasons for the hunting of this or that kind of game, for the gathering of the diverse natural products of an earth whose bounty, unstimulated by her magic, might nowise be counted upon. In the hundreds of thousands of years since his emergence from the anthropoid brute, man had, indeed, perfected his first crude stone implements into tools and weapons of high technic, had elaborated a rigid code of social conventions and far-reaching taboos that served to safeguard his slow progress from relapse, had formulated an imaginative complexity of myth to explain the phenomena by which he was surrounded and of magic ritual to give him a fancied power over them—but to none had occurred the idea that crops could be sown and reaped or animals tamed and herded.

That never-solved problem of a sufficient food supply was their unceasing preoccupation, was the vital motive behind nearly every one of the innumerable superstitious prohibitions, ranging from the most trivial to the mortally serious, tyrannous over every moment of their lives. The women might on no account eat with the men, for example, lest some of their comparative feebleness of physique should enter the necessarily open mouth of the hunter and be swallowed with his food, thus diminishing his vigor in pursuit of the game. While the hunters were absent on the chase, the women must be careful not to have knots about them, lest such a knot should sympathetically tie the limbs of those men then needing their utmost agility; they must not laugh or shout or stumble, lest the hunters in affinity with them make an involuntary noise in their stealthy approach to their prey; they must not oil their bodies, lest the animals slip through the snares; they must be strictly faithful to their husbands, lest the absent hunter—who was, of course, in magical affinity with the woman with whom he had been in the intimate contact of domesticity—should be weakened by that probably hostile alien influence of another man.

Concern with the food supply also had probably created that far-reaching totem system which cut athwart the social structure of all the tribes, Star of Dawn, for instance, like her mother, her maternal granduncle and her brother Red Head, being of the Hawk people, while the majority of the clan were Bears and Trout Fish and Sweet Roots. Recognizing no essential difference between an animal or plant and a human being, in ages now far remote from them one or another horde had selected for itself a non-human progenitor, perhaps originally determined by its favorite food, had cunningly asserted itself to be identical with it to obviate a wrath otherwise certainly to be feared when that food was killed and eaten, its spirit thus deprived of a body.

Since, in the crisscross interminglings produced to infinity by ages of wife stealing and marriage outside the horde, there had grown up a diversity of totem descent in every one of the loosely knit nomad groups. No man or woman was there who did not revere some maternally inherited animal or vegetable ancestor of whose flesh he or she might partake only sparingly, and then merely, by that personal consumption which safeguarded its continuity of existence, to make it safe for the rest of the community. Most awesomely inexorable of all prohibitions was that which forbade marriage between two persons of the same totem ancestry; appallingly incestuous, as of brother and sister, would be such a union, though they were strangers of different tribes. Even if committed in ignorance, its certain consequence—to be averted only by the immediate execution of the guilty couple—would be the death of all the game and the withering up of all fertility in the world. Star of Dawn and her girl friends talked still, in shocked and scandalized whispers, of the criminality of a pair who had once defied that law and fled together. If the world still brought forth, it was because they had been overtaken, slain and dismembered out of human form as the ancient precepts commanded.

So, a creature of that wild still unchallenged over the earth, Star of Dawn grew tall and strong-limbed—already not as were the other girls, already serious with her sacred all-important destiny in that womanhood which approached.

There came a night when, with the other girls of her year, she was led tremblingly into the forest, to those uncannily secret feminine rites from which the men were rigidly excluded, even as the women were excluded from those fearsome spirit-roaring ceremonies when the boys were initiated into manhood.

Red Doe was dead. They had buried her in a cave of the hills, returning her to the Great Mother, her corpse smeared with vitality-preserving red ocher and huddled in the position of an infant in the womb that she might easily be born again. Then, their lamentations permissibly at an end, they had descended again with joyful shouts through the forest, vociferating, "The mother lives! The mother lives!" as they conducted Star of Dawn, newly decked with all the symbols of the mother goddess that Red Doe had worn, to the camp beside the river.

Not for a moment did Star of Dawn doubt her own innate divinity, as, self-confidently erect, youthfully beautiful in a savage strongly featured beauty, wearing still the magic-knotted girdle which proclaimed the unwedded girl, she stood and contemplated that throng of wild-looking men and women for whose prosperity she was henceforth responsible, collected now in a clamor about her. On the edge of the crowd sulked Tree Lynx, Red Doe's last consort, abruptly deprived of the chieftainship by her death. The other hunters—especially those who, not being of the Hawk totem, were consequently themselves eligible to succeed him—mocked at him with well-imagined insults, paying off old scores.

Then they all cried again, tumultuously, men and women together: "Choose, O mother! Choose a husband to be chief over the hunters, as the custom is! Choose! Choose!"

Bursts of laughter mingled with that vociferation, a laughter that was malicious with the malice of a crowd exultantly emboldened to tyranny. Now, at last, surely would this too-long disdainful maiden be compelled to make a choice! Who ever heard of a representative of the Great Mother who was husbandless? Doubtful, in fact, might be her efficacy to promote that growth of every living thing which was mystically dependent on her. Already was it an abnormality beyond right-thinking comprehension, a slur upon every eligible hunter of the group, that, two seasons

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MARCH HILL

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

He Felt an Eerie Compulsion in His Acts; a Kind of Strangeness in That Dark Huddle of Wet Roofs. "Well, What Do You Say?" He Whispered

GOSSIP at Carpet Green is at its peak in March after a shut-in winter. It is in March that the brood hens of gossip hatch out their most direful offspring. In another month spring fires will be burning on the hillsides, crocuses will be showing their heads, and old people who have succeeded in struggling over March Hill will be able to sit down for a breathing spell and tell themselves that they will go now for another year. The mortician's tables may show February the low ebb of the year, but for Carpet Green, March is worse. Accusations flit back and forth at town meeting like hornets, merchants' tills are empty, embezzlements are hinted at, buildings have burned without insurance, horses have been shot in their stalls, trees uprooted by March winds, and humans, as well, taken in the toils. Tongues wag and reputations are in shreds and patches.

In April, no doubt, the roads are worse than in March; the gravel thaws then, and the ruts are full of honey-pots. But March is the peak of the load for scandals, and it was in March that Cora Bassett came back to the Collins House, just as it was on a stormy March night, ten years before, that she had gone away, through a window giving on the L roof, with that ferocious Jasper Doyon who had made a famous woman of her.

Every namable bad thing had been said of Cora Bassett then. She was a table girl at the hotel, daughter of a loom fixer in the mills, and ignorant, people said, because she came of ignorant people. She would come to no good end. Lauren Whitcomb was lucky to have escaped her. Lauren had been night clerk at the Collins House, and she would certainly have married him if Doyon hadn't heard her sing in the church choir and informed her that she had a marketable voice.

She had had a great success. In the last ten years her picture had appeared many times in the rotogravure section of the Sunday supplements—under a beach umbrella at Palm Beach, or coming down a rich staircase in Pierrette costume, or standing with her great Dane at the rail of an incoming liner. The burly Jasper Doyon, still her manager, would be standing by her side, shorter by half a head, his eyes looking very fierce, his mouth very grim.

She had never married him. Once her money had bought her a young and wayward husband, and more money had bought her freedom from him. She remained the same careless, lavish soul that had waited on tables at the Collins House. Twice there had been mention of her having been robbed of expensive jewels left in hotel rooms; once her private car had been derailed. Her legs and fingers, the cords of her throat, were insured for huge sums. Her preferences in men had been well aired. She liked men a little dangerous, among other things, and for this reason she liked European men, who were the most dangerous of all. One of them had crawled to her over a floor strewn with broken champagne bottles to claim his kiss.

People had, of course, been wrong in saying that she would never amount to anything. She had amounted to a great deal. In the face of the united pronouncements of metropolitan critics, Carpet Green could no longer deny her a voice of first quality. But it still mistrusted her explanation of her rise.

"Work, work, and more work," she had answered a reporter who asked her the secret of her success.

"She's a changed woman from what she was here, if that's so," the manager of the Collins House, Mr. Merry, said to the salesmen in the lobby, as soon as the celebrity, arriving in a big blue car, had gone up to her room. "She was the most useless thing, as table girl, that we ever had in the house. Send her out on the roof to beat rugs or hang out clothes, and she'd gawk and moon around. She had to be derricked out of bed in the morning."

"Whitcomb heard about her being here?" old Parshley inquired from his leather chair.

"I don't know. He hasn't come in yet. Guess he's still in his office," Gus Merry said.

"What's she doing here though?" Mr. Parshley pursued.

"Running away from trouble maybe," Gus Merry said. "She's usually in hot water over something or somebody. Say, she stuck a cigarette in her mouth as soon as she was in her room."

"Fire at one end of it and a fool at the other," old Parshley muttered drowsily. He had hardly moved out of that chair in the twelve years since he had left the fertilizer factory.

Sam Hogan, the electrician, standing against the desk in a leather jacket, rattled his leg irons together. He had been working all day repairing the ravages of March winds. March had come in like a lamb and was going out like a lion.

"What's she done to her hair—sunburnt it?" he asked now.

"Always was red," Gus Merry said.

"Some old red now."

Lauren Whitcomb opened the front door. His overcoat was lightly powdered with snow and he had his hat pulled down over his eyes. In the ten years that had got Cora to the top, Lauren had wrestled his way into a law office across the street from the Collins House. He had been mentioned lately for the governor's council.

"Heard who's upstairs?" Gus Merry asked him.

"Some news travels fast," Lauren said a little grimly Cora had made a monkey of him in the old days, but he had weapons now that had been lacking to him then, and not only weapons forged by time. There was Ellen Harrison, for instance.

"Inquired for you right away," Gus Merry grinned.

"Did she so?"

Lauren Whitcomb seemed indifferent. Sam Hogan began to tell him there was a dangerous wire on the L roof.

"They don't use that underwriters' wire now for the outside," Sam asserted. "That white lead, asbestos and cotton insulation doesn't stand up. What we want out there is weatherproof wire."

Whitcomb was a trustee of the estate that owned the Collins House. He heard Sam Hogan out without listening to him, and escaping, went up the creaking staircase. He went into his room on the third floor and pulled the light on, but he had left the door open.

And then Cora Bassett was standing in the doorway. She was gorgeous and seemed to leave an animated silver swirl in the dark hallway. She had the same red head, like a lick of flame, the same brilliant, calculating eyes, but now she wore heavy earrings and her fingers were jeweled.

"Hello, Jack," she said, and held out her hand. There was a heavy tread, a wheeze, on the stairs, and she stepped into the room and shut the door and stood with her back against it.

"Hello, Cora. What brings you back?"

"Doesn't the murderer return to the seat of his crime?"

"So he does. How's Jasper?"

"Well, by last accounts. . . . You've improved in looks," she said, surveying him. "Your hair is thicker, if anything." She giggled. "Lauren, do you remember when I threw gravel off the L roof into your hair, election night? You could have mopped the ground up with me. Let's look out."

She went to the window. The fire escape, in the form of a yellow coil of rope hanging from an enormous red-painted hook in the deep-set window, was still there.

"You won't see much. The double windows are on."

"I can see enough," Cora Bassett replied in her deep voice, made a little husky for speaking by the power of song in her. "I can see the two chimneys, and the clothesline between them, and, Lauren, Mr. Rudd's old morris chair is still there. It's a wonder it hasn't dropped to pieces. Do you remember the night the comet was expected, and you and I had ducked out there to watch for it?"

"I wouldn't forget that in a hurry, Cora."

"And then, on election nights, the red fire and the horn carriers and the horse fiddlers. Heavens, I begin to think I've never been away. They aren't in any bigger hurry now than ever to make the beds, I can see that," she said, breaking off and looking at his bed. It hadn't been made. She ripped the sheets back and snapped them out smooth over the mattress. "Old jobs cling to us." She laughed. "I got a whiff from old Parshley's beard when I went past him, and it was strong of fertilizer still, though I don't suppose he's worked in the fertilizer factory for the last ten years."

"It closed down," Lauren said. "Things haven't gone so well here lately."

"I can see that. The spring's out of everything. It's out of you, now I look at you closer," she added, with a direct look at him, audacious, a little cutting.

"I'm not doing so badly," he said. "I've built up a good law practice and I've practically cinched my hold on the governor's council."

"The governor's council. You ought to be governor—a man with your abilities. You could be. But not if you go on vegetating in these stuffy cinder-colored buildings and listening to the kind of conversation I heard in the lobby when I came through—all about fish and weather and underwriters' wire. You'd think the heavens would fall depending on whether or not they used a certain kind of wire somewhere. Look at this hotel. In ten years they haven't taken that squeak out of the front door. There's the identical piece of surgeon's tape holding that smashed window together downstairs. The off hind caster's still out of the leather chair. I suppose you still have canned vegetables—side orders in those little bird-bath dishes. . . . I should think, along this time of year, you'd want to butt your head against the walls. I know I did, even then. . . . And those awful cavaliers. Weren't they hellish hard to dust?"

The cavaliers were bronzes—bonneted cavaliers with plumes and sheathed swords. They flanked the ormolu clock on the marble piece, and Cora, lighting a cigarette, puffed smoke at them with an impish thrust of her red lips. With thumb and forefinger she drew one of the tiny swords out of its sheath and dropped it back again.

"All the same, you were my beau ideal of a man," she said softly, and touched the bronze beard with her jeweled forefinger. Lauren turned toward her, startled. He had half a notion that she had spoken these last words not wholly for the cavalier's bronze ears.

"I've got a board meeting," he muttered, looking at his watch. He opened the door quickly. The stale corridor was empty and showed a glimmer of the skeleton stairs that went up to the scuttle in the roof. Cora, drifting after him, knocked with her knuckles on the warped panels of the linen closet, and then held him back by the arm. They were opposite that bleared window through which she had escaped, ten years ago, with Jasper Doyon. Her father had been waiting to nab her in the lobby.

The glass was dirty, but the gravel on the roof was visible, and the two chimneys, their curves alarmingly distorted by imperfections in the glass. Two rocking-chairs were turned down on their backs and the tips of their rockers, with a comical suggestion of despair or prostration.

"Let's slip out there," she said impulsively.

"Couldn't get the window up. It's nailed."

"To prevent more escapes, I suppose. Well, the horse is out of the stable." She struck the sash with the palm of her hand, and the window rattled. "It's not nailed!" she cried. "No such a thing!"

Whitcomb stared. He could have sworn it was the table girl again, standing in his shadow.

"For Pete's sake, look out what you're doing," he said under his breath, fearing she might after all get the window started. "There's a wire out there, a bad connection."

"Underwriters' wire, I suppose," she laughed.

The wire was in fact attached by an arm on the outside of the window frame of the second window of the mansard roof and went from there to a pole on Back Street. The converter to reduce the current was lagged first onto the pole and later onto the bricks of the main house.

The roof of the L actually was a more retired place than it might seem. It was flanked by the bank building to the south and the baggy ruin of a stable to the west. Depot Square was just remotely visible. Back Street, as its name implied, was at the rear. It was like a clothesline suspended by three poles—it had two sags and three peaks.

(Continued on Page 58

"Excuse Me," She Murmured, Stepping Back a Step. "I Didn't Know You Were Engaged"

PERENNIAL

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

It Was in This Moment's Pause That I Saw a Girl Appear Beside the Woman—a Girl in Her Late Twenties, With a Warm Mouth and Fair Hair

THE George's River is along the reaches where trout are apt to lie, a brawling stream, tumbling over bowlders, singing down the rips, eddying and foaming and racing in its haste to reach the long dead waters below. Chet fishes it from the banks, discreetly, and his success puts mine to shame. But it is my pleasure to wade knee-deep or thigh-deep in the hurrying current and drop a fly where fish may be expected to be waiting, and a man knee-deep in fast water cannot be expected to hear any sound ashore.

So this day's encounter was by the very setting a startling one. I was fishing a long pool that whirls below a huge bowlder, and I stood in rips which plucked at my legs and danced about my knees and sang to me. The basket hanging at my side was light; but the sun was hot and I was tired, and this was the last pool I meant to fish. Chet was somewhere upstream; and he would presently join me at the spring in the run below the old Rucker place for lunch and a pipe and some leisurely discourse. So while I waited for him I cast again and again a hopeless fly, my eyes on the water, my ears filled with the clamor of the stream; and not till I was wearied and turned to stumble through the shallows toward the shore did I see the apparition at the top of the knoll, two or three rods above me.

A woman—or her shade—stood there on the knoll. She wore the sort of garment which men think of as a gingham dress, with some fine-flowered pattern on a pale blue ground. Her head was bare and her hair was perfectly white. I remember that her eyes were blue against the delicate color in her cheeks; and I remember the deep sure peace in her eyes, like the remote reassurance which dwells in the blue wells of the sky. Also, when I met her glance, she smiled in a friendly way. She must be, I saw at once, in her sixties; and that was as it should be. If there dwelt a woman's shade here by the old Rucker place, it must fitly be the presentment of a wise and lovely lady in her sixty-fourth year; and this understanding came to me as I paused for a moment in the first surprise at this encounter.

It was in this moment's pause that I saw a girl appear beside the woman—a girl in her late twenties, with a warm mouth and fair hair. There was something sullen and embittered in her eyes, something on guard and resentful there. But I forgot her as I stepped ashore, for the older woman came graciously down toward the water's edge and spoke to me.

She was assuredly no shade, since she moved in this young girl's very human company; and I said, responding to her word of greeting, "Good morning!" Then—for she was one of those persons with whom you find yourself at once on terms of ancient understanding—I added amiliingly: "When I saw you I thought you must be Nellie Rucker."

She nodded faintly and her eyes were dancing. "But that is who I am," she retorted mischievously; and an icy little wind touched the nape of my neck, so that the hair bristled there. A shade, after all? Here in the deep wood by this dancing, sunlit stream?

I had passed this way before now, and often before this day I had stepped ashore on this sunny bank. The spring in the alder run just below where we stood was always cool and clean, and Chet and I, when we fished the river, liked to make our nooning there. I remembered, in this moment after the woman spoke, such an occasion. It had been a hot midsummer day, just as this one was, and when we lay prone to drink from the basin of the spring, mosquitoes hummed around our heads; and Chet, rising from his knees, wiped his mouth with his hand.

"Hard to beat good spring water when you're thirsty," he remarked.

"But water's out of fashion nowadays," I pointed out, and slapped my neck behind the ear and added ruefully: "I wish mosquitoes were."

Chet nodded. "Lot of 'em here, under the alders," he agreed. "We'll go up on the knoll. There'll be a breeze there."

So we climbed a few rods to higher ground. There towered an old pine, full of branches as such trees grow when no close-pressing neighbors keep them pruned and trim, and we sprawled among its roots, propping our shoulders comfortably. Below us the river sang; and in the other direction, a little way along the knoll, a clump of lilac marked the old cellar hole where the Rucker house had used to stand. I had rested here before and had seen the lilac clump and the raspberry bushes which filled the cellar hole. Such sights are familiar ones about Fraternity.

But this day there was a new element in the picture. Along the rim of the crumbling cellar, on either side of the lilacs, some flower was in luxuriant bloom. It was a blossom strange to me—strange, I thought, to this countryside. From where we sat, the flowers formed a banked mass of purple, the tall plants richly decked in their royal hue. I was curious and wished to make some closer inspection, but the sun lay hot across the turf between, and Chet was here at hand.

"What is that flower," I asked, "around the old cellar? I never saw that before."

Chet stuffed his pipe and looked along the knoll and nodded. "I don't call to mind the name of it," he confessed. "It don't grow anywheres else around here." And he added, his eyes thoughtful: "It don't bloom every year—only in a good season. You wouldn't notice it only when it's in bloom."

"It's a fine show," I suggested.

"It's mighty pretty, some years," he agreed; and he added, half to himself, "I've heard Mrs. Rucker name it, too, but I forget the name now."

This was, I recalled, the Rucker place; and I asked, "You knew them, did you?"

"They was still living here when I first come to Fraternity," Chet assured me. "I used to fish the river then,

the same as now. I've talked to her many a time. She brought those flowers when she come here from Colorado."

I looked again across the opening toward the massed glory of the blossoms and my veins began to sing. Chet had relaxed beside me. He said, under his breath, "She was a great hand for flowers." And he added: "She was a fine woman. Joel Rucker'd never have 'mounted to much without her to hold him down."

"From Colorado?" I repeated provocatively. "That must have been a good many years ago—and the flowers are still blooming."

"It depends on the season," Chet repeated. "Yes, it's a long time. It must have been—well, it must have been about 1860, because Joel went to war right after, and Mrs. Rucker farmed the place herself the years he was gone. But it might have been '58 or '59."

And he continued presently, his memories at full flood now:

"Joel was a 'Forty-niner. His pa had a good farm here, for those days. It's a good farm now if it was kept up. But there was two or three Rucker boys, and Joel got restless and put out for California, shipping round the Horn. He was gone maybe ten years, and come back married. Brought his wife with him. He'd been all over, out there, and he come back overland, stopping for a month, or six months, or a year sometimes on the way.

"Mrs. Rucker—her name was Nellie—was from Colorado. He married her out there, but he come back here when his pa died.

"I've heard Mrs. Rucker tell how she brought three plants of that flower with her on the trip. I wish I could mind the name of it. She carried them in a pasteboard box. She'd been born and brought up out there, and she wanted some flowers from home to remind her. So she planted them along the house wall, on the sunny side. I've heard her say how one of them died, spite of all she could do. But the other two lived and grew."

She must have been, I thought, either very young or very old to cling to such a sentiment.

"She was maybe twenty when they come," Chet assented. "But she was always a great one to hold on to things, for the sake of an idea, you might say. I used to like to talk to her. She was a right nice woman, mighty sensible and fine. She was kind of crippled when she got old; and she'd set in her chair on the porch on the sunny side of the house, and when I come down the river, if I happened to be alone, I'd stop and talk to her. I guess the hard work she did when Joel was in the army kind of broke her down. She wan't only sixty-three or four when she died."

I was content with this picture; but Chet, half asleep or half dreaming against the tree beside me, was lost among his memories.

"She told me she was mighty homesick at first," he recalled. "And Joel was a wild one, always ready for a change, always wanting to move along. When the war come he went into it right off. Mrs. Rucker told me she didn't like it here; but with him gone she took hold, and drove a plow and swung a scythe and cut her own wood and hauled it and fitted it and all. I've heard tell she was as able as a man."

"She had character," I suggested. "Some women would have gone back home."

"I said so to her one day," Chet agreed. "I mind she set there in her little chair and her hair was mighty white in the sun. She had the bluest eyes, and she kind of smiled. She told me she figured the farm was her job and she had to do it. She used to say that was all there was in the world, in living—just doing the job you had to do."

A red squirrel chirred from a bough above our heads and his tail jerked profanely. Yonder by the cellar the purple flowers were glorious in the sun.

"That's an old-fashioned notion," I remarked. "Nowadays, if you don't like your job you quit it, leave it undone, try to find one more to your liking. Those flowers she planted over there have outlived her philosophy."

Chet shook his head. "I dunno," he objected. "Those flowers don't bloom every year, and some years you'd think the plants were all dead. There won't be more'n four or five of them that even show any green. But then they come back and bloom again the same as ever, if you're here to look for them. Maybe it's that way with her ideas."

And he added after a moment: "She told me once that those flowers bloomed the first time the year after Joel went to war. She said there was plenty of blossoms every year he was gone, so they were company for her."

"How about Joel," I asked, "when he came back from the war? Did he tackle his job here again?"

Chet chuckled. "Well, he was slow settling down," he confessed. "Mrs. Rucker had a time with him, I guess. Joel had wild blood in him somewhere; but she was steady and sure what was right, and she gentled him. Yes, they come to be mighty happy here."

"Children?" I asked.

"They had a girl named Nell," Chet agreed, his tone quickening. "She married Dean Linn. Likely you've heard of him." I was not sure. "His father was in the railroad business," Chet explained. "Dean come up here to work on some construction, and he saw Nell in East Harbor one day when she'd drove in with Joel. Nell was a mighty pretty sweet girl and young Linn liked the looks of her. He was rich and Joel didn't have anything but the farm, so there was a heap of talk about it when they got married."

And he added: "Dean just died here two-three years ago. I guess he was a millionaire twice over, but when he come up here he was as common as anybody. But I don't know as I've seen him, or Nell either, in twenty years."

"They haven't kept up the farm," I pointed out, and Chet shook his head. "I wonder if old Mrs. Rucker knows that," I hazarded. "If she does, it must distress her."

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And Mrs. Linn Continued, Nodding to Herself as Though She Recognized Each New Memory as the Troop of Them Came Flooding Back to Her

SWORDS AND ROSES

The Foot Soldier—By Joseph Hergesheimer

The Battle of Cedar Mountain, Fought in August, 1862, Between the Federal Troops Commanded by General Banks and the Confederate Army Led by General Jackson

THE Civil War in America was the last of all wars fought in the grand manner. It was the last romantic war, when army corps fought as individuals and lines of assault three miles long solidly charged the visible enemy. There will never again, in the sense of the War of the Rebellion, be cavalry; there will be no more great leaders. The necessity and field for great leaders have vanished; greatness, now, is a discreet science. Never again, it is probable, will there be a cause comparable to the necessity that arrayed the South against the Union. It was, for the generality of men, supreme in dignity and of transcendent importance. The negro, it must be remembered, was not the cause; the negro was a symbol; the Civil War was fought for the liberty of states and of individuals. Liberty is, of course, an ideal; there is no liberty; there never can be liberty. It isn't, perhaps, even desirable in the brief weakness of a humanity faced with universal ignorance and individual disaster.

The North conquered the South, the United States of America was preserved—a very practical, a sensible, consummation. Inevitable, really. But practicality and good sense have nothing to do with war, even with noble wars. They have, it appears, nothing to do with the ideals that lie close to the heart. The United States was saved for the future and the Confederacy was destroyed, and the dream of liberty was once more subjected to reason. But that did not detract from the beauty of what the South represented. The god of war was again on the side with the greatest number of cannon, but the motive of the Civil War had little to do with him.

Mr. Lincoln did not want war, it was an agony to his spirit, and the South didn't want war. Mr. Lincoln was the least warlike of men; and the Confederacy—a land of extraordinary soldiers—was not prepared for any military action. It had no supplies, it had no equipment, it had no arms, and very soon indeed it had no food. The Confederacy, unhappily, was not practical; it fought for an ideal that had no reality outside hope. The North, at best, fought for an ideal—for the Union—and it won. Its success was rational; the fall of the South, after a very few months, was inevitable; the negroes, the symbol of battle, were free; but the Southern States were not free; they were subjected to a government and an economic system which, they felt, were destructive to all that it was essential for them to be. When General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House another of the small store of human ideals was defeated and returned to the realm of lovely impossibilities.

The result, actually, was so unanswerable, its logic so irrefutable, that there will never be another war for the same end. That dignity, or mistake, has been disposed of. There will never again, in the old sense, be nations, individual states, localities; the time may even come when there will be no wars—nations and lands are less independent every year. The world is so bound together, its interests and races are becoming so mutual, that war will soon have the ridiculous and unprofitable aspect of an individual fighting against himself. The separate pride, the handsome arrogance, for example, of South Carolina long ago subsided. South Carolina, Charleston, will never again challenge all the United States, the entire world. Its flag, except as a memorial, has lost its actuality. Sectional faith and consciousness have been absorbed by trade.

None of that was true at the beginning of the Civil War and throughout its course; the sovereign states of the South were sovereign states. The citizens of Virginia were inhabitants of a principality. They were an indistinguishable part of a soil, of tidal rivers and forests and plowed fields. Compared with it, the United States was an abstraction. Virginia was a great state complete within its greatness. Alabama was a different entity. Mississippi was a land in itself. That, in such a sense, was not true of the North; the North had advanced beyond such hopefulness. New and comparatively quick means of communication, superior railways and the electric telegraph, had drawn it together and broken down the boundaries of states, the neighborhoods of people. It was more successful than the South, more modern, and naturally it triumphed. The present and future, as it ultimately must, defeated the past.

John B. Worsham

What gave the War of the Rebellion its quality of high nobility was the fact that both the South and the North were right; that, as well, isn't sensible, but it is true. Mr. Lincoln was right and Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi were right. They were fighting, at best, for an incurable necessity at their hearts. The South wanted to be free and Mr. Lincoln wanted to keep the Union safe. Other reasons, for the most part sectional, were proclaimed: The Civil War, the North insisted, was brought on by the arrogance and gold of the cotton aristocracy; it was caused, the South declared, by the tariff and a commercial tyranny supported by Northern factories. Both charges are probably facts, but they were not, while the war lasted, important. The war created a heroism of motive and actions that clad fact in the splendor of battle flags. It was believed in and paid for to the last copper by the historic South.

The war, in addition, took place in the high, the middle and the deep South. The Confederates were fighting for their homes; they fought in fields they had planted, from the houses that had given them birth, for the cities of their traditions and blood. The Confederate army was local; it was composed of bodies of men, companions, who enlisted together—men from the same place who had known one another always. They knew one another in the line, in battle and death, by familiar names. There were no strangers, no foreigners, among them. They fought an immensely superior army of invasion by corps and regiment and company and squad, and alone, behind the piney trees and back of country fences, from streams where they had caught bullheads in the happy past. As the war progressed the Confederate soldier saw all that was invaluable to him destroyed—his family was swept from existence, his possessions and living were obliterated, his very allegiance to home became chargeable with death. A grim despair seized him; he fought more desperately than ever for his vanishing existence. Hope, through the worst of disasters, never deserted him—when General Lee was forced to surrender he was incredulous, he wept and swore and fired a last shot on his own behalf.

And, common to all causes, when the hope of the South was lost it took on a brighter, an imperishable, glow. It became a memory of pure beauty. It wasn't subjected to the impossibility of fulfillment; no one could say to the South that it had failed. It must have failed, in the sense that the North fell tragically short of its commitment; but instead of long disillusionment, it died heroically; and the heroic dead are, in an immaterial and important way, quite imperishable; they cannot, later, be corrected.

There will never be another war so purely valorous, because valor itself, it is beginning to be seen, is not a practical virtue. Machinery and chemical war have taken its place. Courage is not so habitual now as cunning—yes, men are sensible rather than brave. That is, beyond question, an improvement. Soon they will contrive to live by bread alone. General Beauregard, at Shiloh, carrying a Louisiana battle flag into action, is a shape of the past. Forrest charging at the head of his troops, with his great saber ground to a razor edge, is lost forever. Jeb Stuart, decorated with a rose, wound in a yellow silk sash, has vanished from the diminishing number of examples and actualities that sustain men. The marks of rank have been cut away; the gray and blue is all drab.

The generals of the Confederate Army, however, were not the sole individuals who had a part in it—the common soldier, the foot soldier, kept his identity to the end. For that reason it is amazing that he was such a superlatively good soldier. There was never a question about his willingness, his ability, to fight, but his submission to discipline

was open to doubt. And in a way that doubt was justified; the Confederate soldier resolutely ignored all the small niceties of military conduct. It is true that, late in the war, he was forced to ignore them—they could not exist together with rags and starvation—but at the beginning, when there was plenty of everything and victory seemed assured, he insisted on personal choice and a freedom of comment that was the reverse of formal soldiering. This was largely brought about by the fact that he did enlist with his familiars; there was nothing impersonal in his action. He had, usually, the privilege of electing the officers directly over him, and he knew them as well as he knew the men beside him in the ranks. He had seen his immediate officers too long as men—often no more highly placed than himself—to be able to regard them at once as superiors. The fact that they were officers did not suddenly blind him to their faults, or conceal from him the fact that they might still fall into error; the foot soldier of the South saw no reason why he should not announce his whole opinion of his captain.

President Lincoln Visiting the Convalescent in a Washington Hospital

Later, when companies were reduced to squads—when only three members of a company were left—the men were re-formed in new regiments; for the first time the privates came in contact with strangers; they served beneath unfamiliar officers, and a greater rigidity of conduct and speech was necessary. Even then they were occasionally outspoken, humorous, but most of their gayety had been driven out of them; their personalities had grown unimportant in the face of their great endeavor. The talent of the Confederate soldier for fighting, first and last, was always distinguished, but it became, in the final year of the war, incredible—a grim fervor for which practically nothing was impossible. At the beginning he fought without proper weapons—the army of the North soon supplied that deficiency—and at the last he fought without food; but he never hesitated; the rebel yell never failed to ring over the most forlorn and hopeless fields.

The South, a land almost without cities, was composed of innumerable small towns and villages; the wild there persisted long after it had retreated from the more orderly and progressive North; hunting and fishing were a reality, a means of existence, in the deep South when they had become hardly better than sports in New England. The Confederate soldier was a better shot, a better campaigner, than the Union soldier. He was, too, principally on familiar ground; it took Grant months merely to discover how to approach the fortified city of Vicksburg. General Jackson, born to the westward of the great valley, knew its lowlands and rivers and mountains; the men of his command moved by a score of ways, a hundred high trails, where the Northern forces were ignorant of one.

The South as a people were accustomed to horses; horses were a necessity in a great part of the country. When children could yet scarcely walk they rode to the grist mill and to the crossroads store; and, in consequence, the Southern cavalry was more notable than the mounted Federal troops. It was more dashing. Ashby covering Jackson's rear with hardly more than a handful of men, the swift raids through the Union lines, the amazing night marches on horse, surpassed all the efforts of the North. The foot soldiers were hardly less mobile; they marched incredible distances in incredibly little time. They had no coffee, they had little meat, they were without salt and sugar; and yet, at the end of long forced advances, of skillful and dogged retreats, the impetus of their fighting and charges was undiminished. The fundamental discipline of their purpose held them together, the inextinguishable spirit of their individuality carried them to the last rood of battle.

The battlefield of two armies in the Civil War was very wide; a man on horseback could not have crossed it during the battle; and a foot soldier, held in a single locality or shifted rapidly to another contracted area, knew nothing of the general engagement. He was ignorant of both the purpose and the result of his desperate efforts. He fought in wiry underbrush and charged through heavy plowed fields. Battles swept the precipitous sides of mountains where advancing troops were exhausted, vomiting with fatigue, before they reached the higher position of the enemy. Men fought in the gloom of deep forests and in treacherous swamps—the Wilderness was a woods and a swamp—and with bayonets they cleared the back yards of cities. Furious engagements raged around stately old houses set in flowers and the pastoral lawns of plantations.

The heat of July in Alabama, added to the fiery heat of battle, was incredible; the foot soldiers fainted in it, died of it, by files. Winter in the Alleghany Mountains, in the red Virginia mud, was no better. The Confederate private, except when he borrowed a greatcoat from the Union dead, was as bare as General Washington's soldiers at Valley Forge. He had less to eat; he had so little to eat that he was forced to forage in the full haversacks of the slain enemy. But if the privation was extreme, the hour of relief, the winter quarters, were equally, supremely, comfortable. The messes in the Confederate Army were commonly divided into groups of ten men, and when one of them, on picket duty or scouting, came upon an inattentive and unlucky hog, the celebration, like the appetites, was enormous.

The winter quarters, compared with campaigning, were wonderfully luxurious; a woods was felled and cabins built; chimneys were constructed and chinked with clay; the soldiers, except those on short tours of duty, slept in sweet straw, rolled in their blankets, beside reanous fires. Occasionally a box would arrive from home—coffee and sugar and a ham and preserves—and everyone within call, as long as it lasted, would have something. The soldiers played the games of childhood and read and wrote letters. When mail arrived, at noon or in the dead of night, they crowded hopefully about the company headquarters. When a fortunate individual did get a letter he went off by himself and built a small fire, and in its light he went over and over the lines of reassurance or of love or despair. They prayed; a great revival swept through the whole Confederate Army; the foot soldiers sang the songs of their time:

Aha! a song for the trumpet's tongue!
For the bugle to sing before us,
When our gleaming guns, like clarions,
Shall thunder in battle chorus.

The luxury of shaving became possible; the men cut one another's hair; there were combs and brushes, mirrors, soap and towels. Boots were blacked! Baths and fresh underwear became actualities. The question of underwear bore heavily on the Confederate private's mind. At first he made an effort to carry a change of

FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

The Bombardment of Fredericksburg, by the Army of the Potomac, Commanded by General Burnside, December, 1862

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RED SKIES AT NIGHT

I Reckon the Pace Was a-Getting Too Lively for Him. Anyway, He Saddled Up and Lit Out

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

STREAKS of orange in the evening sky, streaks of purple and of pink merging into the clear blue-green above, and a fine red glow beneath for a long stretch of the horizon. Eileen Kane stood in the doorway of the Stegg ranch house, admiring the spectacle. Old Sam Stegg, her newly discovered great-uncle, stood by the wash bench, slowly rolling his shirt sleeves well up on his lean sinewy arms and admiring Eileen. It would have taken a gorgeous sunset to compete with the girl as an attraction for the average man.

"'Red sky at night is the shepherd's delight,'" Eileen quoted. "You'll have a fine day to go to town tomorrow, Uncle Sam. . . . Don't forget to wash behind your ears."

Mr. Stegg glared at her and, finding that this had no effect, dipped a hand in the tin bowl and sprinkled her with water. She squealed in a satisfactory manner, so he relaxed into a grin and addressed himself to his toilet, sluicing and sputtering prodigiously. Then he groped blindly for the towel that had been hanging on a nail before Eileen had leaned forward and whisked it behind her.

"Well, here it is," she said, relenting and giving it to him. "And remember that folks who don't empty the washbowl and rinse it out after them won't get as nice a pair of wings as the other angels when they die." She smilingly watched the old man as he combed his beard and began carefully to part his scanty hair.

"Sweetheart," said Mr. Stegg, suspending operations for a moment to look at her, "I think your ma wants you to set the table or something. It ain't polite for little gels to watch gentlemen when they're cleaning themselves up. I ain't sure but what it's improper."

"The table's laid, and I've got a bee-yutiful supper for you when I give it a few finishing touches," said Eileen. "Uncle Sam, a red sky is a sure sign, isn't it? It isn't just one of those fool sayings?"

"What makes you so extry anxious about the weather?" Mr. Stegg asked.

"I don't want to think that you may get rained on, or that the river may come up again and drown you when you try to cross, or that you might get struck by lightning—or stay at home. You are going, aren't you—sure pop? . . . There, now you look just lover-lee! There's no getting around it, U. S., you certainly are handsome. Even your whiskers can't hide it. Not but what they're awful nice whiskers, U. S., darling."

Mr. Stegg put his comb back into his waistcoat pocket. "Good looks run in our family," he said. "You ain't all Kane; there's some Stegg in you yourself. But seems like you've got a little way of saying things that —— Well, I reckon you try to be truthful and honest and open as the day, but ——"

Eileen looked at him imploringly. "Oh, don't say that you think I ain't open!" she begged. "You'll make me cry if you say things like that. Just to prove how open I am, I'll tell you something I want you to do for me when ——"

Mrs. Kane came to the door and expressed her wish to be informed whether they wanted to eat or intended to stay out there all night gassing. She was a woman who liked to have vittles et when they was ready and while they was hot. Seemed like she wasn't ever going to be able to learn Uncle Sam to come in to his meals on time. She was good-humored about it, though. She was the good-humored, comfortable kind, but there were times when her Uncle Samuel was something of a thorn in her not inconsiderable flesh. He and her daughter Eileen were a pair. Eileen flighty and still hankering after that shiftless Joe Lenning back in Lebanon that her mother had come all the way out to this Black Hills country to get shut of—if she wasn't just letting on to hanker after him just to be contrary—and Uncle Samuel aiding and abetting of her in her flightiness, besides his slommocking ways, which, however, he was improving. It was a world of sin and sorrow! That was a frequent ejaculation of Mrs. Kane's. . . .

"One thing I will say, even if praise to the face is open disgrace," Mr. Stegg remarked as he buttered his biscuit: "You make the best bread of any woman in the territory, Bessie. I don't say that I've sampled all the baking that's been done, but I'll bet my bottom dollar at any odds that I'm right when I say that."

"Now you're giving me taffy," Mrs. Kane protested modestly, but unmistakably gratified.

"It's no taffy—it's the truth," said the old bullwhacker. "I've heard tell that speech was give to us to throw folks off the track of what we was reelly thinking. Eileen and me was sort of discussing that when you called us in. Well, I don't say that deceptiveness was the idee of the gift, but there ain't no doubt that it does come in handy at times for that purpose. Most generally I say what I think, and I said what I thought about your bread, but I've knowed the time when I'd talk about red skies at sundown or tell a lady how handsome she was to keep from expressing of my thoughts—regarding of her biscuit."

"I didn't get a chance to finish what I was saying," Eileen reminded him. "U. S., I believe if anybody put a ladder in front of you, you could see right through it. You're wonderful!"

"I've had practice," said Mr. Stegg. "I was real well acquainted with a young man name of Cecil Wivven once. He was a great talker, Cecil was—the kind if he wanted you to pass the butter he'd begin to talk about the blood-sweating behemoth of holy writ and work along to dairy cows and finally down to what he wanted. He was a nice boy, though, and I liked him real well, and so did Norah Allbright; but the trouble was that Cecil couldn't go at anything straight."

"I saw a picture of one of those behemoths on a circus poster in Lebanon," Eileen observed. "It had an awful big mouth and it was going to eat a canoe with a lot of darkies in it; but they didn't have it in the show. The man I asked said that the poor thing had got hungry for its native diet, and when the circus was at St. Joe it escaped and rushed down to the Mississippi to hunt a square meal and hadn't been recaptured."

Her uncle passed her the butter, but she said that wasn't what she had meant; and would he be so kind as to go on and tell about this young man who couldn't go at anything straight?

"Perhaps one of his legs was shorter than the other," the girl suggested to Mr. Stegg. "Or it might have been his eyesight."

Mrs. Kane told her not to be so ree-dickous. And this was the first time she had heard of this circus business. When was it, please?

"Joe would remember," Eileen answered. "Didn't I tell you about it? Are you positive and certain I didn't? . . I believe I will take some butter, after all, U. S . . . Please go on—unless you'd rather eat your supper."

Mr. Stegg replied that there were just three times in each day when he would rather eat than talk. Nevertheless he went on at considerable length in praise of Mrs. Kane's fried potatoes. She, however, kept her eye fixed on her daughter with a stern and soul-searching expression throughout the panegyric.

"What I'd like to know," she said, addressing her daughter, "is whether you went with Joe Lenning to that circus after I told you not to and after you promised you wouldn't."

Eileen returned her look with candid eyes. "I didn't go within a mile of the circus," she replied. "We took a nice quiet walk instead. We saw the poster on Fred Weston's barn and I knew there wasn't any behemoths in the show, because Laura Green told me there wasn't. I asked Joe why, and he told me that yarn about it escaping. So, you see, you're real unjust in thinking that I'd deceive you. I must have forgot to tell you about that walk, or something."

"Prob'ly something," Mrs. Kane opined. "Uncle Samuel, I beg your pardon. You was speaking about——"

"Nothing p'ticular," Mr. Stegg assured her. "I thought I was a-dragging a red herring, but I reckon the string broke."

"I give you two up," Mrs. Kane protested. "What with your red herrings and red sunsets! It's too bad Mr Yoakum couldn't have taken us all to town tomorrow, or let you take the team and wagon; but ride behind them wild broncos I won't, nor let Eileen. I put my foot down there. And I hate to think of you riding that colt, Uncle Samuel. You want to remember that you ain't as young as you was."

When the dishes were all put away and Mr. Stegg was settled in his new Boston rocker, Eileen again asked him to tell her about the young man with the uneven legs—if he was a nice young man. "They're the only kind that interest me," she said. "Ma seems to like the other sort."

"First off, I'll tell you that his legs was the straightest and evenest I ever seen on the range," began Mr. Stegg. "It was his legs I first noticed when he come to the Bar T looking for a job, and I knew right away that he wasn't no rider, by them alone, and as his bones was prob'ly set, it wasn't likely that he ever would be. You can ride off and on and still keep your underpinning plumb; but you need to start young and ride constant to stay on a bronc and not get throwed off by the wayside, and consequently real riders mostly do what walking is strictly ness'ry with their knees wide apart. You've only got to look at the shape of a horse. Well, this here Cecil's legs was moving along side by side like they was on good terms with one another as he come up to me. I seen he'd tied his cayuse away off five hundred yards or more—tied him, instead of just dropping the bridle reins over his head—so I figured that he had some business that was a-going to keep him a while; also that he was one of these that would just as soon walk as ride—like I got to be later on when I went to freighting with bulls, only he didn't look like no bull-whacker."

Eileen

"My!" exclaimed Eileen. "Just think of finding out all that about a man by just looking at him! You ought to have been a detective. What color was his eyes?"

"Sort of bluish," Mr. Stegg went on. "He was light-complected, height about five foot eleven and a half, large ears and a beaky nose, taffy-colored hair and straw-colored mustache. Had sun blisters on his said nose and one upper front tooth broken. Was wearing a blue wool shirt with pearl buttons, no vest and thunder-and-lightning pants tucked into his boots, which had vi'let leather tops. One spur with the leather the wrong side up. Was riding a claybank horse branded Diamond X on the left hip and JD, vented, on the right shoulder. Collins Cheyenne saddle, some worn, and the horn and cantle looking like rats had gnawed 'em. No rope. Army canteen tied on with the latigo. Polite manners."

"And you've got such a wonderful memory too! Was this when you were a cowboy, U. S.? Was it at the same ranch as where Jess Runyon worked with you? Who was Norah Allbright?"

Norah Allbright was Old Man Allbright's daughter. Mr. Stegg told her patiently. It was at the same ranch, but before Jess happened along. Early days in the cow business—along in the '80's. Well, now you know all about Cecil's looks. As I was a-going to say, Cecil come up to me and allowed that it was a fine day. I didn't contradict him. It certainly was fine and hot. I'd just et my dinner kind of late after I'd got in from Red Canyon with some horses that was mighty unwilling to leave there, and the shade where I was resting seemed good. All the boys was out excepting Wes Turpin, who had been helping me on the drive. Nobody in but the cook. I asked Cecil if he wouldn't set down and he allowed he'd as lief stand up for a while for a change, account of having been sitting down hard and frequent since sunup.

"I've heard of horses that was similar to a rocking-chair," says he, "but this one of mine ain't that breed. You'd think that a horse would have sense enough to ease himself to the man that's riding him and hitting him amidships with his full weight about thirty-five times a minute—kind of take more of a gliding motion instead of up and down. It must get tiresome for him too. . . .

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Cecil Was Certainly a-Looking Mighty Dudish, With His Topeka Clothes and a High Standing Collar and B'iled Shirt

NO BRAKES

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

A Couple of Avalanches Had Just Gone Past at a Speed of Not Less Than Three Hundred Miles an Hour

DUDE HARDY and Dusty Edwards were boomers. Boomer brakemen, to be exact and explicit. Dude was a thick-shouldered Irishman with eyes of tropical blue; neat as a newly painted private car was Dude, and hell with the women. A disagreeable customer in a rough-and-tumble argument, it might be added. Dusty was twice as tough as Dude and half as good-looking. His female troubles were manifold and on a par with Dude's; for where Dude got by because of the favors Nature had granted, Dusty employed strategy and the wiles of the worldly-wise. Neither gent went around with his eyes shut, however.

Dude and Dusty had knocked around, always together, for going on ten years. They'd managed to keep fairly well occupied collecting and exchanging bumps, in most cases doing a little better than breaking even. It had all started in France; they'd been in the same regiment overseas. After twelve months of foreign service they arrived at the conclusion, simultaneously and profanely, that no railroad could be a bigger pain than a French one. That was the conclusion arrived at. Possibly they might be mistaken. It didn't seem reasonable, but perhaps they were mistaken. Hence and forsooth and so on and so forth, as soon as they got back to American shores and received honorable discharges—which neither deserved—they set out in unison to see what they could see. They saw a lot. But after ten years of misconduct and aimless wandering they had yet to find a railroad as dilapidated as a French one.

"They ain't no such a thing," Dusty had declared, "but it won't hurt none to look."

It would be much simpler to describe the convolutions of a wiggle worm than to tell where they went, and why, and how. Nine foreign countries, not counting China and Australia, and twenty-one sovereign states were blessed with their presence. They made Marco Polo's tours resemble a trip to the kitchen after ice water. The wanderings of Ulysses was a street-car ride in comparison to what befell these two searchers for a mythical railroad. The only voyages they missed were Lindbergh's hop to Paris—they didn't get in on this because they'd seen all the Frog railroads—and Byrd's relay race over the North Pole—everybody knows there are no railroads around the Pole.

One bright September day they took jobs on the Indiana Harbor Belt. Forty-eight hours later snow had the temerity to fall.

"And are we dogs or farmers?" demanded Dude. "Do we stay here and freeze with nine crummies goin' south ev'ry eight hours?"

"What're you waitin' on?" demanded Dusty.

They got their time checks and caught the next crummy south. A crummy is a caboose, gentle reader.

Ten days later they disembarked some one hundred and fifty miles from the blue Pacific; well fed, well rested, and at peace with the world. At their point of disembarkation the railroad was straightening some six miles of main line. It was a big job. Half a good-sized mountain was to be sliced off, and two-thirds of a bottomless pit filled up. The two boomers sought jobs in work-train service. They presented their clearances and B.R.T. cards, tried to look meek and amenable to discipline, told a couple of fat lies, and were hired. The railroad needed brakemen badly.

They were hired by the railroad and paid by the railroad, but they worked under the supervision of the construction company. So when they checked in to go to work their time was taken by a construction timekeeper. Miraculous to relate, this timekeeper was a woman. A young and pretty woman, to boot.

To say the least, the two brakemen were dumfounded. Women have no place on the operating end of a railroad and even less in a construction camp. They don't fit. Not as a rule. But this girl—her name was Pinkie Lee—had been born on a double-track job, and she'd grown up with steam shovels and dump cars, and she knew her way around. She was no delicate lily, not Pinkie; she was more on the order of a healthy young pine tree. She was as straight as a pine, at any rate, both morally and physically, and just about as hard to push over. She'd worked ever since the time she was big enough to shove biscuits at sweaty mule skinners, and there was very little about the general make-up of construction and railroad men that Pinkie didn't know. The best way to describe her is to say she was as trustful and guileless as a bank examiner on a warm day, and yet she got as much kick out of life as a small boy in a hay barn.

"We're a couple of new shacks, kid," said Dude, recovering from his surprise and shoving two slips of paper at her.

"Now isn't that too sweet," said Pinkie, taking in the two hard faces before her with wise eyes.

"Where do we go from here, pretty thing?" asked Dusty, giving her the up and down.

"Report to the superintendent," said Pinkie, jerking a thumb in the general direction of where the super might be.

"Is he as nice as you are?" questioned Dusty boldly.

"I'm sure you're going to just love him," said Pinkie.

"Any relation?" asked Dusty, grinning. "We'd like to know; if he's a relation we'll be nice to him."

"You better get on out there," advised the girl. "We check 'em up pretty close around here."

The two men started to leave.

"Hey," called Pinkie, "where you two gonna eat?"

"We was thinkin' of the Ritz," answered Dusty. "Would you care to join us?"

"I run the commissary around here," answered the girl. "Cost you one buck a day. Deduct it from your pay checks. It's good food. You wantta eat there?"

"Our future is in your hands," declared Dusty, bowing.

"So good of you to remember us," quoth Dude.

Pinkie giggled. "I'll see that there's a place for you today at noon," she replied.

"Hey," He Bawled, "She's Movin'!"

Dude and Dusty reported to the superintendent, were assigned to their work.

"Some little baby," confided Dusty to his partner as they rode an empty train of side dump cars out to where the shovels were.

"A nice piece of work," agreed Dude complacently.

"Did you hear her pop off about running the feed bag?" said Dusty emphatically. "Didja, buddy? Listen, if one of us could get a heavy stand in, it wouldn't cost much to hang around here. Use your head, kid, use your head."

"That's a idea," ruminated Dude.

"We'll both take a shot at it," decided Dusty. "You can't never tell. Some women don't care much for beauty. I ain't had time to classify her yet, but I bet I'll have her number inside of a week."

"What's the idea in figurin' so far ahead?" demanded his partner ungraciously. "You'd think we was permanent fixtures around here. You figgerin' on settlin' down an' buildin' a house?"

"Aw, hell," said Dusty, "ev'ry time I do a little thinkin' for both of us you talk crazy. We gotta eat, don't we?"

"Yeah," agreed Dude, "we gotta eat. They ain't no gettin' around that."

"Well, then," declared Dusty with an air of finality, "we might as well use our heads. That baby handles the fodder. The thing for us to do is rate with her."

Dude finally agreed.

At noon the first day, the first meal for the pair, Dusty complimented her freely and handsomely on the coldness of the iced tea and the tenderness of the steak. He had even enjoyed the gravy. He mentioned the salt and included the tabasco sauce. When the fires of oratory were embers Pinkie said gravely:

"You understand, Mr. Edwards, that the dollar-a-day rate is only when you eat three meals. I'll have to charge you thirty-five cents for each meal when you only eat one or two a day."

"Perfectly all right," announced Dusty; "perfectly all right. I don't see how you manage to serve such sumptuous banquets for a dollar a day. Really, I don't. I never ate such swell spinach in all my life. Me an' my pardner here, we don't mind at all. Not at all."

"I'm very glad you like the food," said Pinkie, and left.

When they got outside, Dusty turned to Dude. "Can you imagine a nickel snatcher like that?" he observed disgustedly.

If Dusty hadn't conceived the brilliant idea of getting a drag with Pinkie and thereby reducing the cost of living, there is little doubt but that this story would never have been written. But he not only conceived it, he became pigheaded about it. He refused point-blank to leave and wander to other fields until free meals became his portion by right of conquest; and it appeared, most obviously, that Pinkie had no intentions of becoming an invaded province. As the young lady observed, for the benefit of the two boomers, she wasn't born yesterday and she didn't grow up with the fish.

At the end of two weeks Dude and Dusty were hanging around the commissary as though they were part of the structure. They spent their evenings there, all their spare time. They took her to a movie in a near-by town. They both began to like her. She could talk their language; she laughed at what they thought funny, because she thought these things were funny too. Pinkie was a pretty good gent to bum around with. Dude and Dusty found that out.

At the end of three weeks still more progress could be noted in one direction and even less in another. In spite of Dusty's silver tongue and Dude's good looks the pair remained as far from free meals as San Francisco is from New York. And in spite of their declarations to each other, often repeated, that their sole interest lay in free fodder, it was apparent that each was becoming interested personally. Affection, you might say, had set in.

At the end of the first month matters came to a clinch. The problem of the hand-outs, that is. The reader understands that this item of food was merely being used as an excuse to hang around, and that neither would admit to the other that he was even slightly interested in anything else. Not to each other. Pay day, their first pay day, came at the end of the month. The railroad always holds back two weeks' pay on the hired hands.

Dude and Dusty got their green pay checks. They knew exactly, to a thin dime, what they had coming, and they also knew exactly, to a peso, what the fair queen of the commissary was allowed to deduct for feeding them. Dusty did some figuring on the back of an old bill of lading.

"Well, may I be hanged," he declared, "if our little playmate hasn't gypped us out of two bucks apiece. She'd swipe seeds from her pet canary, she would."

"We'll go down an' see her," said Dude in a hard voice, "an' make her cough up."

"Either that or else——" said Dusty, making a pretense of anger.

Down they descended on Pinkie.

"Listen, pretty thing," said Dusty in a wheedling voice, "you pulled a bust and nicked your boy friends for a couple of spare cartwheels. You take a peek at your schoolbooks an' see if you ain't ahead a couple of iron men on both of us."

"I don't make mistakes very often," said Pinkie, "and I know I didn't make any mistake about you two. Twenty-seven days at a dollar a day is twenty-seven dollars. Maybe you think I can't add."

"Baby," said Dusty in an injured voice, "there was two Sundays when we didn't eat here at camp. I was hopin' you'd recollect that without bein' told. Maybe if you remembered real hard you'd knock off them two spares you sold us."

"We got a rule here," came back Pinkie, in that voice generally associated with horse trades, "that we gotta be notified one day in advance or you gotta pay for the meals whether you eat 'em or not. I didn't hear you say nothin', so you got charged for the meals. I run that place to make money; I ain't no Santy Claus."

Dusty got sore. If Dude hadn't been along he probably would have laughed it off, but with Dude there he couldn't lose face. And Dude couldn't afford to lose face with Dusty. They'd been bragging to each other how they were going to get free meals out of this Jane and here they were paying for more than they'd eaten.

One word led to another. Finally Dusty said:

"You either come clean, baby, or you've seen my last nickel. An' my buddy's last one too. We've eaten better meals, see, lots better meals, an' we didn't pay for 'em neither. We can try to stagger through life without your fodder. You ain't the only human that ever made a cook stove talk turkey."

"Neither of you are tied down around here," retorted Pinkie angrily, "an' if you think this is the address for hand-outs you come to the wrong door. I deduct what I got comin' and I'm not goin' to stand around all day and argue about it. If you don't wantta eat at my table, there's no law around here to make you."

"Say, baby," broke in the slower-witted Dude, "all this wrangle's about a couple of bucks. That's all. Ain't we worth more than a couple of bucks, huh!"

Pinkie regarded him contemptuously. "You two worth a couple of bucks!" she answered. "I got my doubts, buddy, I got my doubts. Anybody what'd try to beat a hard-workin' girl out of money ain't worth much. You're just a couple of bums, that's what you are, tryin' to rob me!"

"Rob you, my eye!" exploded Dusty. "We got our rights, we have. We don't have to sit around an' let a female hijacker put the skids under us. Not us two, baby. You got the wrong party."

"I got my money!" retorted Pinkie, and shut the door.

"Are we gonna stand for this?" bawled Dusty. "Are we? Why, hell, no, we don't stand for no such a raw deal. It's robbery. 'At's what it is, it's robbery!" He glared at the closed door. He turned to Dude, spoke in a loud voice. "Come on, old-timer, we'll eat in the woods before we'll stand for gettin' the hooks sunk in us!"

Came a hard female voice from behind the door: "Who's holdin' you?"

That was how Dude and Dusty went to the woods. Three other boomers joined them, Popeye, Hotfoot and Half Pint, respectively. All boomers, all brakemen. Wasn't it heretofore mentioned that the railroad needed trainmen badly?

The five men got hold of a couple of water buckets and a coffeepot, swiped half a dozen tin cups from the commissary, and set up an efficiency apartment out in the woods.

"Every time a woman horns in some place," growled Dusty, "a man gets the dirty end of the stick to hold. I wouldn't eat at that lousy camp if they had steak every night."

"Me neither," declared Dude.

At the end of a week Dusty slipped away from his companions in crime and casually dropped in on Pinkie. She seemed to bear no ill will. Dude followed Dusty's example. They carefully explained to each other that they were only trying to rate a free meal ticket.

Two weeks later the pair were most decidely fed up on eating out in the great open spaces. They told one another that it was apparent that Pinkie would be glad to have them back; the thing to do was to go back. They'd be able to eat up that two dollars they'd been beat out of in no time.

The second pay day at eventide, close to the coffeepot and the bubbling Mulligan, things came to a head. Popeye was speaking. Popeye was a most profane individual. Almost as profane as Dude or Dusty.

"Me," said Popeye, "I'm fed up on this blankety-blank-blank place; who wants to work for a blankety-blank outfit

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"It's Good Feed. You Wantta Eat There?" "Our Future is in Your Hands," Declared Dusty, Bowing. "So Good of You to Remember Us," Quoth Dude

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

By ALEXANDER GARDINER

John W. Gates and a Trainer Look On at Saratoga

XXV

JOHN W. (BET-A-MILLION) GATES was the most colorful gambler America produced. He was the very embodiment of Western push and saucy disregard for the other fellow's opinion. Whether he dealt with financiers organizing a steel company or with bookmakers at the race track, with croupiers in gambling houses or with sportsmen who thought they could shoot better than he, he literally wanted his money to do his talking for him. A hundred stories have sprung up around his name in the past thirty years, but the most amazing is the true story of what he once told a group of Texas ministers:

"Don't gamble, don't play cards, don't bet on horse races, don't speculate in wheat, don't speculate on the stock exchange, don't throw dice, don't shirk honest labor. Don't be a gambler. Once a gambler, always a gambler."

That was in 1909, when Gates was pretty nearly through. His experience qualified him to talk as he did, but of course he was talking to the wrong crowd, which, after all, is what happens more frequently than not in this world.

Gates would back his luck to the limit in a poker game and would have a special limit in faro at Canfield's and other gambling houses. He enjoyed having a crowd with him, and usually John A. Drake, another Chicago plunger, and Col. Isaac Ellwood, one of his early backers, accompanied him. Drake and Gates—"the two Johns from Chicago"—were known on every race track in this country and abroad, and their winnings and losses made the otherwise spectacular play of Mike Dwyer, Pittsburgh Phil and Riley Grannan pale into insignificance. Gates in 1900 won $1,875,000 in England on a single race, and in 1903 he made the bookmakers at Brighton Beach, one and all, feel that perhaps here was a man they simply could not beat. In the long run, though, the bookies more than broke even with the two Chicago playboys.

Eloquent of the fact that Gates was not always right is the single entry under his name in the card catalogue of the New York Public Library, that amazing compendium of information. It reads:

Commercial Club of Birmingham, Ala.
"Why Birmingham will have 1,000,000 population in 1920." Interview with John W. Gates. Birmingham, Ala., 1907.

The Federal census of 1920 gave Birmingham a population of 178,000 and the entire county of Jefferson 310,000.

When Gates entered the Cercle des Capucines, one of the most famous of the Parisian gaming clubs, word would be telephoned around the city and men who wanted to hazard money at baccarat against the American millionaire would arrive by the dozen. Gates gave an open bank to these players—that is, there was no fixed sum in the bank and any stake they wished to fix was satisfactory to him.

At Canfield's Forty-fourth Street and Saratoga houses Gates would sometimes play faro for two or three days without sleep and with only short pauses for refreshment. In these long-drawn-out contests with the house Gates was almost always a winner, and though Canfield always greeted him like a long-lost brother when he entered the house, he confessed that Gates was morally certain to go out of the house a winner.

Usually Gates quit the games in Paris clubs and at Canfield's a winner. It was in horse racing that he and Drake came a cropper. The money Gates made from his steel holdings and in railroad and industrial shares on the stock market often found its way into the pockets of the bookmakers at the various race tracks around the United States.

Richard Canfield used to say in his post-gambling days that never in his travels in Europe and the United States had he seen such high play as was displayed in his Forty-fourth Street and Saratoga houses. Canfield's limit for ordinary purposes was higher than Monte Carlo's, and while nothing can stretch the Monte Carlo limit, for a player like Gates the Canfield limit was a flexible amount that might just as well have been $1,000,000, though it never was.

Gates' biggest game under Canfield's roof was played in 1902 in the Saratoga house, in one of the upstairs rooms. Gates had made an unsuccessful sortie on the bookmakers that afternoon and had seen his system of pyramiding shot full of holes as he lost race after race, until he found he could no longer place big enough bets to get even. To one bookmaker alone, the late Billy Cowen, Gates dropped $300,000 that afternoon.

Gates took dinner with a party at Canfield's that evening, and then led the way into the main gaming room downstairs. He at once made for a faro table and was soon the center of the group that had accompanied him. Only Gates played. He at once took the ordinary limit for faro in the Canfield houses—$500 to the cases and $1000 to the doubles.

He lost steadily, and to change his luck suggested that he be allowed to have a private room upstairs and that the limit be increased. Billy Coe, Canfield's manager, went with a dealer and the party to one of the private rooms and the game was resumed, with the limit $2500 to the cases and $5000 to the doubles. For perhaps an hour Gates matched his luck against the cards with little but pain and discomfiture.

Something like $150,000 out, he suggested around ten o'clock that he would like to push up the limit once more. The manager told him that only Canfield could give him a higher limit than he now had.

"I'll see Canfield," said Gates, and strode downstairs. He found Canfield in his office, smoking a cigar and talking with a casual visitor.

Gates explained what he wanted and Canfield excused himself to his visitor and with Gates went to the second-floor room. Whereupon, before the party, this colloquy ensued, Canfield questioning and Gates answering:

"What limit have you now?"

"Twenty-five hundred and five thousand."

"What do you want?"

"Five thousand and ten thousand."

"You may have it."

Gates turned back to the table and Canfield started to go. But the temptation to have a parting shot at this king of plungers was not to be thrown away. So he called out to Gates:

"Are you sure that's enough?"

Gates made no answer. The edge in this bet-a-million battle of gamblers was for once with his opponent.

The Chicago plunger had turned back to the table, where the biggest regular deal of faro in the history of that game now began to be played. He was at this time something around $500,000 out on the day, with Billy Cowen the bookmaker accounting for $300,000 of it, Canfield $150,000 and other bookmakers having between $50,000 and $100,000. But the break in the game seemed to swing the luck away from the house, and soon Gates was more than holding his own.

When the game broke up at dawn Gates had won back the $150,000 he had lost to Canfield and had taken from the proprietor of the clubhouse another $150,000.

On the day, he was still out something like $175,000, which was a staggering amount to lose, but nothing like what he had been faced with when he went downstairs to see Canfield. As on most of the occasions when he bucked Canfield, he had quit a winner.

Inquiry among sporting men fails to elicit information about a game of faro played anywhere that can match the performance of that night in Saratoga. Of course there are tales of swollen stakes in the Western country during the gold and silver rushes of the last century, and at Monte Carlo tradition has it that François Blanc allowed a Spaniard a special limit of $12,000 at roulette, the Casino in the end giving the plunger his train fare to Paris. It is said that in Virginia City, Nevada, that wonder town of Comstock history, Hamilton Baker, who worked for Morrissey at Saratoga for four summers, dealt some high faro. Baker was the most famous faro dealer of his day. In the 70's, when the Comstock was in its heyday, bets of $5000 on the ace were common in the Gentry and Crittenden place, which Baker adorned, and on two occasions $18,000 and

The Saratoga Track When the Spa Was the Undisputed Capital of the American Turf

$30,000 respectively were risked by a single player on the turn of a card. Men would come down from the mines with $50,000 or $100,000 in dust and a determination to break the bank, and Ham Baker would always be on hand to give them a run for their money.

But Baker never dealt consecutively high faro of the sort that the clubhouse at Saratoga saw that night in August, 1902.

For nine months in the year Baker would hold forth in Virginia City. If he was crooked, nobody ever found him out or caught him with a brace device in his box. According to the Western custom, suspicious players were allowed to riffle the deck and cut before the cards were placed in the box; and if the history of the Western country teaches anything, it is that the crooked gambler, once discovered, had the traditional Chinaman's chance of getting off with a whole skin. But Baker stayed on at Virginia City for years. His salary there is said to have been $150 a night, with 15 per cent of the profits of the house to boot, so that his takings aggregated $70,000 a year. At one time he had seven of the greatest gambling houses in America bidding for his services. Morrissey's bid of $4500 a month drew him to Saratoga, where for six nights a week he dealt from nine o'clock until one in the morning. Despite his enormous income, he died poor, a railroad accident crippling his right side and bringing on creeping paralysis, so that he was unable to deal.

XXVI

NEXT to Gates, the most colorful figure in American gambling was Lucky Baldwin, whose sobriquet was earned in the first fifty years of his life, when everything he touched turned to gold. Baldwin never played at Canfield's houses, though he won and lost on the race track at Saratoga, and on his trips to New York occasionally played at John Daly's. Born Elias Jackson Baldwin in Ohio in 1828, Lucky was gambling in grain before he was eighteen, and by the time he was twenty-two was in California seeking his fortune in gold. When the Comstock Lode was opened up he bought stock in the Ophir Mine. The managers of the mine, finding it was a hundred times more profitable than they had dared to hope, issued a pessimistic statement. Lucky sent a practical miner into the workings and had a secret assay made. When the panic-stricken investors unloaded their stock, Baldwin bought it up and gained control of the property and made millions on that deal alone.

Thereafter he was more than ever a gambler. Faro, horses, the stock market, real estate—he speculated boldly and for years with almost unvarying success. Toward the end his investments turned out poorly and all he had left was a tremendously big ranch in Southern California, which is doubtless today worth millions of dollars, but which Baldwin was unable to translate into money in his lifetime. He died in March, 1909.

Baldwin is said to have figured in the biggest single faro hand ever negotiated in America, $200,000 being involved in the turn of the card. There are two versions of the occurrence, one being that he won the title to a parcel of land on Kearney Street in San Francisco from Fred McGregor, proprietor of a gambling house on that thoroughfare, in the single play after an all-night game in which the house was out something like $70,000. According to this version of the tale, McGregor, having lost all he had, made his way to Mexico, got a gambling concession and made $1,000,000.

The other version, as related by the late Daniel Eustis, one of the organizers of the Native Sons of the Golden West, to newspapermen a quarter of a century ago, is so much more interesting that one hopes it is the correct one. Said Eustis:

"I was in Tom Vanbrugh's El Dorado Club in Kearney Street, San Francisco, in August, 1871, when Lucky's biggest hand was played. Baldwin had not yet erected his palace on the block of Nob Hill ground that he owned. The Nob Hill square was easily worth $200,000.

"Vanbrugh owned a whole block in Market Street that Baldwin wanted to put a building on. This property was worth more than Baldwin's Nob Hill ground. Baldwin had bid for it, but Vanbrugh had refused to sell. Vanbrugh wanted the Baldwin Nob Hill ground.

"On this night Baldwin had been dining at the Cliff House and was feeling pretty good when he entered Vanbrugh's place.

"'Hello, Tom,' he greeted Vanbrugh. 'How are you feeling?'

"'Still Nob Hilly,' Vanbrugh replied. 'When are you going to turn that ground over to me, anyhow?'

"'Tom,' Baldwin replied, 'I'm getting tired of hearing you talk about that ground. Come out here and get behind the box.'

"Lucky led the way to the main faro room, Vanbrugh at his heels. The dealer at one of the no-limit tables was just shuffling the cards. Vanbrugh motioned to him and the dealer got up, surrendering the deck to the proprietor.

"'If the ace loses, Tom,' Baldwin said without a trace of excitement, 'the Nob Hill ground is yours. If it wins, your Market Street block is mine. Will that do?'

"Vanbrugh nodded. The other tables had stopped play and a group gathered about Baldwin and Vanbrugh. The proprietor handed the cards to Lucky and he cut them.

"Baldwin removed his round-topped panama hat, and the cabbage leaf he always wore on top of his head in warm weather fell to the floor just as Vanbrugh started to slide the cards out of the box. He stooped to pick it up and replace it in his hat. Before he stood up again he was the owner of Vanbrugh's Market Street block. The ace had come out on the right side while he was stooping over.

"Next day Vanbrugh transferred the Market Street property to Baldwin."

If Baldwin and Vanbrugh had played a second time for one-tenth of the first stake, they would have established their game as the stiffest in the American annals of gambling. But they didn't, and the Gates game at Saratoga holds the record. There are reputable men now living who saw it done.

There were other plungers at Canfield's houses besides Gates. There was Phil Dwyer, owner of race tracks, who had an extraordinary run of luck one summer at the Saratoga clubhouse, periodically winning $500 or $1000 on a single play of the black or red and joshing Canfield and his race-track friends about his easy money. Toward the end of the season his luck turned, and in a single night he dropped $90,000. Like the veriest sucker, as soon as he started losing he increased the stakes, and as he plunged he went in deeper.

Finally there was the millionaire, still alive, who played the wheel exclusively in as exclusive a setting in the

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A Glimpse of the Clubhouse at the Saratoga Track in the Picture-Hat Era

Fifth Avenue Around the Corner From Canfield's on a Midsummer Day in the '90's

Studying the Afternoon's Racing Form on the Sidewalks of Saratoga

BULL TAVERN

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Don't See Why We Should Have to Have Rex and Berry Hanging Around, Young. I'd Rather it Had Been Aunt Laura." "I'll Tell You Why—They're Your Backers, That's Why"

IV

THE only indication of excitement at Bull Tavern over her excursion was so trifling that it would have been insignificant to any outsider—but not to Laurie. Two places were still laid at the table, though it was almost nine, and this tacit approval of tardiness, though it might mean nothing to Young, seemed to her a gauge by which she could measure the interest the family attached to their absence. Furthermore, all three of her uncles were sitting around, smoking in unwonted silence and trying to appear unconcerned.

"Gee!" said Young. "What a nest of owls!"

Aunt Laura stepped toward Laurie. "You must be tired out."

"Why? I haven't been doing anything but sit back and take it easy."

Everybody except Aunt Laura asked questions of Young with their eyes, but nobody dared speak ahead of Jasper Bull. He cleared his throat at last. "Have a good trip, Young?"

"Yes, sir," answered Young. "A clear run without a detour, not counting the ones I made on purpose."

"Did Laurie get to see Mr. Donovan?"

"You mean did he get to see her. I should say he did, and she coppered him for fair. By the time they'd gassed together for an hour she could have been Miss Hoboken if she'd been as ugly as a mud fence. Only she isn't, and he doesn't think so, either."

"So it's all right?" asked Elmer, more as a statement than a question. Very quickly he let go a long whistling breath in the manner of an engine letting off too much steam, but trying to do it secretly.

"It's all right as far as we've gone," admitted Young, "but that's only the beginning, isn't it, Laurie?"

"I don't know anything about it," she answered with apparent apathy.

Her statement acted as a silencer to their tongues but not to their thoughts. All in that house had a right to feel the way they liked, and if Laurie was inclined to drop the subject for the moment, nobody would gainsay her. But they could think, and think they did, each with his eyes fixed on her profile, suddenly become a thing of importance, and each along his own line of speculation.

On a snap division it would probably have turned out that her father, Elmer, her uncles, Jap, Warren and Alfred, and her brother, George, were thinking a great deal more of themselves than of her, while the thoughts of old Jasper and Young, to say nothing of Aunt Laura, were filled with concern for Laurie herself.

Some such surmise troubled her vaguely. Now that the excitement of the drive was over, in spite of what she had said to her aunt, she was feeling tired in every bone of her body, and proportionately cross. She had been the baby of all the tribe, but she had never been babied. Neither abused nor ignored, she had been taken as a matter of course, like one of the newer pigs or a heifer. Ordinarily she had to be ill or late even to be noticed, but now all were staring at her and trying to keep their thoughts to themselves.

What could she do to break up this placid rumination? It was getting on her nerves, wearing her down. She thought of bursting into tears. It would be very easy to do, feeling the way she felt, but what would it lead to? Only a scene of comfort from the men and petting from her aunt, to which she would have to respond gently or with more blubbering, when what she wanted was an excuse to scratch. Then came what seemed an inspiration.

"Anybody here know the Dunstans?" she asked, trying to make the question sound casual.

The bent hickory slabs on Jasper Bull's chair crashed like a clap of sudden thunder, to be followed by a terrifying rumble in his throat. Now all the eyes which had been staring at her were fixed upon him in a silence so absolute that it seemed newly fallen upon the company—as though up to that instant all had been engaged in jovial chatter.

Laurie knew a twinge of contrition and contempt for herself as she realized what she had done. She had escaped at the expense of the one person she loved best and who loved her most surely in all the world. She saw his eyes turn glassy while his face grew purple with rage. He gripped the arms of the chair with round white hands and wrenched himself forward.

"Who spoke that name?" he whispered.

Nobody answered; they all seemed to have become petrified. Young's fork stopped halfway to his mouth; Uncle Jap, who had been biting off the end of a toothpick, let the wood hang from his lip without bothering to work it loose with his tongue, and each of his brothers had been arrested in whatever they were doing with equal abruptness. Aunt Laura had turned quite pale as if her face were frozen.

"Who spoke that name?" roared Jasper, catching his breath at last.

"I did," said Laurie.

He sank back in his chair. "It was you, eh? I might have known it. Nobody else is so young, so newborn, so pinfeathered and soft-boned as not to know better. . . . Go to bed."

"I'm sorry ——" began Laurie.

"Go to bed!" thundered her grandfather, as though to drown out whatever she was about to say.

She was only too willing to obey. No sooner did her head touch the pillow than she was sound asleep, to be awakened only by the sun pouring in long shafts between the black limbs of the pine and through the uncurtained window.

Although it was so far past her usual rising hour, she did not spring at once out of bed, but lay there thinking of all that had happened on the previous day, up to and including the extraordinary effect produced by the mere mention of the name of Dunstan. She wished now she had been more circumspect. If she had been patient and clever, she might have learned something instead of running herself headlong against a blank wall.

Then her thoughts swerved. Was she really going to be a beauty? What was beauty, anyway? Some things were nicer to look at than others, but once you had left ugliness behind, what was beauty and what wasn't? Where was the dividing line? She raised one bare arm above her head and studied it.

Up to that moment it had been just an arm, something to throw with, crank the old car or to use in self-defense Now she tried to look at it as belonging to somebody else and she saw that it was softer, smoother, more lovely in every way than the most expertly modeled wax. It was beautiful because it was alive—because blood breathed color into its whiteness

The door opened a crack and her aunt peered in. "Well, Laurie, so you're awake at last."

"I've been awake a long time," said Laurie, believing she spoke the truth. "I'm awfully hungry."

"I thought you would be," said Aunt Laura, pushing the door open with one knee, "so I brought you something."

Laurie sat up in bed in consternation at the sight of a tray. "But, auntie," she cried, "I'm not sick!"

"Anybody who sleeps the way you did has a right to be treated as if they'd been sick," said her aunt, as she placed the tray on a chair close to the bed. "Besides, I wanted to warn you against ever talking about the Dunstans in the presence of your grandfather. It makes him so angry. Last night I thought he was going to have a stroke."

"Who are they, and why should he act up like that?"

"They're marsh people from down around Stow Creek Neck. I haven't laid eyes on one of them since I was a girl, and the trouble was old then."

"What about?"

"I don't know. You needn't get up at all today if you want to rest."

"Why should I want to rest?" asked Laurie scornfully. "Where's Young?"

"He's gone—hours ago. He said he'd be back as soon as you were wanted, which wouldn't be before they could get prints of the photographs you had made."

"Please don't stand there looking at me," protested Laurie.

"I don't know why you should mind," said her aunt from the door. "You were looking at yourself when I came in, weren't you?"

She did not wait for an answer, nor to see the confusion her words aroused. Some women could not possibly have said such a thing without having it sound cattish, but Laurie knew from a lifetime of experience that Aunt Laura could be indirect but never malicious. Nor was she one to speak at random. She was a quiet and tender woman who listened to the opinions of others by the hour, but seldom expressed one of her own. Such being the case, her parting observation could be nothing less than a mild warning.

Laurie went down to find her grandfather sitting alone in the main room. Ordinarily nothing would have pleased her more, but the memory of the close of the previous evening was fresh upon her and made her ill at ease. She would have liked to tell him she was sorry, but could think of no way to do it without creating a fresh disturbance.

She decided to let him be the first to speak, but beyond wishing her good morning in an absent-minded way, he seemed at first to have nothing to talk about. Presently, however, she perceived that his silence was not due to any moodiness but to an embarrassment equal to her own. If anything, he was more alive than usual, but alive with the fidgets. He would clasp and unclasp his hands, rove his eyes to right and left without moving his head and start violently at every distant sound.

"Who's that coming?"

"Nobody, grandfather. It's just Aunt Laura talking to Fonda in the kitchen."

"You remember last night, Laurie?"

She could scarcely believe her ears. "Remember what?" she asked.

"You know."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do."

"You mean about my getting back so late, and seeing Mr. Donovan, and what he said?"

"No—afterward."

There could be no doubt that he actually meant her to reopen the fatal subject. She planted herself before him. "Well, grandfather?"

"Well what?"

"Promise not to fly into a rage or make a great holler or turn purple."

"I promise."

"Why do you say nobody is ever to mention those those people in this house? What did they ever do to you to make you get so tearing mad if anybody says their name?"

"Hush!" said old Jasper, but not in anger. He made movements with his eyes as if he were trying to glance over his shoulders. "Nobody in the room, is they? Nobody around?"

"Of course not—only me."

"Don't you ever tell if I tell you something, will you, Laurie?"

"Of course not."

"You want to know what makes me so mad every time anybody says Dunstan?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes," said Laurie.

"Well, there was a row between them and us"

"What about?"

"Laurie, don't you ever tell, but that's what makes me so thundering all-fired mad—I can't remember what it was about."

Her eyes grew round and wide with the shock of the anti-climax. "But that's silly!" she blurted. "It's—it's perfectly silly!"

"Ain't it?" agreed Jasper. "I sit here for hours and days and weeks and years, trying to remember, and I can't I can recollect most everything else that happened since the world begun, including the flood, but when it comes to remembering the most important thing of all, my dog-dasted memory goes back on me."

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"Of All the Crooked Graft! Why, I'd Rather Be Seen Naked Than Go Around With a Bare Face Like That! It Ain't Decent"

A MATTER OF GRAMMAR

"You Big Stiff!" He Said Between His Teeth, and Threw Down His Club. "Nerve! Huh!"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

TWO boys who might have been sixteen years old were ready to drive off the first tee as the foursome consisting of McWhinney, Wills, Weevil and Perry Flagg came out of the shop ready for their afternoon play. The men paused to watch the youngsters drive off, and as they saw two beautiful balls, with just a touch of hook on the end of them, speed down the middle of the fairway two hundred and fifty yards, their expressions were lugubrious.

"Lookit!" exclaimed McWhinney in disgust. "Lookit those kids! Two hundred and fifty yards! And neither of them weighs as much as my right leg."

"Where do they get it?" Weevil demanded of the surrounding atmosphere.

"Youth," said Perry Flagg—"youth and free muscles—and they never have found out the game is hard to play. There's a little ball to hit, so they step up and hit it. That's the answer."

"Nice kids," said Wills. "That Docksee youngster is an especially nice kid."

"Anybody can be nice with a drive like that," said Weevil. "Even Old Man Arkwright would have a pleasant disposition if he could whack 'em that way."

"Instead," said McWhinney, "of addressing a ball as if it was dynamite and might explode in your face, and waggling and trying to make yourself remember to keep your head down and your left arm straight and to start your hands back ahead of your body, not outside the line of flight, and to have the left hand in charge of the back swing and not to sway and to go back slow and not to cock your left knee and not to press, and to let the club head do the work and to follow through. And all the time to be certain there'll be six of these necessary items you'll get wrong. It's a grand game. I don't know why I ever started it."

"You can learn," said Wills, "to play tennis and you will have it learned. You can learn to play baseball and it stays with you. You can learn to play football and keep near your top form. You can learn any dog-gone game in the world and keep it learned. But golf? Huh! You can master the game of golf on Monday and go home knowing you've got it and that your woes are over—and come out Tuesday and shoot a hundred and six!"

"There's a story," said Perry Flagg, "that hell is a place where there are beautiful golf courses and free clubs, but no balls to play with. That's a joke. Friend Devil is cute enough to have the whole equipment and to let every fellow provide his own damnation."

"Why do we play?" demanded Weevil. "Why do we stick to it and suffer?"

"Why does a dog chase cats?" asked McWhinney. "Probably he hates it. I'll bet you there are nine dogs out of every ten that go through life and never catch a single cat. But they keep right on trying to play some pussy in par."

"It's the healthful exercise and the fresh air," said Wills virtuously.

"Ya-a-ah!" snarled Perry Flagg.

"Anyhow, young Docksee's a nice kid," said McWhinney, "and I'm kind of sorry for him and his dad."

"Why?"

"They don't get much out of each other," said Mac. "Fine folks, both of 'em, but they don't seem to know what to do next. Tom Docksee's a white citizen, but he's kind of heavy on the dignity side. He can't mix—not with a kid. Kind of bottles himself up and acts offish."

"I've noticed it. The kid is terrible polite to him. Always calls him sir and such-like. But he's crazy about his dad just the same." Weevil wagged his head. "It was about two weeks ago I heard another kid say Tom Docksee was a stuffed shirt, and young Pete there was all over him like a flock of bulldogs. He chawed that youngster up in jig time."

"You never see them together," said Perry Flagg. "Tom never plays golf with the boy."

"And I'll bet they're both aching to get closer," said Mac.

"We'd better refer it to the house committee," suggested Weevil.

"No, b'jing!" said McWhinney with sudden inspiration. "To the tournament committee."

"The what?"

"Never you mind. Go on and slice your drive into the rough as usual. I got an idea."

"If Mac's got an idea," said Weevil, "I can shoot this course in sixty-nine. Two impossibles make a certainty."

"Meddlin' Mac," said Wills.

"Oh, go find your ball and shut up," said Mac. "I got to work out the details."

II

MCWHINNEY was distinctly a vocal person—he talked to people. He went out of his way to find conversations, and if no one was available around the club, he

would sometimes invade the kitchen and discuss condiments with the cook. So nobody was surprised to see him in close talk with young Pete Docksee under an apple tree behind the locker house.

"Your game's improving. I've been watching you," Mac said as a commencement. "Practice much?"

"Quite a little, Mr. McWhinney. Last year my father had me take three lessons a week and I get out on the practice tee every day or so."

"That's the way to learn—practice—get your swing grooved. It's possible at your age. . . . Um—play much with your father?"

"No, sir," said the boy, and his face fell suddenly.

"Too good for him, eh? He can't bear to have the kid trim him?"

"I don't think it's that," said Pete.

"No? What is it?"

"Why, father is pretty busy, you know, and—I guess men don't get much fun out of playing with boys. I don't see how they could, do you?" This was distinctly a line of defense.

"Depends on the boy," said McWhinney. "And some on the father. Now, for instance, would you get much fun out of playing with yours?"

"I'd like it," said Pete.

"Then why don't you ask him to play with you?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I wouldn't bother him that way. You see, he's awful busy, and he's got a lot of things to think about, and important things to talk about to the men he plays golf with."

"I hear you had a fight the other day."

Pete nodded his head. "Kind of a fight," he said.

"What about? You don't look like a ready scrapper."

"A kid said something."

"About you?"

"No, not me."

"About your father maybe?"

"Uh-huh."

"Um tell your father? I mean does he know you went to war for him?"

"He wouldn't like to know I got in a fight."

"Oh," said McWhinney, "wouldn't he?"

"He'd think I was kind of rough and not very dignified. My father likes me to be dignified."

"And you like him to be dignified?"

"I like him to be just how he is," said Pete.

"That's grand," said Mac. "How'd you like to play with an old doo-dad like me some day?"

"Fine, thank you, sir," said Pete.

McWhinney got up and strolled away. Weevil and Wills drove up as he got to the shop and he followed them into the locker room.

"Just talkin' to the Docksee kid," he said. "It's a darn shame."

"What is?"

"He's crazy to have his father take some notice of him. By dad, if I had a kid, I bet ye he wouldn't be pinin' around for me to get friendly!"

"No," said Wills; "you'd meddle with him so much he'd leave home for Darkest Africa to get a second by himself."

"Is that so?" retorted Mac rather feebly

When they finished their round and were dressing, Mr. Docksee came in and opened his locker.

"Afternoon, Docksee," said McWhinney.

"Good afternoon, Mr. McWhinney," said Docksee in his serious, dignified way. He never called his most intimate friend by his first name.

"Talkin' with your boy this afternoon."

"Ah?" said Docksee.

"His game's improvin' somethin' wonderful."

"So I hear," said the father in a restrained sort of way.

"Don't you know?"

"Well, you see, I—the fact is I feel he would prefer not to have me watching him. Youth is youth, as you know. It has its own friends and its own interests, and we oldsters have to step aside."

"Do we?" asked Mac. "I hadn't noticed."

"I've seen to it he had good instruction," said Docksee. "But he—being a boy, you understand, and regarding me as an ancient person—doesn't find it interesting to discuss his progress with me."

McWhinney regarded Mr. Docksee in a dazed sort of way and presently exclaimed, "Well, I'll be dog-goned!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Docksee.

"Just—er—a sudden crick in the side," said Mac

"We must expect little infirmities at our age," said Mr. Docksee.

"The boy's quite a scrapper, I hear," said Mac.

"My son? I believe you are mistaken, Mr. McWhinney. I have heard no complaints of his conduct." He compressed his lips and his color heightened. "I should be glad to know where such a report originated," he said. "I should take deciaive steps to stop it."

"Would you knock somebody's block off?" asked McWhinney mischievously.

"If need be, sir, I would even do that."

"All the same," said Mac, "he pasted the daylights out of a kid the other day."

"If he did," said Pete's father, "I am confident there was justification."

"There was," said Mac.

"You are familiar with the affair?"

"I am."

"I should be obliged if you would give me the particulars."

"And I," said McWhinney, "should be delighted if you would get the story from Pete himself."

Mr. Docksee shook his head in a melancholy sort of way. "I'm sure," he said, "Peter would resent my asking him. He is not one who readily becomes confidential."

"Nevertheless," said Mac, "ask him. You might be entertained. By the way, you and Pete will play in the Father and Son, won't you?"

(Continued on Page 177)

McWhinney Regarded Mr. Docksee in a Dazed Sort of Way and Presently Exclaimed, "Well, I'll be Dog-Goned!" "I Beg Your Pardon?" Said Mr. Docksee

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Captains of Industry

MAJOR shifts or changes in civilization have a way of stealing upon us unawares, and perhaps it is no exaggeration to include among them the passing of individual ownership and control of industry. What is going on is the transfer of one man and family enterprises over into open and widely owned corporations. As a change it is accepted almost without question, despite the pregnancy of its meaning, the endless variety of human situations involved and the destruction of romance which seems to follow.

Who can say what this accelerating shift from individual to group action means? There are those who insist that the real control of industry is gradually passing into the hands of investment bankers. There are those who say that in another quarter of a century only huge corporations, chains, mergers, syndicates and holding companies will occupy the field. Professor Ripley declares that two things are happening at cross purposes to each other—centralization of control and decentralization of proprietorship. Wherever control may be, we all know that ownership is diluting and spreading out in every direction.

Yet, speaking generally, we need not worry about the passing of the captain of industry. In the most advanced corporate stage he may be concealed in committees or so surrounded by statisticians and public-relations counsel as to be unrecognized. But great areas of industry still require his services.

Those who are markedly successful are none too numerous; they are dominated by nobody; to a surprising extent such men elect themselves in the sense that positions come to them inevitably. Said Waddill Catchings, lawyer, economist, director in scores of corporations and partner in a prominent banking house, in testifying in the Ford tax case:

"I think it is always difficult to get a leader for any business. There is a very great chance in believing a man can do any job, and the larger the job the larger the chance. He can only do it in his own way, he may not fit the picture at all, and there is no way on earth of telling whether he can do it except to try him. You hope he will succeed. Sometimes he does and sometimes he doesn't. The times you think he will are the times he does not. No man can walk in another's shoes, and no man can tell today, if Mr. Ford were out, how he would meet the problems of the Ford Company.

"One of my deepest convictions is that a man who leads an enterprise impresses his personality upon it; that another man may lead it successfully, more successfully, but he cannot do the job the same way; there is individuality about everyone."

It is fair to say that in the past few years nothing has so fired the corporate and financial imagination, as it were, as the rise of Walter P. Chrysler. Yet he has been helped to reach his position through banking support. Nor does any man deserve the title of captain of industry more than Theodore F. Merseles, yet his rehabilitation of two large companies was undertaken in each instance at the behest of bankers.

"The captain of industry is not passing," said one banker "but corporate development is merely giving us another kind. He is not being eliminated; he has become a partner of the public, instead of having a business of his own. Consider the automobile business, where only a few men seem able to make good. I am a director in one of these companies, the president of which wasn't worth more than twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars in 1916. Before that he was a mechanic. This year his personal income will be three hundred thousand dollars, and his gross business eighty to a hundred million. Is he a captain of industry or not? I rather think so, even though the business is not his. If he asked for half a million this year, I guess we would have to let him have it. Considering the fact that he is going to make millions of profits for the stockholders, he is our captain of industry."

Directors Who Direct

BUSINESS men take an unfailing interest in the subject of boards of directors, not merely of the companies for which they happen to work but of other concerns as well. We all like to know who are the most competent men on a board, who are the ones that do the most work, and who dominate the others. Now and then there are prestige or courtesy or dummy directors; there are those who represent large stockholding interests, and others whose holdings or representations are merely nominal.

There are directors of advantage to the company because of their knowledge of inside affairs, and others whose contributions consist of outside contacts. There are those who attend directors' meetings regularly, and others whose names might as well be stricken from the list, so rarely do they appear.

In the course of introducing nine of the most notable pioneers of industry at a recent dinner in New York City, President Butler, of Columbia University, concluded his reference to Henry Ford by saying that Mr. Ford "knows that all boards and committees of any consequence, whatever the appearance, consist in reality of one man."

The astuteness of this remark and its graceful accuracy as regards the subject of Doctor Butler's brief sketch must be conceded. Yet it can hardly be maintained as a general thesis or as applicable to the whole range of industry. It is a partial, a half truth, doing real injustice to large numbers of hard-working men, none of whom could qualify as "the one man," and yet who render invaluable services.

Not only in business companies but in those nonprofit corporations like universities there will be found, as a rule, two or three men who take a vital interest and part in its affairs. On the university board of trustees one man may pay especial attention to the curriculum or faculty affairs, another to buildings and grounds, and a third to the arduous task of raising funds.

The Standard Oil Company was regarded for a long period as the creation of John D. Rockefeller, and no one questions the genius which he gave to it. But that genius consisted in part in drawing other able men into the organization, and today the boards of directors of most of the companies which formerly made up the old Standard Oil consist of department heads, men with a definite contribution to make out of the fullness of detailed knowledge. The fact that most of these boards meet very frequently indicates in itself that they are working boards of more than one man, although here and there one strong personality may overshadow the others.

Recently a committee of the American Management Association studied trends in the functions and composition of boards of directors of a large number of companies which responded to a questionnaire. The striking characteristic shown in a summary of the returns is the growing emphasis upon knowledge of business details and sound executive judgment.

The smaller boards are tending to reject stock ownership alone as a sufficient basis for a directorship, and the large boards are going even further. Even such personal qualifications as knowledge of external business conditions and business-getting ability are to take second place before the urgent need for directors who excel in knowledge of the business itself, and in a dependable quality of judgment.

Arguments can be presented in favor of important outside directors and of those who own or represent large stockholdings, even though neither class is familiar with details. Yet the slowly lessening dependence upon directors whose sole qualification is a large holding or distinction in other lines is, in the main, reassuring.

After all, as business grows more complicated there must be increasing expert or professional direction. The perfect board of directors, especially for the very large corporation, will always remain a subject for debate, but, fortunately, knowledge of how it should be constituted is increasing.

Giving—The Great American Game

THOSE voices continually crying for "altruism," "humane consideration," and "spirituality" in the "materialistic" American wilderness have been answered rather neatly by a survey of the contributions received in 1927 by educational, philanthropic, religious and charitable organizations. This survey proves conclusively that philanthropy, the most practically effective form of humane consideration, ranks as one of the greatest industries of the age.

The tremendous outpouring of wealth for eleemosynary purposes during the year 1927 formed a total greater than the annual income of the governments of either France or Germany.

Our industrial leaders have realized that they have special obligations to the social organization which has made it possible for them to achieve wealth, and the vast sums donated by them annually to philanthropic effort is an eloquent admission of that realization. One of the results of such practical application of the golden rule lies in the fact that in our so-called industrial age the lowliest classes enjoy conveniences and advantages which kings would have sighed for in vain in the past.

Some of the statistics encountered in a study of this survey of charity are particularly interesting and enlightening. More than forty-eight per cent of the total comprised contributions from all sources to religious institutions. It lists the contributions to institutions of various classes as follows:

		PER CENT
Education	$ 187,200,000	8.4
Organized Charitable Relief in the United States	256,700,000	11.6
Health	204,400,000	9.2
Play and Recreation	19,300,000	.8
Fine Arts	25,700,000	1.1
Miscellaneous Reform Organizations	13,000,000	.6
Direct Personal Gifts to Individuals	257,800,000	11.6
Religious Purposes	1,079,900,000	48.7
Foreign Relief	214,500,000	9.7
Gross Total	$2,258,500,000	101.7
Less Income from Endowments not segregated from new donations in several instances above	38,800,000	1.7
Net Total	$2,219,700,000	100.0

The final point made by this survey of contributions to charity is the important one that in the past two decades public philanthropy has increased continually with the growth of American prosperity.

MY FATHER—By Evangeline Booth

MY FATHER was a pawnbroker's assistant in London when he determined to heed a fierce tugging at his conscience and devote all his energy to preaching the Gospel. You do not see the three gilt balls of a pawnbroker in prosperous neighborhoods. This one was in Walworth.

We may only guess at the needs that compelled ship captains to surrender across that dark, uncompromising counter their sextants and chronometers; masons, their trowels and levels; carpenters, their hammers and saws; musicians, their violins and flutes; but we know what prompted the mothers who came to pawn their wedding rings. They wanted bread and milk for their children. Worry over the hopeless fates of those poor people after they had pawned their last possessions colored the entire existence of that pawnbroker's assistant whom the world now remembers as General Booth.

The day he bundled together his few possessions in the attic room above the pawnshop where he had slept for three troubled years was April 10, 1852. It was his twenty-third birthday, and when he descended the worn treads of the dark flights of stairs in that old house and crossed its threshold for the last time he ceased to be a man of business and became a minister. In 1929 the hundreds of thousands in the Salvation Army will celebrate the centenary of the founder's birth, but that day he left the pawnshop in Walworth is an occasion equally memorable.

General Booth

A Boy Preacher in London

THE proprietor of that pawnshop was a tyrannical employer. He made a great profession of religion, but despite the fact that he knew young William Booth to be devoting his evenings to lay preaching in the slums of the East End he sternly enforced during all the time of their association as master and servant a mean-spirited rule. This was that unless the assistant was home by ten o'clock at night the door would be locked against him. Sometimes the young man with the hooked nose and long face fringed by a black beard tortured his skinny, almost tuberculous, body into a mad race on his way home from his religious work. If the door had been locked he would have been compelled to spend the night in the streets of London

His veins were the confluence of the blood streams of the Israelites and the Anglo-Saxons, and one needed but a glance at his face to see which one of those rivers of ancestry was a torrent and which one a feeble current. His face was the face of Aaron, wreathed in after life by a prophet's beard.

He was born in Nottingham, son of a father who wore knee breeches and taught him in his early years to regard himself as a gentleman. Then came poverty and the death of my money-grubbing grandfather. My father even then had been apprenticed to a pawnbroker, and his mother had begun to support herself precariously with a smallware shop which had hardly enough patronage to pay for her food. The church he attended through those spiritually parched years was a Methodist temple.

Wesley Chapel in Nottingham was a cold barrack of a place, with a stuccoed façade beneath a triangular pediment supported on fluted columns. Sometime during the years that he was an apprentice in the town he had heard James Caughey, an American evangelist. He had been converted, but the seed of his conversion sprouted under the whitewashed ceiling of Wesley Chapel. He became a boy preacher in the streets, and once, on a Sunday morning, the satisfied souls of the congregation were shocked by a rabble of slum youths who scuffled into the forward pews, ragged, odorous, filthy and somewhat antagonistic.

After that service young William Booth was scolded by the church authorities and finally told that he might bring his outcasts into the temple again provided only that he led them in by the back way. That was a door invisible behind the pulpit, and which was the approach to obscure benches reserved for the shabby and impecunious. Although he acknowledged the validity of the objections of the church leaders, my father then and there became engaged in a struggle that did not end until long afterward; but it was the churches that surrendered, not Booth.

Once in the days of his later years of recognition King Edward VII of England asked him how he was getting along with the churches.

Shrewdly and with twinkling eyes he met the gaze of his king.

"Sire," he said, "they imitate me," and the king laughed with full appreciation of the success of that revolution.

In London at the time my father left the pawnbrokery business for the ministry he already had met my mother. They were married in London in 1855. His ministry then was a settled thing; but so, too, was that of my mother. She was one of the first women ever to preach in London, and she was a beloved figure in West End drawing-rooms when her husband was still an unknown missionary in the slums of the East End.

Even in those times, though, my mother would enter wretched houses where drunkenness had reduced the families to the condition of savages. In hovels where there was not a stick of furniture she would go on her missions. She recalled to me one time how she had found a woman on a heap of rags. The poor creature had just given birth to twins and there was nobody of any sort to wait upon her. By her side was a crust of bread and a lump of lard. My mother washed the babies in a broken dish which was the only vessel of any sort that she could find, and long afterward told me that she never would forget the look of gratitude that was thrown upon her from the large eyes in the wan face of that stricken mother.

Out of the Ministry

UNLESS one conjures out of the past a picture of the London of that time it is impossible to understand the beginnings of the Salvation Army. There was then no adequate system of national education, no provision for poverty except the hideous institution called a poorhouse. Any general scheme for the relief of the poor was a kind of blasphemy to the complacent and materialistic folks who were in the majority in England

Drunkenness was frightfully common. The streets where the poor lived echoed the obscene noise of uproarious men staggering home from the ale houses. Slatternly women, equally drunken, kept them company. Swarming everywhere went rugged, barefooted, verminous children. We speak with horror today of the bands of homeless children that are adrift in Russia England in the time of which I speak was worse, because in Russia at least an effort is being made to improve conditions. If you suggested improvement to the English upper classes in that day you were likely to be denounced as a disturber of the peace.

Because of the evangelistic work on his missions, my father incurred the sharp displeasure of the leaders of that branch of the Methodist Church which had made him a minister. After more than a decade of striving to get along in the organization there came a day when there was a conference of the church authorities in a chapel, at which an effort was made to force my father to submit his energy to the harness of the church discipline. He was given the alternative of giving up his evangelistic work or resigning.

In a front-row seat in the chapel under the frowns of those who disapproved he rose to his feet, a tall black-bearded man with a clean-shaven upper lip. With a question in his eyes he turned to gaze up into the gallery where my mother was seated. The ministry was their only means of livelihood for themselves and their children. Should he stultify his conscience? He did not have to utter the question aloud.

Rising in her place my mother shouted "Never!"

When he heard that exclamation my father waved his hat to her as a signal to meet him at the door. There he embraced and kissed her, and in that instant the Salvation Army was born. There were years of work, of course,

(Continued on Page 82)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Hard on the Gang—The Toughest Boy in the Block Believes in Santa Claus!

"Why are You So Anxious for Byrd's Expedition to Come Down?"
"I Understand That Some of Them Guarantee to Teach You How to Fly!"

The Ghost Writer Who Forgot

JAMES SYFER was a ghost writer, and a very successful one. In his long career of usefulness he had written the memoirs of actors and statesmen, the autobiographies of prize fighters and aviators, articles on chess and bridge, treatises on the proper use of the mashie—a club which he had never seen—and many other works which showed his toil but did not bear his name. Of necessity, Syfer had sacrificed a good part of his own individuality. Long accustomed to submerge his personality in that of greater and more celebrated figures, Syfer might now be said to possess no character whatsoever.

One day, at a time when he was working on the life story of a famous baseball player, Syfer had the ill luck to be passing under a scaffolding when a heavy steel chisel was dropped by a workman. Striking the ghost writer on the temple, it rendered him unconscious for the good part of an hour. When he finally opened his eyes in a receiving hospital, Syfer found to his dismay that he had completely forgotten his identity—but what was worse, he had also forgotten the identity of the man whose story he was writing. He was still struggling to recover his memory the next day when the nurse entered with an ice pack for his head.

"And how is the patient this morning?" she inquired brightly.

"Cheest, I'm feelin' lousy," groaned Syfer. "An' it's only two weeks till me fight wit' Killer Burke. Twelve rounds, no decision."

"Oh, so you're a pugilist?" she exclaimed.

"I have always been able to take care of myself with my fists," declared Syfer. "Like most royal children, I was taught boxing and fencing at an early age. Ah, those happy days in Brest-Litovsk! That was before the war, of course."

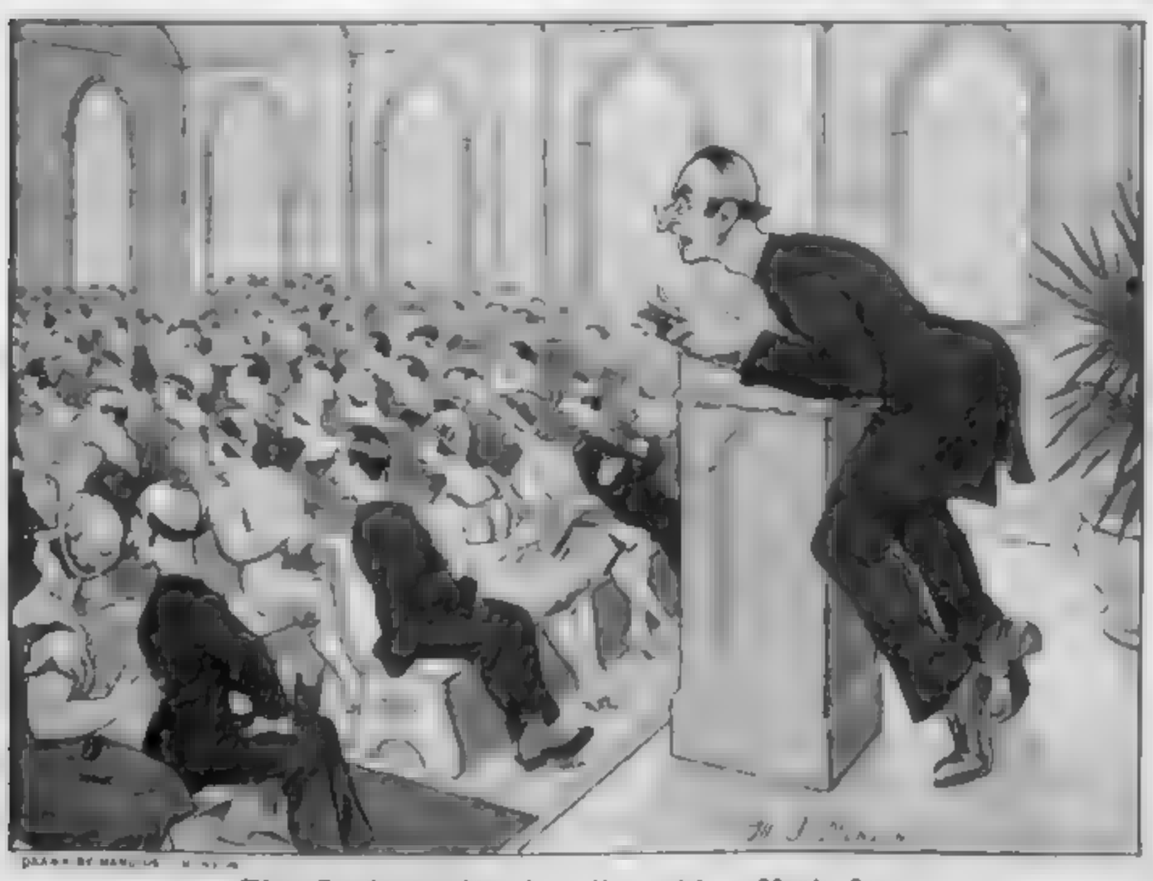
"Were you in it?" asked the nurse, feeling his pulse.

"No," said Syfer. "One of the greatest regrets of my life is that I could not take part in that great struggle. The Government kept me here to amuse our brave soldiers in the training camps with my card tricks and recitations from Shakspere."

"You know Shakspere's plays then?" the nurse asked.

(Continued on Page 137)

"Yes, I'll Take That Set. I Think My Husband Will Get More Fun Out of It"



That Perfume—You Just Know it's a Movie Star

The Sap Who Was Lighter Than the Parachute

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Ruddy health in Tomato Soup!

Benefit from this great discovery about HEALTH . . .

ROSES in your cheeks, put there by Nature . . . Sparkling eyes and buoyant gayety . . . The radiant beauty that comes from perfect health . . . New energy and vigor to get you through the day's work . . . Science has discovered where to get them . . . in tomatoes, so richly stored with those "Health Givers" (Vitamins) absolutely essential to proper bodily condition . . . To enjoy tomatoes in their most delicious, appetizing and convenient form, serve Campbell's Tomato Soup regularly and often. 12 cents a can.

My vigor and fire, you surely admire,
There's a pack in my manly punch.
I'm easy to train, I never complain,
For I always have Campbell's for lunch!

THE MIDDLEMAN

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

As the Porter Started Opening the Boxes Containing Those Items, the Gentleman Suddenly Asked Me How Much I Would Take for My Entire Stock of Fourth of July Merchandise

THE three years beginning in 1912 were full of interest, though not so good financially. I tried my hand at being a chain-store magnate. One day in the early summer of that year a letter came to the house from a customer named Howard K. Rigsby, who had a retail business in a small city called Wainwright, in the Northwest, stating that he wanted to sell out and asking if we knew of anyone who might want to buy. The letter was referred to me. I had no buyer in mind at the moment, but Rigsby's account had been a profitable one and it was to our advantage to find a successor who might continue to deal with us.

It occurred to me that it would be a good idea for me to look over the business personally, and at the same time take a little vacation, for the town was in a good fishing territory. Since going with the Gibson Corporation I had had no time off worth mentioning. I mentioned the matter to Mr. King and he agreed to my being away for two months.

The next week Bee and I locked up our flat and took the train for Wainwright. It was a pleasant place of around ten thousand people, not far beyond the Minnesota line, the center of an enormous farming territory and remote from any large city. St. Paul and Minneapolis were nearly three hundred miles away. There was a first-class American-plan hotel, the Park House, and there we settled ourselves for what we thought was going to be a carefree holiday.

I hunted up the establishment of Howard K. Rigsby the day after our arrival. It was on the principal cross street, only a stone's throw from the main four corners, on the way to the union railway station. It had a frontage of forty feet and a depth of one hundred feet. The front was painted red, and above the show windows was a sign in gold lettering: Western Racket Stores, Inc. Inside, the arrangement was that which has generally been adopted by similar establishments everywhere. There were counters running the length of the place on each side, with tables in the center, and at the back was a mezzanine floor for the office. The Western Racket Stores, Inc., specialized in goods ranging from five cents to one dollar.

Rigsby was a man of about thirty-five who had formerly traveled for a woodenware jobber in St. Paul. It appeared he had done well enough with his business, but, like so many men who have spent years on the road, he found it hard to live in any one place; and, besides, his wife was a Twin Cities girl who wanted to get back to her people. He had been buying a good proportion of his merchandise from the Gibson Mercantile Corporation and seemed to think we owed it to him to find him a customer for his business. He wanted to be free in time to go on the road in the fall, and I told him I thought it could be managed, as the house would notify me at once in case someone turned up.

A day or so later I engaged a camping outfit and a guide, and Bee and I went off on our first fishing excursion, to a lake some fifty miles away. We were gone about a week, and on our return the proprietor of the Park House said Mr. Rigsby was very anxious to get in touch with me and had left word that I should go to his store as soon as I got back to town.

Rigsby was sitting in his balcony office and saw me when I entered his front door. He beckoned me to come up and we had no more than shaken hands before he asked if I had a line on any possible buyer for his store. I told him nothing had turned up since I had seen him previously.

Then he said earnestly, "Why don't you buy it yourself?"

I laughed and answered that I had about as much use for a retail store as I had for a performing elephant.

Rigsby would not be put off with a joke. The St. Paul concern was crowding him to say when he would report for duty and his wife also was impatient to be gone. He asked me if I would make him any sort of an offer. I told him I would not.

"But I'll make it worth your while," he persisted. "You say you're on a two months' holiday anyhow. You can find someone to take it off your hands in that time, and if you'll buy right now I will name a price at which you can make a profit."

I said my idea of a holiday was something different from running a retail business.

"You won't have to bother much with it," he argued. "The clerks all know their jobs and it will practically run itself for a while. I'll sell you the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel, for seventy-five cents on the dollar."

I told him again I was not interested. He walked around the office a few times and then came back to where I was sitting.

"I'll shoot the works," he said, "for fifty cents on the dollar!"

Here was really something to think about. I felt sure I could sell the business to someone before the summer was over, and at the price he named there was a chance to have my vacation and make a profit at the same time. At that season the stock was low and probably would not inventory more than ten thousand dollars. I had quite a balance lying in a Chicago bank that was bringing me nothing and I could afford a little speculation. I asked him how long it would take to make a complete inventory.

He said if I meant business he would have his force come back that night after supper and the job could be finished by midnight. I told him to go ahead. The store closed at six o'clock and at seven we went to work. He had an adding machine and had borrowed a couple of others from his bank, so by setting the machines in different parts of the establishment three sets of people could work simultaneously, and the inventory was taken in a few hours. Next morning the totals were run up and the cost of the fixtures ascertained from Rigsby's books.

The whole thing amounted to just under ten thousand dollars. I had talked it over with Bee the evening before, and as she had been quite enthusiastic over the experiment, I closed the deal without further ado. The check I gave Rigsby was for four thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars.

And so I became, quite unexpectedly, a small-town merchant. The store force consisted of seven or eight salesgirls and one young man, Fred Carter, who acted as window trimmer and assistant manager. He was familiar enough with the business to run it under ordinary circumstances, and my idea was to loaf about for the balance of my vacation, going fishing as much as I liked, and meanwhile

Continued on Page 34

A great food service carries it nationwide

Creamery Fresh!

THOUSANDS upon thousands of families . . . in almost every part of America . . .

Today they are serving this famous butter.

Their dealers get it straight from selected dairy regions—churned from graded, tested cream.

Swift's immaculate refrigerator cars deliver Brookfield Creamery Butter to Swift branch houses in the cities. Or direct, by "car route," to dealers in the smaller towns.

It goes to your dealer by the quickest, most direct route possible . . . purity, freshness guarded every step of the way!

Wherever you may live, this great nationwide food service brings you butter that retains its first, sweet, new-churned goodness—Creamery Fresh.

Swift & Company

And through the same service you get other Brookfield products—Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese. Also Brookfield Poultry. Ask for them by name.

Brookfield

Butter - - Eggs - - Poultry - - Cheese

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 32)

keeping in touch with the Gibson Mercantile Corporation for a possible buyer.

But my new venture turned out so unexpectedly interesting that I soon forgot everything else. Naturally, I didn't tell anyone that I expected to be only a temporary citizen; and as soon as it was known that the Western Racket Stores had a new proprietor the business men of the town began coming in to get acquainted and to wish me luck. I was particularly impressed with one thing—namely, that though Wainwright was a small place, it was considerable of a metropolis. In the East a town of similar population would be limited to a constricted trade territory by near-by cities, but for Wainwright no such limitation existed. It was the largest town within a radius of nearly two hundred miles, and we drew trade from distances that would be considered incredible in more thickly settled states.

One morning a few days after I took charge I was in the office writing some letters when one of the salesgirls came to say that a man wanted to buy some fireworks. The Fourth of July was still three weeks off, and though the stock had arrived, it was still in the basement, unopened. She had told the customer this, but he insisted he must have his supply that day, and as Fred Carter was out, she came to me for instructions.

I went down on the sales floor to meet the gentleman who was so determined to be prepared for his patriotic celebration. He was a stout, countrified-looking individual who wore an enormous felt hat, and when I asked him if he could not come in later, he stated that he had traveled one hundred and fifty miles to make this particular purchase and was anxious to leave for home that night. I told him we would try to accommodate him. I got the invoices on the stock of fireworks and asked the customer to accompany me to the basement along with the store porter. The gentleman had given no idea as to what he wanted to buy, except to state that he favored plenty of firecrackers and rockets. As the porter started opening the boxes containing those items, the gentleman suddenly asked me how much I would take for my entire stock of Fourth of July merchandise. The wholesale cost was about two hundred dollars. I told him that for a quick sale I would take two hundred and fifty dollars.

"All right, neighbor," he answered. "I reckon I might as well buy the lot." At which he produced a roll of bills and handed over the required sum. I asked him jokingly if he intended to open a fireworks store.

"Oh, no, nothing like that," he answered cheerfully. "Some of the kinfolks and neighbors are going to spend the Fourth at my place, and I thought I'd show them a good time. I'm going to make some money this year and I can afford it."

It was like that in the Northwestern wheat country in those days. There was either a feast or a famine, and during the feast years people didn't count their pennies.

Similar incidents constantly occurred that illustrated the difference between small-town business in the Northwest and that of similar communities in the more congested East. One day in July a man came in and said he wanted to buy a thousand tin cups. Not having that number in stock, we took his order, for which he paid cash in advance. I was curious to know why any person should want a thousand tin cups, and learned the man was an auctioneer. The farm-auction season started early in the fall, and in cases where a farmer was known to have first-class livestock and machinery, there would frequently be a thousand or more people in attendance. The best auctioneers were men of financial standing who usually worked on a percentage basis and managed everything. Many purchases were paid by notes; and frequently the auctioneer would discount this paper himself, giving the farmer immediate cash. To insure a big crowd the auctioneer invariably offered an elaborate open-air luncheon and the thousand tin cups were for use in such entertainments.

Another item that had a surprisingly large sale was a huge earthenware coffee cup, sold without a saucer. These cups were imported from Europe by a jobbing house in Minneapolis. They came in barrels, each barrel containing two gross, and it was no usual thing for a large-scale farmer to buy three or four barrels at a time for the use of his crew. Owners of traveling threshing outfits were also liberal buyers of these cups, for they usually carried a force of about thirty men, with sleeping and dining tents.

I had been owner of the Western Racket Stores for about a month when one day a letter arrived from the Gibson Mercantile Corporation stating that it had found a man who would buy me out at a fair price. I took the letter to the Park Hotel that evening and showed it to Bee. She read it two or three times and then said unexpectedly:

"Why not stay in Wainwright? You seem to like what you are doing, and I'm perfectly contented to live here. It's a lot better than having you away from home so much."

The same thing had been running through my mind. For some time I had been thinking of leaving the Gibson Corporation. I had traveled around the United States quite enough, I felt. I liked the friendliness and open-handedness of the Northwest. But I had no idea of settling down as a small-town storekeeper. My thoughts had run along the line of developing a chain of stores that might in time cover the entire Northwest, operated from the original establishment in Wainwright. Bee and I talked it over during half the night, with the result that next day I wrote the Gibson Mercantile Corporation to tender my resignation, and at the same time informing them that the Western Racket Stores was not for sale.

For my new venture I had about thirty thousand dollars in cash and securities, besides the Wainwright establishment, which was entirely free from debt. Already I had seen the necessity for buying in larger quantities than was possible with a single store. None of the big chain systems had as yet invaded the territory, but I knew it was only a question of time before they would do so; and unless I could buy my goods at somewhere near the prices they paid, I would be under a hopeless handicap. One would hardly think people would compare prices on articles that sold from five cents to a dollar; yet hardly a day passed but that some person who had been on a trip to the Twin Cities or to Omaha would complain of my prices on certain articles. I knew myself that the big chains, buying in hundred-case lots where I bought a single case, were selling some items at just about the price I had to pay.

My first move toward a greater buying power was to buy a half interest in a store owned by a man named George Hitchcock, who was located at Tilden, a small town thirty miles from Wainwright. In October I opened my first regular branch, Western Racket Stores Number 2, in a place called Rexford, and sent Fred Carter there as manager. I did the buying for the three establishments from headquarters in Wainwright.

One day a man came in and introduced himself as Ezra Eli Higgins. His business was that of fur buyer, from which profession he had made a substantial fortune. He was originally from Vermont, but had later owned a small chain of general stores in Minnesota that he sold to one of the big corporations. But the chain-store business still had a tremendous fascination for him, and the object of his visit was to offer me the benefit of his experience. Naturally I was glad enough for this unexpected coöperation, for which he would make no charge, saying he would get enough fun out of it to repay him for any trouble he took. This must have been true, for hardly a day passed when he was in town but that he spent an hour or so in my office, sometimes offering suggestions and sometimes merely leaning over the balcony railing to watch the operations on the sales floor.

Higgins was one of the shrewdest fellows I have ever met, besides being considerable of a philosopher.

"This game of yours is the most fascinating thing in the world," he said to me one day, "because it's so close to human nature. It's not only guessing what people will want but analyzing the reasons for their wanting it."

(Continued on Page 109)

"There Ban Different Ways to Skin a Cat," He Said Earnestly, "and I Guess You Invented a New One"

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Many causes contribute to such splendid, glowing health. Among the most interesting are certain little chemical factories in the body—the *endocrine glands*.

A few simple facts about glands

Tireless health that laughs at winter winds comes to you, in no small measure, as the gift of the glands.

The connection between "glands" and "health" was first glimpsed 150 years ago by a brilliant young Paris physician—de Bordeu. He was the first to suggest that our glands guard our health by introducing certain substances *directly into our blood*.

Only in more recent years, however, have the glands been studied intensively. And even now many regard the whole subject with suspicion, because it has been so often the plaything of quacks and charlatans.

Yet, by its study of these glands, Medical Science is building another of its fortresses of health.

What is a gland?

There are several kinds of glands. For example, the salivary glands send a digestive ferment into the mouth; the tear glands supply a moistening fluid to the surface of the eye-ball. Others—the so-called *endocrine* glands—put complex chemicals directly into the blood stream as it passes through them.

By the help of the tiny pituitary gland, sheltered in its bony cradle at the base of the brain; the thyroid gland astride the windpipe; the suprarenal glands over the kidneys—by the proper working of these and other endocrine glands, we live and grow, build new body cells, throw off the poisons of fatigue, respond to emergency calls for mental and physical action.

A new fortress of health

Research workers in medical science have succeeded in identifying some of the complex chemical substances the glands produce.

The first of these gland chemicals to be discovered was Adrenalin.

It was given to the world as early as 1901 by a Parke-Davis scientist.

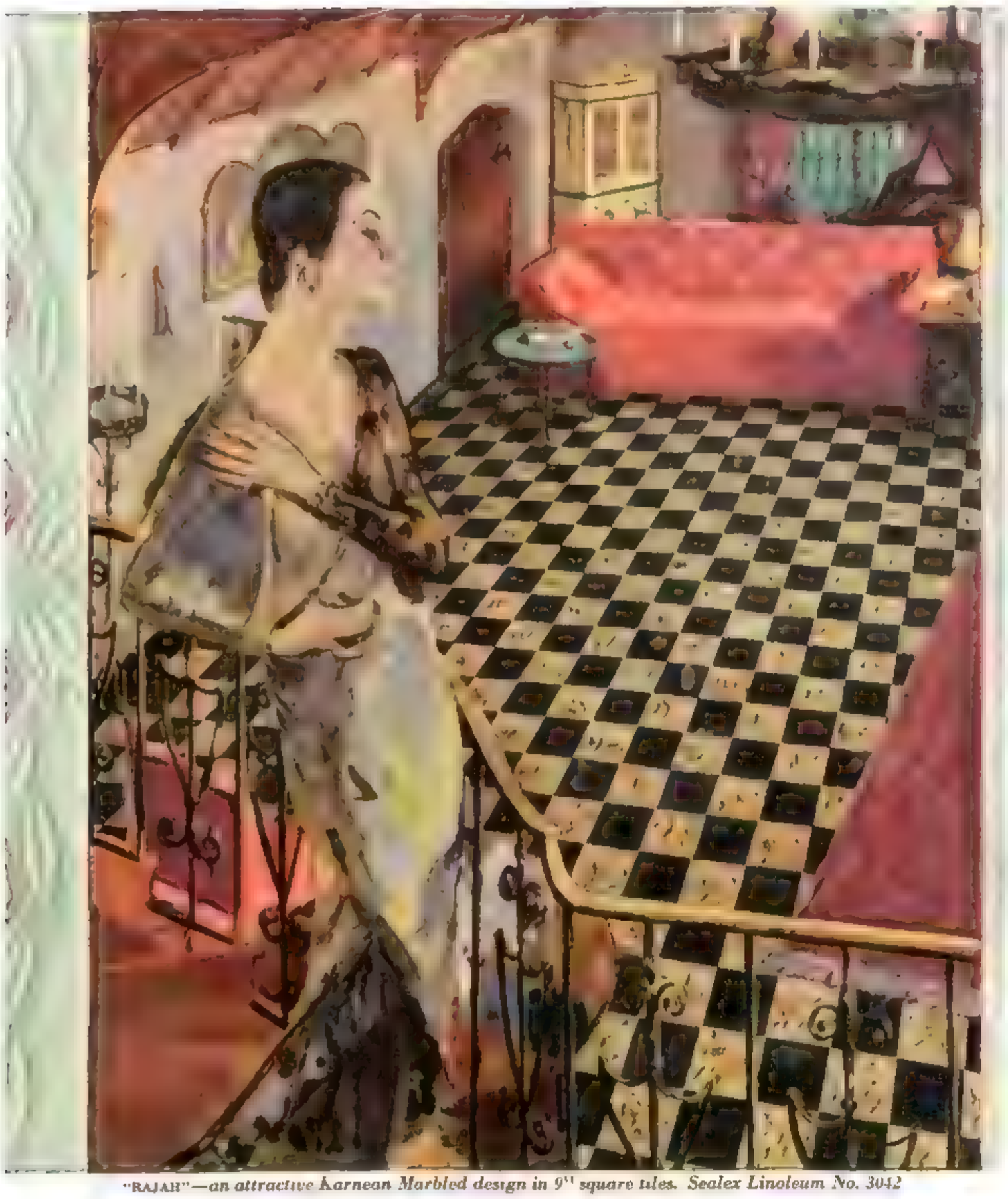
Since then among the many Parke-Davis contributions to medical knowledge about endocrine glands perhaps the most important is the development of Pituitrin, a gland extract used at the most critical time in a woman's life—childbirth.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your pharmacist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.



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FLOORINGS in keeping with the vogue of colorful furnishings . . . patterns so rich and lovely that you'll marvel at their smartness . . . want them for every room in your home! The chic up-to-dateness of *Sealex Linoleums* is of itself enough to win your lasting admiration. But—

These linoleums are stain-proof and spot-proof, too! They laugh at dust and dirt. Even fruit juices, ink, ammonia, wipe away without leaving a trace.

For *Sealex Linoleums* are manufactured by a revolutionary new method, known as the *Sealex Process*, which tightly seals the tiny pores of the material against dirt and spilled things. Everyday household accidents never mar the velvety richness of the beautiful colorings.

Remember the name *Sealex* when you are buying your linoleum. All *Sealex Linoleums*—richly patterned Inlaids, two-tone Jaspé, Romanesq, Plain and Battleship—can be readily identified by the *Sealex Shield* which appears every few yards on the face of the goods.

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IN QUARTERS—By Courtney Ryley Cooper

IT WAS October. The circus was in the South, following the money resultant from cotton-picking time, just as it follows the wheat harvest in the Midwest, the upward trend of metal prices in the mining districts, the rising scale of activities through industrial belts. For nearly two weeks there had been an air of suppressed excitement about the entire outfit; groups talking in mysterious conferences around the dressing top, rumors, counter rumors, leading questions shot in the direction of the circus treasurer whenever a telegram arrived. Suddenly, as I stood with the manager under the marquee, watching the setting up of the front entrances, a new swirl of interest seemed to strike the entire midway.

The side-show lecturer, about to clang the triangle for the beginning of another ballyhoo, changed his mind and dropped off the platform for a conference with the ticket taker. Free for a moment, the Leetle Gir-rul from Tasmania, who otherwise would have been plunking a ukulele as she emitted songs of her na-a-te-eve land, swung precipitately down the steps and ducked into the tent, apparently with some momentous message. Three workmen passed, bound for the rear of the big top, their eyes wide with the importance of their mission. The manager grinned and winked.

"The show'll get on the lot in nothing flat from now on," he said and nodded down the midway. Approaching in impeded fashion was a ragged negro boy, dragging a fat, squealing pig by means of a rope tied to a front leg.

That pig was apparently of the greatest importance. The treasurer stopped selling tickets and leaned forth from his wagon to look at it. More workmen glanced in its direction and hurried away. Since the dressing top was in an advantageous position, half-clad performers, make-up sticks still in their hands, popped forth for a view of it, and then, their eyes confirming the news, ducked back into the tent again. While from a concession stand there boomed the voice of Happy Brandon, announcing to the world:

"Home—w-a-r-d bound!"

The manager laughed.

This Little Pig Went to the Circus

"THEY know the signal," he said. Then, as the negro boy came nearer: "All right, Snowball; turn him over to the menagerie superintendent and tell him I said to put him in the monkey cage." After that he chuckled again. "You'll see some awful good workingmen around here for the next three weeks. Kids before Christmas would be Peck's Bad Boy compared with them."

There was, of course, a reason. The purchase of a suckling pig, in this particular circus, had been an omen for years. By repetition, it had come to announce that exactly three weeks after the pig went into the monkey cage, there to be fattened by the profferings of peanuts from circus patrons, there would be the blow-off dinner, with the pig, now roasted, as a pièce de résistance for the executive staff's last cookhouse meal of the season. Three weeks after that pig went into the monkey cage the circus would close; the show had thus announced its final date for years. That's why there was so much excitement attendant upon the animal's arrival. It also explained the manager's remarks about good workingmen. Only about one in ten could be given a permanent job in winter quarters, and each would strive to be that one.

Just why a circus makes such a secret of its closing date may be rather mysterious to the average person. But then, a circus makes secrets of a great many things. The day's receipts are always sent to the home office in code, so that other shows may not learn its good and bad fortunes. Its route is never known more than three weeks ahead, except to the owner, the general manager and general agent, because other shows might care to jump their territory. Its program regarding new features is often not released, even to the press agents, until a short time before they start upon their annual tour. The old secrecy of a fighting organization, inbred from the days when opposition meant battling bill-posting crews, sand in car journals, wheels surreptitiously removed from parade wagons, vituperations in the columns of newspapers and hey-rubes on the lot, still cling to the circus, and particularly is this so of the closing date. Not until the last three weeks can be announced in the regular route form does the circus in general know when its season is going to end. Until that time the show may intend to play throughout the South for the remainder of the winter as far as the personnel is concerned. And all this in spite of the fact that this closing date is often of more importance than any other date in the season, including even that one which the public knows as opening day. For this last day of the season for the public is the beginning of the next year's season for the circus.

Teaching New Stunts While in Winter Quarters

There's a certain amount of sureness about the ordinary opening of a circus season. The route has been gone over and approved. The performers know that their jobs are safe for eight months. The management has practically nothing to do but to go out and make or lose money. It's quite different when the season ends. Then a world of uncertainties opens for everybody, from the merest workman to the owner of the show. That's one reason why the close of the show is so exciting.

The circus has been compared by at least one circus owner to a fabulous sort of genial dragon, which, tattered and torn, retires to its den with the coming of cold weather, and there, through some mysterious process of hibernation of which the public knows nothing, undergoes a rehabilitation which sends it forth in the spring, new again, younger than ever. But what really happens, when the winter-quarters doors close upon the big show, is far from hibernation. There may be magic, or at least something approaching it, and there may be miracles. But none of them just happens.

Everyone who ever has seen a tented aggregation has, at some time in his life, made the brand-new remark that "the circus is always the same." Perhaps that's where the magical part comes in—to one who knows circuses, at least—for the circus is about the only big business enterprise which exists that, year after year, is reborn every winter. When a circus comes home, there's not much left that can go out again without reconditioning. From early April until late October and often November, it has pounded about the country without cessation. Every day brings a new city, every night the task of encompassing from 40 to 150 miles, and this in swift enough time to erect tents, spot cages, build seats, smooth off rough stretches of ground and accomplish a hundred and one other tasks in time to be waiting, bland and complete, for the afternoon throngs at one o'clock. Add to this task the impediments of weather—the swirl of winds which rip the canvas, mud holes into which a twenty-ton wagon may sink, not to emerge until some forty horses and a couple of elephants have literally lifted it out, blaze of sunshine, and the effects of snow and frost in the early and late months—the jolting of trains and sometimes the wrecking of them; the rush, rush, rush to unload at dawn and load by darkness—compute these things and one may understand why a circus rebuilds itself each year.

A Free-for-All in the Tiger Act

NOR is that rebuilding merely confined to the mechanical end of the enterprise. It extends to every department; the animals which attack the fearless trainah at each and every performance may look exactly like the ones which did the same thing last year. But even they may have been a part of the rebuilding process, just as much as the main tent or the treasury wagon.

"It's my last year for that tiger act, and you can just put that down in your little book," sighed a circus owner as we watched a performance last summer. "Them tigers is out!"

"But it's a great act," I said. "Listen to the applause."

"Yeh, listen to it," groaned the manager. "Listen to the treasurer getting writer a cramp from signing checks! Say, I could hire a hundred clowns who could double in a dozen other acts for what those tigers have cost me. Forty thousand dollars—just trying to eat each other up!

"You see," he continued, "the act went along fine last year until nearly the close of the season when one of those Bengals decided that he ought to run all the rest of the outfit. So one day he starts a fight. Well, by the time all the animal men on the show had pried the gang apart—there's sixteen big Bengals in that act—this first tiger had got himself well killed, and four others were so crippled up that we had to pull them out of the act.

"Well, of course we could go on with the remaining eleven, and we did. But something had happened; this first fighter had stirred up a political rumpus that was just like one of those old-time feuds that you read about. It wasn't a week before there was another grand jamboree and another tiger got killed. By this time a couple of the injured ones had got well, so we put them back into the act, and that just stirred up things all over again. There was a third free-for-all, with more cats out of the running and a trainer in the hospital. By the time we closed the season we only had seven tigers left out of the original sixteen, so I cabled to Hamburg, where most of the circus animals come from, for a new bunch. Over they came, the trainer put them into the training den to get acquainted with the old stagers, and immediately there was another scrap, with new factions lining up and cats scattering fur all over the arena. Before the winter was half over I'd had to send for ten more, and I've bought five since we've been on the road.

(Continued on Page 39

Fisher again establishes a trend · the new emphasis on comfort

IN the latest motor car body designs, Fisher surpasses its own previous high accomplishments in providing roomy, luxurious seating ease, at the same time attaining more pronounced richness and beauty.

The new trend is brilliantly exemplified by the new Buick. In addition to exquisite exterior design and finish, these bodies provide comfort and roominess without a parallel outside of the cars manufactured by General Motors units—for which all the bodies are produced by Fisher.

For instance, the single-seated Buick coupe is wide enough to seat three adult persons without crowding, while the same roominess in the rear seat is a notable feature of the sedan models.

This result is achieved because Fisher has taken full advantage of the fact that an engineering feature, built into the Buick chassis, permits the body to be two inches wider. Another feature which assures additional comfort is the adjustable front seat. This may be moved forward or backward while the car is in motion, thus affording any desired driving position.

The definite trend toward unexampled comfort in the motor car body is led not only by Buick but by all the cars (they are listed below) which are equipped with Body by Fisher. In view of Fisher leadership in this new tendency, the prospective buyer, in every price division, would do well to assure that the car carries the emblem, "Body by Fisher."

BODY by FISHER

CADILLAC · LASALLE · BUICK · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE
PONTIAC · CHEVROLET

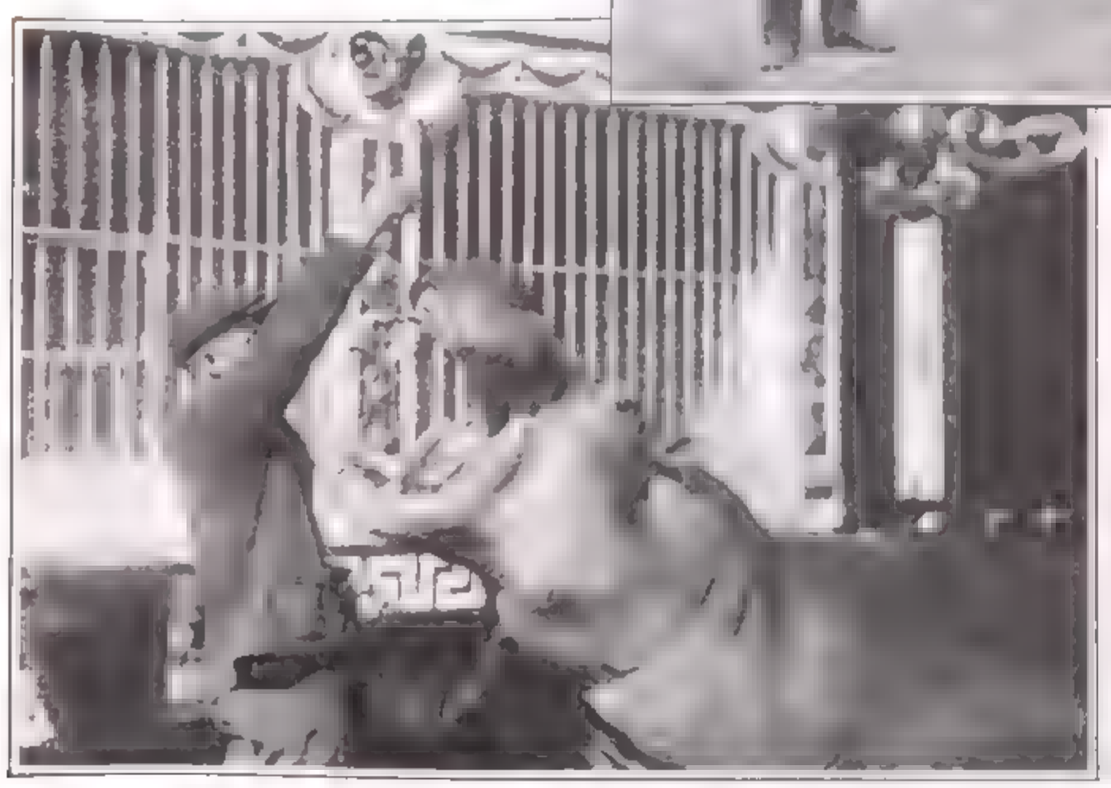
GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 37)

So I'm going to junk the whole works when we get in quarters this year. Then I'm going out and look for the fellow who's always saying that circuses carry animals because they're cheap and don't draw any salaries!"

That's quite a tradition about circus animals. Sometimes, of course, it is right, when the circus is small and the animals old, few and of a common variety. But often it is exactly the opposite the winter quarters of the bigger shows in America carry many an item of animal expense upon which the circus itself has never been able to show the slightest return on the investment. For instance, John Ringling's hankering to exhibit a live gorilla.

The Veterinarian is an Important Figure in Winter Quarters



Feeding the "Blood-Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ" for the Benefit of the Winter Crowds

Mr. Ringling, the remaining brother of the five Ringlings who built the circus business up to its present-day standards, went to London some years ago on his annual European pilgrimage in search of novelties. He found there, in a private home, a pet gorilla named John Daniel. He bought it and brought it to America; circus men say that he paid $30,000 for the animal, not an exorbitant price when it is considered that this was one of the few gorillas ever in captivity. It was a great thing for the circus, except for one detail John Daniel was temperamental.

All his life he had been allowed freedom; a cage to him meant punishment. So when the circus put John Daniel into his barred living quarters he promptly flopped into melancholia and refused to come out of it. Doctors were procured, naturalists summoned, frantic cables sent to London. Back came word that John Daniel had been accustomed to living like a human being and couldn't bear the thought of imprisonment. So the circus went to the other extreme. It bought him a room in a hotel, and there established him, with a keeper and a doctor. But by this time John Daniel's temperament had taken complete control and he had decided that he couldn't live without his former mistress. So more cables were sent and his former owner summoned. John Daniel couldn't wait; he died while she was crossing from London, and $30,000 in circus money went floating onward.

Five Figures in Red Ink

BUT the great gorilla chase continued. The next year the circus got another gorilla, which also had been home trained. This time it was carried in a glass house, fitted up like the surroundings of a human being, and lived in a stateroom on the circus train. But at the end of the season that owner decided to stop trouping, so Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey went after a gorilla on their own account. They got it—a female this time—and established it in a house and yard all its own on the winter-quarters yard at Sarasota, Florida; there to be acclimated and accustomed to circus life.

Everything seemed perfect. But one day the chimpanzee who was Miss Congo's companion was taken for a visit to a near-by estate. Up rose temperament, and Miss Congo refused to eat; she wouldn't even touch an onion. A young onion, fresh and sweet from the ground, is considered a delicacy in gorilla circles, but Miss Congo had lost her playmate and nothing mattered. Back came the chimpanzee, and Miss Congo cheered up again. Not for long, however; soon she exhibited another and different form of melancholia -disease made its appearance. After a time the circus treasurer made another notation in red ink on the show ledger. Miss Congo, a lady of five well-rounded figures, had passed on without one day's exhibition in the circus.

But for that matter, there are eighteen graves scattered about the winter-quarter grounds of a certain big circus. Those graves are worth approximately $45,000, in as much as they represent eighteen out of twenty-two orang-utans which were brought to this country at an expense of from $2000 to $5000 apiece. The eighteen died. After that the circus decided that the remaining four would die also if they were taken on the road. So they were placed in a cage house all their own, with inner living quarters and an outside exercise yard, together with a special keeper to cook their meals at stated feeding hours, while the circus went on without them. Like examples can be found in every animal department—pensioned lions, too old for exhibition purposes, fifty leopards, an elephant addicted to "sapping," or striking, at his trainer—every circus has its winter-quarters menagerie which has been retired because the circus either will not or cannot longer carry these particular animals. But they keep right on eating.

So it goes throughout the entire show. The fact that a circus cannot play through the South in the wintertime and through the North in the summer, without ever halting its business career, seems silly to most persons. There appears to be no need for a breathing spell, and if such a thing does happen, to the ordinary mind it is only for the purpose of repainting the wagons and putting new tinsel on the costumes, whereupon the show should be ready to start out again, the same entity as when it paused a few months before. But the truth is that a circus quits every fall and begins anew every spring, and it often quits so completely that beyond the bosses and such laboring men as can be used around quarters, not another member of the personnel knows whether he'll ever be on the circus pay roll again. When a circus decides to clean house, not even a motion-picture company can match the magnitude of the shake-up. Everybody goes—sometimes even the bosses—once the paraphernalia has reached winter quarters, and a new régime steps in, from the veriest clown to the general manager.

However, as a general rule the winter-quarters season of a circus is what might be called a full pause. It is a necessary one; the circus goes until it can go no longer; further effort might result in a modern and larger disintegration of a one-hoss shay. The fight against time and elements has strained its every ligament. The tremendous canvas, brand-new the previous spring, has fought gale and rain and grit and handling until its life is all but gone. Poles have become weakened. Stakes are shredded at the ends in spite of their steel bands and the toughness of the ironwood from which they are made. Wagons have endured the terrific punishment of loads which range from five to twenty-five tons, under every possible form of weather and road condition. Human nerves are at the point where nine out of ten circus men hate the old rag with a venom equaled only by the love they manifest for it in the springtime. Horses are fagged. Menagerie animals are tired and fidgety—all except the elephants.

Happy Troupers

MAYBE it's the peanuts, or the popcorn, or the pieces of watermelon and sugar cane which pass over the ropes which guard the elephant stake line in a circus menagerie. Maybe it's because they're naturally circus animals. But an elephant walks swiftly and happily, once the menagerie chiropodist has trimmed off the corns resultant from standing all winter in the quarters elephant house, and the bright new trains are waiting to bear the show out to its first stand of the season. There's a bit of a prance to that gait and a joyous chirrup to the elephant's vocal outbursts when the show starts forth in the spring; often, as he shuffles to the bull cars, he'll place his trunk in the hollow of his ear, thus forming a sounding box, and utter a call which is the last word in elephantine delight. But when the season is over and the mud-splattered wagons have been lowered for the last time from the runs, when sunbursts no longer blaze resplendently upon the wheels of the tableaus, and when horses' heads no longer rise to the sound of the band, then the elephant walks very slowly and very grudgingly up the old familiar street to winter quarters. His time of glory is at an end.

For that matter, it is a time of general readjustment; the entire population shifts suddenly into a different life,

(Continued on Page 75

Testing Out New Centerpoles for the Coming Season's Canvas

PACKARD

Each Packard is built to the exacting requirements of the world's most discriminating clientele

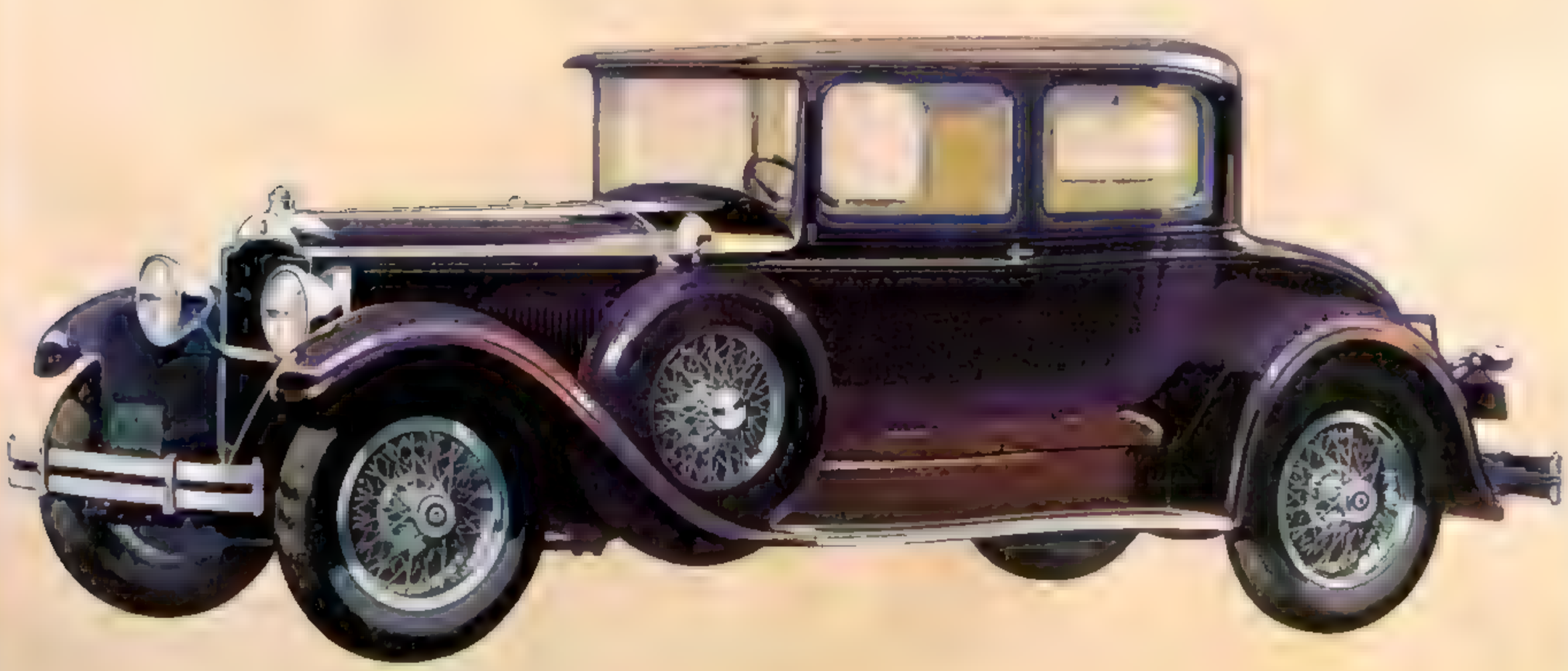
Packard, like its patrons, demands and selects only the best the world provides.

Discriminating taste, experience, exact knowledge and scientific equipment, combine to aid in the selection of the diverse materials which Packard craftsmanship finally molds into the modern miracle of luxurious transportation.

There are artists in other fields than color, form and fabric. Packard has also its connoisseurs in steel, in bronze, in aluminum, in wood, in a score of other highly specialized departments. These men pick Packard materials with a fine appreciation of their responsibilities in upholding a priceless reputation.

Fine workmanship demands and deserves the best of materials. In things unseen as in things seen, a Packard must measure up to the one standard of quality which Packard knows—the highest.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

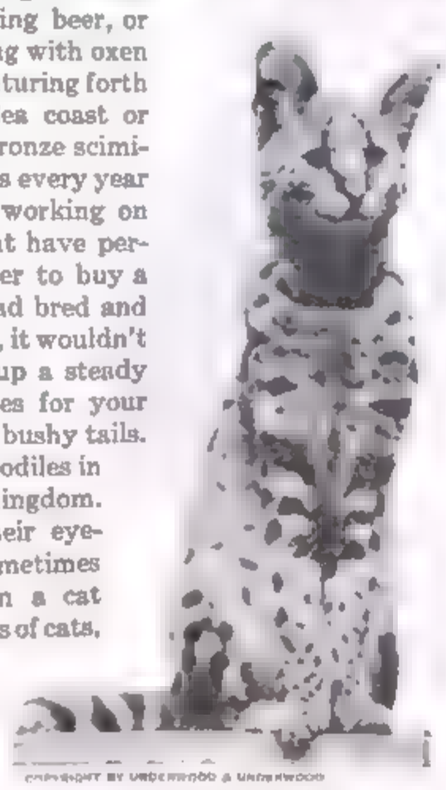


THE CAT RACKET

AS TOLD TO MARA EVANS

YOU might have made money, if you had lived in Egypt 3500 years ago, by breeding and selling cats. Instead of making beer, or hunting wild fowl, or toiling with oxen in the fields; instead of venturing forth to trade along the Red Sea coast or staying at home to make bronze scimitars, or repairing landmarks every year after the inundations, or working on the river flotilla, you might have persuaded the vizier's daughter to buy a particularly fine cat you had bred and raised yourself. After that, it wouldn't have been hard to work up a steady little trade in court circles for your short-haired cats with long bushy tails.

Cats were sacred as crocodiles in Egypt in the Middle Kingdom. Whole families shaved their eyebrows and entire cities sometimes went into mourning when a cat died. Many representations of cats, not so very different from those of our own day, appear on tablets of the time, and mummied cats found in the old cliff tombs of Beni Hasan and sacred cat cemeteries have found their way to Egyptian rooms of national museums. Cherished and revered, the Egyptian cat watched the years of the Twelfth Dynasty come and go.



A Serval Cat From Northern Africa

And if I had been alive in old Egypt I might have lived very much the same life I've lived these thousands of years later—breeding and cherishing and buying and selling cats. In Egypt, 3500 years ago, it would probably have paid me more than it does in America today.

Black Cats and Witches

WITH the Greek and Roman invasions, however, there came a change; the cat was put on a pay-as-you-go basis. She was domesticated, but no longer sacred, and she was obliged to go into the granaries and stables to hunt mice for her living. Meanwhile Phenician traders had carried tamed cats into Etruria, where they crossed with slightly divergent wilder species and spread over Europe, to cross again with the Asiatic type. Eventually they appeared in Great Britain—that was probably about the eighth century—with a still greater change taking place.

Reverence for cats had disappeared even before the civilization that gave it birth; now, little by little, in the mushroom growth of malevolent superstition that swayed Europe during the black centuries after Rome's fall, liking for cats failed too. Eventually even toleration died. All Europe and Great Britain, fast in the grip of medieval times, looked at cats through a glass darkly and saw demons and devils. Warlocks and witches were observed by many people in the guise of cats; so was Satan himself!

No, I shouldn't have made any money raising cats if I had tried it sixteen centuries after Christ instead of sixteen centuries before Him. On the contrary, I should have been very careful not to be known to own one. I should not have been either rash or daring enough, probably, to show any interest in them at all. More likely I'd have crossed my fingers and breathed a charm if I happened to encounter a cat; perhaps I should even have been among those of the community who roasted alive all the cats they could find around the time of the witches' Sabbath on Saint John's Eve, when they were especially evil.

But the good old weather vane, Fashion, has swung to still another shifting wind. Cats are popular again the world over; they are maintained for mousing and are cherished as pets. The old types have been carefully selected and bred for beauty of color and conformation, until now there are twelve shades or more where originally there were only three. A show cat's figure gets as much attention paid to its lines as a French model. From time to time new types appear at cat shows; members of the diplomatic service, perhaps, traveling in foreign countries with their families, pick up some new kind of cat for a pet and, when they bring it back home, put it in a show. If it takes the popular fancy, in ten years it may be a recognized breed.

...sign, a Sure Prize Winner

Since I was a small child I've been interested in raising animals—any kind of pet that I could keep happy, but especially cats. There's something about watching young things grow—animal or human—that seems to me to beat any other kind of work you can be doing, and I soon knew that providing cats for the steady market that demands pets was going to be my business.

I began, as most people do, with one cat, a queen. She was given to me when my sister Bess and I left England to come to America, twenty-five years ago, by the lady I'd worked for, who bred cats herself. England is the original home of the development of the modern cat fancy, and there were some famous ladies breeding cats at that time. Lady Alexander's catteries at Ballochmyle were said to have the best short-haired Blues—Maltese, many people call them—in the world. Lady Decies bred Xenophon, one of the most valuable cats ever shown, and Zaida, which was supposed to be the best chinchilla alive. The cattery belonging to Princess Victoria at Cumberland Lodge had separate runs, with bedrooms and living rooms for each cat, the whole affair heated by hot-water pipes in cold weather.

I knew, when I decided to breed valuable cats for profit, that I was up against a very uncertain proposition. Most people—even those who like cats—regard them merely as rather troublesome pets, almost worthless. Only one in a hundred realizes how much a really good show cat is worth. Besides that, even when it comes to ordinary pet stock, about 50 per cent of the people you talk to say, "I love dogs, but I wouldn't have a thing to do with a cat." Some of the prejudices left over from the Middle Ages aren't even scotched yet; and it is all too true that it is possible for a grown cat to kill her two to four hundred birds a year. Moreover, surprising as it may seem, it costs about three times as much to feed high-bred cats as the smaller breeds of dogs, and it takes almost three times as much care to keep their coats in good condition.

That was why Bess and I decided to raise some sort of dog along with cats, Bess supervising the former. For three or four years, at first, she wavered between Poms and cairn terriers, and eventually let the Poms go in favor of the little fox bolters that developed, along with the Scottie and the Skye and the West Highland White, and so on, in the island of Skye and the Highlands of Scotland. Cairns are about the smallest of the terriers, hardy, active and game, and they made a good combination. The cats and dogs soon got used to one another, and the kittens grew up entirely unalarmed by their traditional enemy — especially since they grew to be its own size or larger.

On Vacation

MEANWHILE I fixed up a place for the nucleus of my cattery. Bess and I had a small inheritance; enough, with careful investment, to keep us alive—and a little more. For $3500 we bought a small one-acre farm near the railroad station in a little town near the Hudson River. There is now a thriving community all around us, with an apartment house going up a block away, but it wasn't like that then. There was a nice, sturdy little barn on the place, with a tiny apple orchard beyond it. The barn had six standing stalls, ten feet long and four and a half feet wide, and these, since we owned no horses, I easily converted into runs, arranging an opening at the end of each for an outside inclosure completely covered with inch-mesh wire and putting a window and a couple of shelves in each division.

From a near-by nursery I bought half a dozen young trees and planted them at the end of each outside run, and some fast-growing creeper, as well. That was so the cats would have both sun and shade. Inside the barn I carpeted the floor with heavy linoleum and painted over it, so that it could be thoroughly washed. I've always found that keeping kennels thoroughly clean—cleaning often and regularly—almost entirely reduces the need for disinfectants.

Then, with small sleeping boxes and sawdust pans in the barn kennels, and individual brood pens and inclosures for young kittens on the sunny little porch outside our kitchen, we were ready for business. The whole expense of fixing up the place came to about $1000.

Almost immediately we had a boarder, a Blue Persian male, rich light slate color, with orange eyes, beautiful as a dream, and he was soon followed by three or four more at two dollars a week then; it is more now. The boarders were the part of my business I always enjoyed least of all: they were homesick and often frightened, and occasionally

Chelsea Villish Mona Veen, a White Manx Cat, Winner of Three Prizes in a National Cat Club Championship Show in the Crystal Palace, London

would refuse to eat or exercise. This first Blue Persian, however, ate enough and seemed happy enough, but he caused me as much trouble as the other four put together.

The first thing he did was to get out of his run during the early morning. Not knowing as much about it then as I do now, I probably didn't have the wire nailed down closely enough. When I went out at noon to feed him and he wasn't there my heart sank. It wasn't so much that he was worth $100; it was my apparent negligence. If anything had happened to him I'd feel, I knew, like a landlady who has inadvertently poisoned a paying guest.

During one of the six hours I spent canvassing the neighborhood, house to house, for information about him, he returned of his own accord and set about investigating the kitchen and woodhouse. Just as I came drearily into the yard he overturned upon himself a can of freshly made emerald-green paint.

That didn't improve his temper any more than it did mine. A painted cat was as new to me as a purple cow, but I had to get that terrible color off him. I ran for a rag, moistened it with turpentine and rubbed off all that I could; then just plain washed him in naphthaline soap and warm water, rubbing him good and dry with a rough towel and putting him in the sun to dry. In the morning he was his own normal color, except for a paint spot the size of a dime on his left front paw, and on that I worked for days, feeling like Lady Macbeth certain that "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

As a rule I don't like to wash cats. I've always found that once it is done, they begin to grow lax about keeping themselves clean and get dirty twice as often. It always reminds me of the cat that belonged to an old gentleman who lived a mile from us. His wife died the summer after I opened my cattery, and a year later he happened to drop in one day for tea with me. He was the most exquisite, courtly and well-groomed old gentleman I've ever seen—seventy-six or so, but tall, slim and erect, with snow-white hair and well-trained mustachios. Said he, over a second cup of weak tea—which was for him practically inebriation—"You remember, do you not, the white cat that belonged to my wife? She had him for years, and she washed him, I believe, once a week in soap and water. But lately—do you know—when he comes in to breakfast he looks entirely unlike himself? He is dirty and rough. He looks as if he never shaved. I can't understand it. This morning I said to Joe, my man, 'Joe,' I said, 'we must get rid of that cat. Why, that cat don't keep hisself up. I can't have a cat around me that don't keep husself up.'"

PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

White Mute, a Famous Laughing Cat

The Difference in Cats

AS SOON as the runs were ready and the first boarders settled I set about deciding what kinds of cats to specialize in for my own cattery. In comparison with dogs, you don't usually think of cats as differing very greatly. When you look at a cairn terrier, a Great Dane, an English sheep dog, a Chihuahua, a French bulldog and a German dachshund, you begin to think that, after all, there are just cats. But there's a good deal of difference.

First of all, there are the two breeds: The long-haired—Persian, Russian, Angora, Maine Angora, Blue Carthusian, and so on—that developed in cold, mountainous, eastern countries; and the short-haired European cats that originated in warmer climates and never grew the heavier protective coat.

Then there is the difference in color. From the three colors which were probably the original cat colors, orange, black and white, twelve delicate shades have gradually developed—some fanciers would possibly make the number even higher—and each color except silver has its representatives in both long-haired and short-haired types. The white cat is the common cat of the Orient; it sometimes has orange eyes and sometimes blue, in which case it is, like any white animal with blue eyes, usually deaf. Albinism—a deficiency in pigmentation—has always seemed as repellent to me as any deformity, but some of my customers—especially ladies of the stage, who have to travel a good deal—prefer the deaf White Persians. Protected from noises that terrify normal cats, they make good travelers. The tabby is a cat striped like a wild cat. Some believe it is the result of a crossing with the wild species. The Maltese is a blue gray with no black stripes except very occasionally on the forelegs; some naturalists claim that the Maltese, or Blue, is the connecting link between the tabby and the white cat, and has lost the tabby's stripes. The tortoise-shell is fawn-colored, mottled with orange and black.

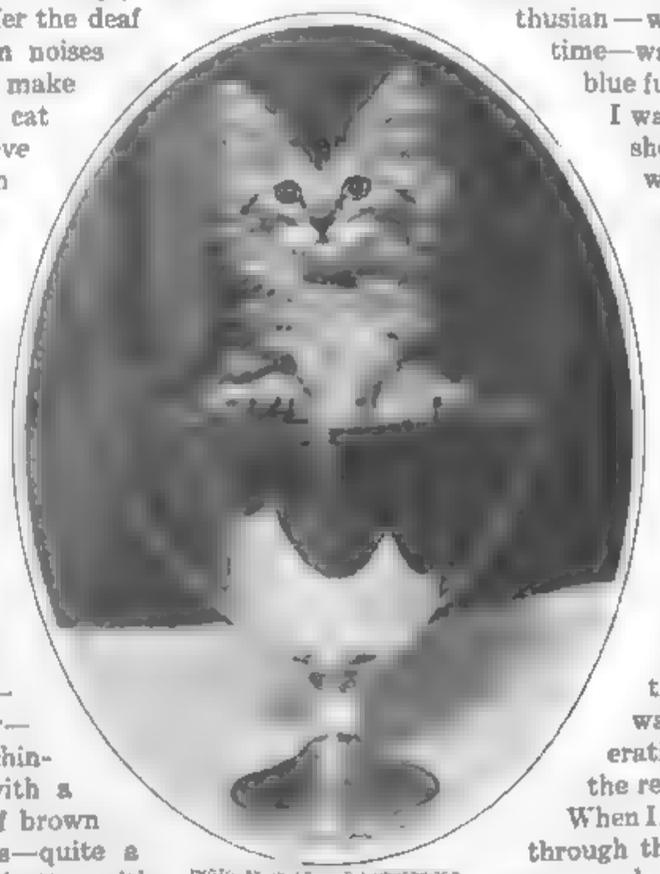


PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

"I Won This Prize"

Nowadays you see at shows, besides the white, orange and black, tortoise-shell, red tabby, brown tabby, smoke—blue and black crossed with shaded silver—silver, silver tabby, shaded silver—almost the color of marmosets—chinchilla—unmarked paler silver with a faint lavender shade, no touch of brown or cream, and clear, green eyes—quite a trick to produce; cream—like new butter, with no markings or shadings—masked silver and blue. Angoras and Persians were formerly two very closely allied strains, but the Angora has almost died out. The Persian has definitely replaced the Angora in Europe. Some people say Angora cats were eaten as food during the famine years of the Great War. As far as any difference between them is concerned, I should say the Angora's hair was softer, very glossy and hung in clusters, the tail like the coat, and the head was a little more angular. Persians have a woolly undercoat. The Indian white cat is often better than the Persian—more cobby, with a trailing coat and a very snub face. The cats known as Maine Angoras are a species that arose in New England years ago, when trading vessels from all parts of the world brought long-haired cats into our ports from the East. As compared with other long-haired cats, Maine cats are apt to have poorer coats and better-shaped heads.

The Russian cat is probably the most woolly of all, with rather wiry hair in its coat, and a very bushy tail. It is usually a dark-colored cat. And the Blue Carthusian—which I haven't seen for some time—was a cat with long, dark grayish-blue fur, black lips and soles.

I was going to use my own tortoise-shell, of course, to breed from. She was nothing extraordinary, but a good enough specimen of a comparatively rare color. The cream and orange patches on her black coat were distinct and irregular, with some on the head, ears, tail and legs, as well as the rest of her body. The true tortoise-shell must have no tabby markings, but may have orange or golden eyes. I was especially interested in tortoise-shells, too, because of the strange fact that almost without exception the tortoise-shell cat is a female, while the orange is a male. I thought I'd watch her offspring for a few generations and see if I could determine the reason for the phenomenon.

When I first came to America I had looked through the studbooks to pick out a good orange male to breed her to. She was two years old then; two to six is the ideal age. I'd picked out a three-year-old male with a good pedigree—three champions in it—and gone to see him. He was as perfect a type of the thoroughbred cat in conformation as I've seen before or since—much better than she was, as it should be—with tiny ears, a broad, round face, round, open eyes, a deep chest, a high, square back, a long wavy ruff and a long bushy tail, small round feet, with tufts between the toes and tufts in the ears. His coat was a rich, pure, deep orange.

Tortoise-Shell and Orange Kittens

WHEN the catteries were finally opened for business, my tortoise-shell had been bred to the gentleman I'd picked out, and produced three fine kittens—two oranges and a tortoise-shell. Of three good kittens, the oranges, sure enough, were males and the tortoise-shell female. The tortoise-shell kitten I decided to keep for my own cattery, but as soon as the two males were ten weeks old I put them on sale.

One morning a lady and a gentleman came in, and I showed them around the place. On one side of the barn

(Continued on Page 182)

Four Oddly Marked Siamese Cats, Which are Used in the Royal Palace in Siam as Watchdogs and are Therefore Somewhat Wild. They are Very Rare in the United States

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Getting Broadened Abroad

I Tried One of the Gala Nights, Our First and My Last, in Our French-Swiss Grand Hôtel Palace—French for Boarding House—in an Honest Endeavor to Absorb at Least a Hunk of Foreign Musical Uplift

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

TO PARAPHRASE the now famous gentleman who was headed toward Bangor for a Saturday night frolic, "I gotta go to Europe to get broadened again, and, gol-dern it, how I do dread it!"

And it was only last autumn that we got back from twenty long months of it, in the course of which my two young learned all the bad words in two schools in three languages, and could cuss each other out in perfect French—a language they forgot completely on the way home; and we brought back enough stuff to clutter up our whole American home with furniture that even Europe had decided to turn in for practical models; and the very best I got out of it was two new chronic diseases, or a grand total of four now, which, unlike my children and their French, I'll never forget.

But it is a great life—the home-coming itself—to a returning American—great up to but not including the point where circumstances beyond his control, gol-dern it, force him to go back for another prolonged mess of cult-yure. In a night the crude but happy returned native has worked the good old American mattress back into a Grand Canyon effect, following twenty months of trying to keep from sliding off the peaks of feather ticks designed by the same bird who thought up the dome of St. Peter's. In a single morning he has swung back into sure-enough American breakfasts without the slightest trouble. His worried feet are at rest again in regular American shoes.

A Boarding-House Orchestra

BY NOON he has picked the last yards of European pink string laundry marks out of his best handkerchiefs—and he has done it all in the welcome warmth of central heating that actually heats. And before nightfall on the first full day at home he has wandered the length and breadth of his old home town without being compelled once to chatter in strange talk or to stamp off his fleas.

Home!

He breathes it almost aloud, settling himself into the same old frayed but restful man's-sized American chair, before a fireplace crackling with the first logs larger than kindling wood that he has seen since he left these United States just, let us say, twenty months ago to get all broadened up abroad.

It is a Tuesday evening, and blissful. Years of Tuesday evenings of home-coming bliss seem ahead of him. Then something happens. Reclining in her easy-chair, gazing moodily into the fire, is the bob-haired chief circumstance beyond his control, and she sighs heavily and speaks.

"How I do starve for those delightful Tuesday evening concerts in the lounge of the dear old Beau Rivage!"

Cripes! Back among wheat cakes for breakfast scarcely twenty-four hours, and here the circumstances beyond his control are beginning to commence again!

I am not imagining all this. Eddie and his circumstance with the boy haircut live just down the hill from us. Years ago he elected me to the high office of spiritual adviser, and he is always bringing me stuff from his garden and his troubles. The Wednesday morning following the Tuesday evening I have in mind Eddie was at my door, shaky with the black thought that another broadening year in Europe loomed dead ahead. I sought to soothe him by telling him that things didn't look so good round our Great House on the Hill either; that we, too, had once again begun to grow so beastly American there were reasons for believing that, owing to circumstances beyond my and so forth, we should probably all meet up again over the breakfast onion soup in that dear Alpine village of Pfl. And Eddie broke down then and told me all.

"Crying out loud for those Tuesday night concerts in the Beau Rivage!"—Eddie speaking. "Europe's weekly gala night! Sup—I mean dinner of the old veal stew; then two hours of freezing under the falling plaster, listening to a thumping of Dutch waltzes by a three-piece orchestra—a piano, a pianist and a piano stool.

"What with Commander Byrd tied up here with home affairs," Eddie went on, "she was the only American who would or could sit out those elegant Tuesday night concerts and escape frostbite. Fancied herself in the new Canadian fur coat which she waited to buy until we got to Geneva. Can't get anything fit to wear, she says, especially in furs, in America. So there she'd sit, all wound up in the Canadian cat, with her back against a youths' and misses' sized radiator that wasn't even connected up with anything. From the opening number, the Blue Danube, all the way to the wow finish—the sure-fire Poet and Peasant Overture. The rest of the lounge crowded with English, sweating Scotch and soda and fanning themselves."

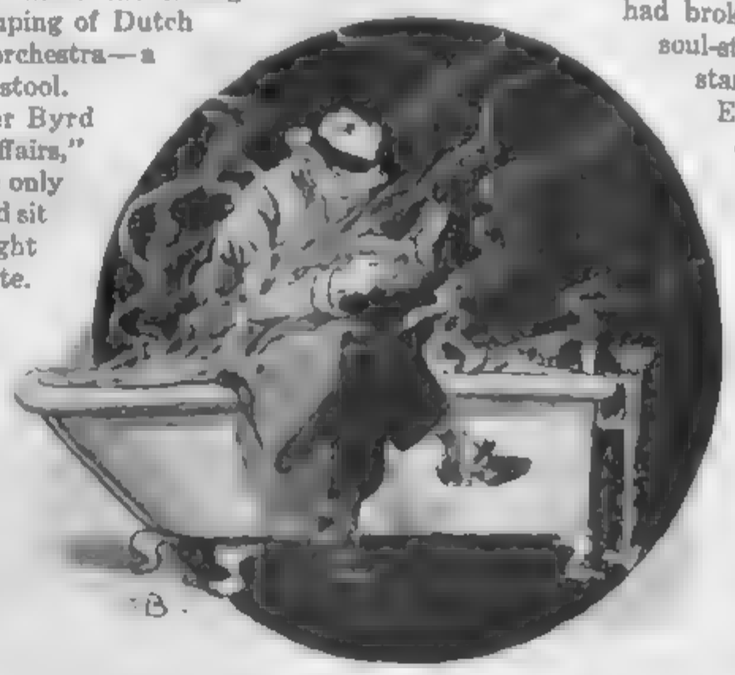
It all came back to me as Eddie ranted on. I had tried one of the gala nights, our first and my last, in our French-Swiss Grand Hôtel Palace—French for boarding house—in an honest endeavor to absorb at least a hunk of foreign musical uplift. Hoarfrost began to form on my mustache during the first false notes of the lady pianist's private opinion of the inevitable Blue Danube opening number. For half an hour I tried to melt the hoarfrost with successive thimblefuls of a blackish goo that Europe calls coffee. But one uplift was enough.

The Diagnosis by a Village Belle

THEREAFTER I followed my regular winter evening custom in Europe of heading straight from the dessert of spotted fruit to our hotel bathroom, filling the tub with hot water, getting into my overcoat, and then sitting on the edge of the tub in the steam and reading until it was time to dive under the large feather-pillow bed covering.

While I ruminated over those Tuesday evenings of foreign musical uplift, Eddie was wading deeper into details. A nice girl, Eddie's wife, but she used to live in Greenwich Village. Before Eddie, by marrying her, had rescued her from the Village, the great truth had broken upon her that America is soul-starving. Nothing here. "Soul-starved" was the phrase she used, Eddie told me, that first Tuesday evening that they were back in their own home in the temperate zone again. A whole ocean now stretched between her and that beautiful Old World atmosphere of aestheticism—something like that. And she broke down and cried, said Eddie, when she came to the item that there was no chance to hear even bad music when living in a country district of this crude land.

Eddie, good soul, simply cannot stand female tears. And merely to deaden the sound of the sobbing he snapped on a

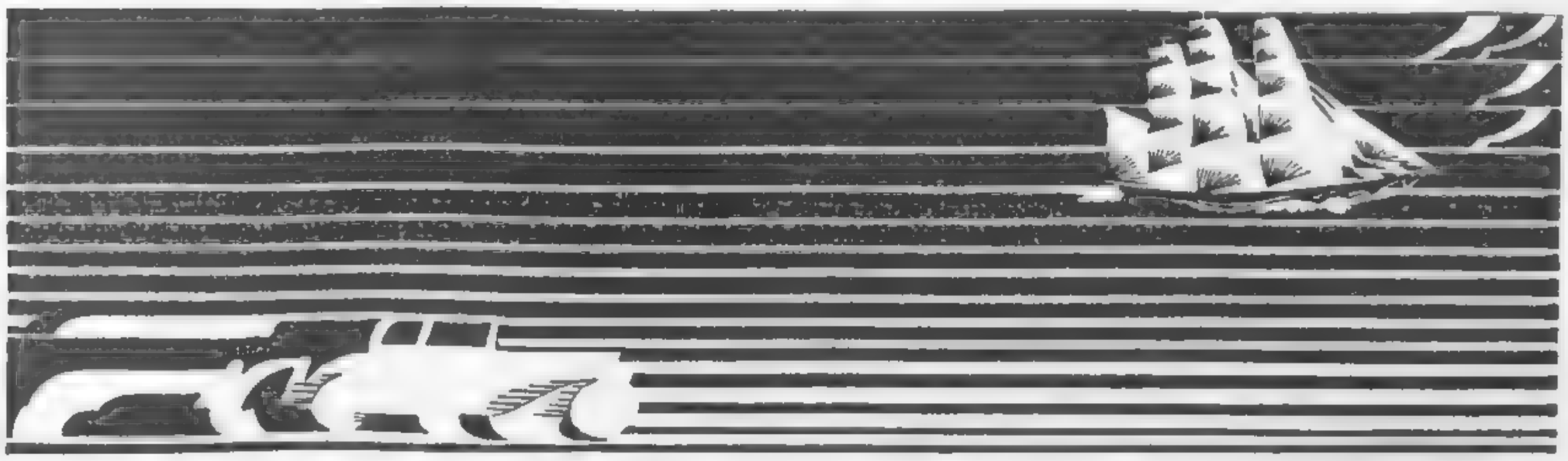


My Regular Winter Evening Custom in Europe

(Continued on Page 46)

So we're calling this Reo Flying Cloud The *Master*

He must have been a grand old sea-dog, the Master of the Flying Cloud. Can't you imagine him—taking the wheel himself, driving her under full sail down the Roaring Forties, thrilling (as who would not?) to the feel and mastery of the finest clipper ship that ever rode the seven seas?



And so we call this Reo *Flying Cloud The Master*. The name of the car and a name that suggests still something else. Get behind the wheel yourself. Feel the thrill when you let her out for speed. Watch her for pickup and brake action. Watch the way she handles. Note the way she hugs the road, paved or dirt, at thirty miles or sixty—the clip at which she'll take a hill . . . . .

She's a car—as the other Flying Cloud was a ship. And there's a Flying Cloud **waiting now for a Master to take her wheel.**

REO

FLYING CLOUD THE *MASTER*

The Reo Flying Cloud The Master is priced from $1625 to $1995. · · Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.

(Continued from Page 44)

switch, not knowing that the loud-speaker was all set for action; and right away their whole living room was flooded with the New York Philharmonic boys doing their stuff with the Ninth Symphony. Eddie said it was just the same as if the boys were right in the same room with them, with her seated over among the slip horns, yelling her line over to where he was sitting among the bull fiddles. She got it over, though, Eddie says. She's like that. But finally, growing hoarse, she made him snap off the Philharmonic so that she could converse with less effort on the general topic of the lack of decent music in this God-forsaken, materialistic land.

During those same days I wasn't hearing anything about the lack of music in raw America, but there was a lot of lamentation round our house each evening about the lack of all art—meaning pictures—over here. Finally I looked up a lot of time-tables and sought to change the subject by presenting some hard and fast railroad figures. I demonstrated from my statistical data, for instance, that there is a swell train that leaves at 11:02, Track 14, Lower Level, that makes only one stop—at New Haven, to drop off dining car—between the Metropolitan Museum and Sargent's Boston murals. Another good train, leaving the Metropolitan Museum, Track 2 in the Vanderbilt Gallery, at noon, daylight-saving time, takes you without stop to the Gibson Collection, Upper Level, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and thence by hired hack to Whistler's Yellow Buskin gal, on the other bank of the Schuylkill. And finally there was another bully train that offered stop-over privileges at all the museums in Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago and all points west. But when I had listed the lot, beginning with the Boston Sargents and winding up with the Blue Boy, out in California, the best I got was a somewhat sniffy "Oh, those!" Even the Blue Boy, it seems, had become a common Babbitt, once he had passed from the hands of our customs men to new and crude surroundings.

So I strolled down the hill to Eddie's. Eddie, I found, was happier. It seems that Eddie's soul-starved villager was—for the time being—too dog-tired every evening now even to talk foreign uplift. Almost two years of broadening abroad leaves a lot of straightening out to do when you come back all cultured up. For one thing, a couple of truckloads of Swede antiques that she had made Eddie buy in Pfl had begun to act up. It was the American influence again. When Eddie had started the furnace, the Swede antiques, finding themselves for the first time in an indoor temperature higher than fifty-four degrees, had exploded all over the living room in complete surprise.

A Four-Letter Word

Every evening that I dropped in she and Eddie were so busy gathering antique kindling wood from far corners of the room, and trying to see which could be fitted back on what—if any—there was little enough time to talk over the soul-stifling effects of life in these raw *États-unis*. Also each evening she had a lot of extra home tutoring with the children. She was working overtime with them in order to keep them from getting the gate from the same public-school grade which, almost two years earlier, she had yanked them out of in order to give them the greater advantages of an education abroad.

It seems that Eddie's children, like my own, not only had forgotten all their French on the way home but also a great deal of their English while learning the French. Their spelling especially had become decidedly sour. No eight-year-old can insist to an American public schoolmarm week in and week out—not and get away with it—that "cat" is pronounced "shaw" and is a four-letter word with an *h* in it. Therefore it took a lot of extra-fancy home tutoring to break them away from their Gallic c-h-a-t, shaw" illusion, not to mention the weeks required to shatter their obsession that all words like "long" ended in g-u-e.

And any day you would meet Eddie or her flivvering their kids across the Manasquan River Bridge, on their way to Doc Denniston's office, over in Point Pleasant, to see if Doc could get the fried veal out of them. It's really interesting to see how many things can happen to a crudely lusty American child after twenty solid months of infantile indulgence in ethereal Europe's greatest indoor sport, fried veal.

There was still another thing that most seriously held her off from further discourse on the superiorities of foreign cult-yure, at least for a time. It seems that she had made up her mind, on the way home from Europe, that one of the first things she would do, upon resuming command of Eddie's household here, would be to demand from the servants that same sort of hat-doffing subservience which Eddie's missus had noted with pleasure among the servant class in Europe.

Well, there was a little trouble down at Eddie's. Eddie's house staff consisted of Miss Wyckoff—native New Jersey hired girl, but called variously mam'selle or the personal maid when Eddie's week-end guests were listening in and Mr. Lewis, who was Eddie's visiting furnace fireman. Mr. Lewis is a large Northern-born colored gentleman.

The Mulligan Farewell Address

It may be necessary to explain that Eddie's bobbed villager carries the entire local vote of the New Jersey Royalist Party in her, so to speak, hip pocket, and she is very keen on the old feudal philosophies. And she is still for slavery and the old South, although her farthest south record to date was a summer session at the old Scott Nearing colony, near Wilmington, Delaware. Abraham Lincoln, she often insists, was nobody's business. Or, as I heard her put it, one day when she exploded into our house to tell us that the dinner she had invited us to that evening was all off because her cook had just left:

"If that old Lincoln had minded his own darn business, I wouldn't be in this ghastly mess! Oh, for the days when you could go out to the kennels and call, 'Here, Tige! Here, Nip! Cook's left! Go fetch her! Don't muss her—but fetch her!'"

Now it happened that neither her Miss Wyckoff nor her Mr. Lewis could conscientiously scrap their lifelong American theories on the rights of man and honestly cotton to the master-servant sociological philosophies which she tried to bring back to them as a little gift from Europe. The second morning the Eddies were back from their foreign uplift, in fact, their Miss Wyckoff took over the domestic mike and steadily continued to broadcast all over their little home nest for half an hour, or until it was time for Miss Wyckoff to slam out their kitchen door, step into a really swell hired sedan and sweep off to accept a position of responsibility at Seagirt. And they never saw Miss W again, except once on the Spring Lake boardwalk, when she gave them the cut direct.

The effect upon their Mr. Lewis was even more distressing. Right at the kick-off, Eddie's villager mustered up courage to address Mr Lewis boldly as William, instead of the Mr Lewis to which he had become accustomed. Beyond a raising of the eyebrows, Mr Lewis showed no resentment. But when, that evening, she insisted that he drop a two-hundred-pound barrel of ashes from his shoulders and, in proper peasant fashion, stand at hatless attention as she passed him on her way from the garage, he was more than abrupt. He was vulgar. He paused in their employ only long enough to remark that she could go climb a tree and lay an egg for herself.

So Eddie took over the furnace duties, while Eddie's missus personally rustled three meals a day over the kitchen stove. A Miss Mulligan finally succeeded Miss Wyckoff in Eddie's menage, I believe, but Miss Mulligan lasted only half a day in the new feudalism. Miss Mulligan had had the good fortune to have been raised abroad, and could boast of even the rarer gift of being European-born; but less than a year of life among the coarsening influences on the bad side of Ellis Island had sadly dented her Old World breeding.

"And let me tell the likes av you," ran Miss Mulligan's peroration to her farewell address to Eddie's wife, hollered in rich European cadences as she crashed out of their lives forever, "you'll get fat, you big thruck harse—fatter, me lady, if that same was possible, which it amn't—thryin' to high-hat an own cousin to Lard Sligo!"

Above all, the whole regrettable state of the domestic-servant situation down at Eddie's put a terrible crimp in a crusade to introduce into our part of New Jersey the more leisurely art of living which, according to Eddie's wife, is known only in Europe. *Lazy-faire*, or something like that, she calls it in French. Living one's life comes first over there—Eddie's wife still speaking—with business a mere incidental. They look with scorn upon money and money-making. Therefore the European man has the leisure to polish up on the really big things of life that make for a more endurable existence.

"As, for instance, sister?" asked Eddie, breaking in upon his wife's uplift oration in Eddie's bluff Babbitt way.

"Well, for one instance, that delightful Continental way they have of kissing a lady's hand. Yes, and the way they click their heels and bow from the waist and—and everything."

Eddie should not have pulled that for-instance query. They had finally got a new cook, a Miss Van Scoick; and as there had been a final domestic agreement to permit Miss Van Scoick to lead her own hopeless life in her own vulgar Jersey way, there was a lot more time round the house now for the uplift chatter. And for weeks Eddie says he got nothing but rhapsodies about the extra elegant high polish on these Continental monocled babies in the floorwalker clothes, as compared with the manners and modes of life of the hunks of male pig iron in pants that are smeared all over the American business and social scene.

Eddie Goes European

Things finally came to a point where Eddie—absolutely against my advice, by the way—decided to make his whole life over. Eddie insists still that he did what he did solely to hold her respect. As a result, he certainly got into one terrible jam, as you shall see, and daily the situation grows from worse to worst. And it all started with Eddie's noble resolve one day to change his daily life thenceforth, solely for the wife's sake, to the sort of life he had noticed among the polished gentlemen of the county families of dear old England and the equally cult-yured Continental pets of the salons of Paris and the Riviera.

The first step was comparatively easy. He quit all work. As they were still without a furnace man and the coal bin was no place for a gentleman, their living room rapidly dropped to a delightful European temperature. And next what to do? How would a prominent teacup balancer and well-known man about Cannes start his day of radiating charm?

Eddie had a sudden idea. Not a mile from his house was a setting that even Paris or Monte Carlo could not have improved upon. Yes, a young blond widow, living just up the line, and with a salon and everything. She's an American, but has largely outlived it; a year in Wiesbaden enabled her to rid herself of almost all our narrow provincialisms. A good girl, but delightfully broad-minded in the European way. Just delightfully broad, Eddie calls her emancipated manner. A lot of folks round here call her other things, but Eddie says she's just broad.

Well, in his new life of a polished European gentleman Eddie breakfasted late and then dropped in to see the blond young widow. Let business go hang. Work is For the Workingman was Eddie's new motto, and he was doing it all for the wife and kiddies. Two minutes of converse in front of a crackling fire about the higher things of life, Eddie tells me, especially with a blond dame who was not his own, and he was back again on the scintillating Riviera. To make the illusion perfect, he was broke. What next would a Continental gentleman of leisure do? A moment's thought and again he had it. He touched the lady for twenty bucks and took her out to luncheon.

A Polished Gentleman's Return

What a day! —I report Eddie verbatim—what a day! Back in his own home next, so he learned in great detail later, they were burning up the telephone, trying to locate Eddie and get him to come home and dump the now-dead furnace—generally to keep the home fires burning and act American. When, at frosty dusk, he was still radiating the finer Old World manners far up the coast, we neighbors began to hear a foot tapping on the hardwood floor of Eddie's living room that sounded like building alterations. But by this time Eddie was wholly in sympathy with a pet theory of the foot-tapper in his home—that the European married couple gets much more out of life than we narrowly provincial Americans do, simply because in more civilized lands each goes his or her own way—lives one's own life—and let puritanical fussiness go hang!

The foot-tapping did not cease until Eddie wafted in, still aglow with polish or something, toward midnight. Eddie told me that he was all set then to click his heels, bow snappily from the waist and lightly brush m'dam's finger tips with a gallant caress of the lips. When we tea hounds of the boulevards have done that much for them at the end of a hard day, we feel that we have done more than enough. But she held him off, Eddie tells me, with one of the dirtiest looks he ever got and swept upstairs to the Swede four-poster.

So well had the blond widow learned the art of real living in Wiesbaden that Eddie was scarcely inside her door the next forenoon when, without even a hint from Eddie, she slipped him another twenty or thirty Columbia the Gem of the Oceans. Thus reheeled, he took her out and again blew her to a luncheon that, considering our barbarous American cooking, was simply elegant.

But it couldn't last. I don't know who the kind souls were who entered Eddie's house in his absence and spilled the beans about the new life of Old World *lazy-faire* that Eddie was leading. All I know definitely was that there were six or eight bean spillers, all female. And that's America for you! Abroad, that sort of interference between husband and wife simply isn't done.

The Eddies lived their own stray-bulldog lives in their own way for several days after the big blow-up over the blond widow. I noticed, though, that any time Eddie went out for any private living after that, even for a private evening newspaper, one of the circumstances beyond his control was also living her own life on Eddie's elbow. He escaped alone only once, and then only for a couple of hours—just long enough to run smack into her while strolling the *grand boulevards* of our adjacent town of Manasquan with the blond widow gal on his arm. Before the dust of the Manasquan *grand boulevards* had settled, Eddie had reverted, under pressure, to crude American again.

Maybe you read about it at the time in the following week's issue of the Manasquan Jersey Jottings. It was really cataclysmic in scope. And Eddie had to sign a certain paper in Lawyer Clem Pearce's office, with Eddie's wife's eldest sister—summoned all the way from Jersey City hastily for the event—acting as witness. And it was Eddie's signature to certain promises on the papers that got Eddie into the rotten jam that I'm coming to in a moment now.

(Continued on Page 48)

Bought now more eagerly than a year ago

There is significant **meaning for every motor car buyer in the news that the public today is buying the Century Hupmobiles with accelerated eagerness. ¶ People can be swept off their feet by striking new design—if it is truly beautiful; by fine finish, by luxurious interiors. But only for a little while, if the externals represent the sum total or even a major part of the car's attractions. ¶ With the Century Hupmobiles, the public knew from the first that the dashing new beauty is really the outer dress for a mechanism as sound and true as a motor car chassis can be built. For the goodness of any Hupmobile—the wonders of its performance and the faithfulness of its daily service—never need explaining. ¶ So the Century Hupmobiles started with a priceless and impregnable advantage. Not only do they hold the special Hupmobile market, but they have firmly established themselves in the markets both above and below their own price line. ¶ For the Century Hupmobile Six and the Century Hupmobile Eight are more than merely beautiful. They are value without a peer—in their "tailored-metal" smartness, in their sound quality, and in their super-excellent performance. ¶ Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century list prices: $1345 to $1645, plus delivery charges. Century Eight list prices: $1825 to $2125, plus delivery charges.**

Hupmobile Century Six and Eight

..vitality..
..animation..

Don't let this intangible enemy at The Danger Line steal them from you

So OFTEN women lose charm because of trouble with their teeth! *And not only the charm of a gleaming, attractive smile. . . .*

For we know now that health itself has no more treacherous enemy than tooth decay and gum irritations. Physicians and dentists tell us that thousands suffer from serious illness through tooth decay and gum irritations, and too often these ills result, not so much from neglect, but from *erroneous methods.*

For modern dental science has discovered that *merely brushing the teeth is not enough.* It is also necessary to neutralize the acids which attack the teeth and the gums in places beyond the reach of any tooth-brush.

Most serious dental troubles start at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. Food particles collect there. They ferment, and acids are formed that cause decay and irritate the gums.

One dentifrice gives protection from this danger. It is Squibb's Dental Cream, made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It reaches all these tiny remote pits and crevices on your teeth. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system.

Make your teeth and gums safe from acids at The Danger Line. Use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. It is pleasant and safe. Contains no grit or strong astringents and helps to keep the mouth in a healthy condition. At all druggists'—only 40 cents a tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, N. Y. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA, *from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, also helps to promote proper alimentation. Its unsurpassed antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. And its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food. At druggists', 25c and 50c a bottle. It is The Standard of Quality.*

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SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

(Continued from Page 46)

Eddie says he is willing to leave it to the judgment of posterity whether or not his missus and her sister put over on him the dirtiest gyp since Benedict Arnold's day. Merely one thing he had to do, according to the papers, was to hand her one thousand bucks—he had to raise it on his life insurance—to go toward binding her wounded heart; and she was to blow it all over New York, and no questions asked. And next she lit out for New York for an orgy of riotous spending and she made Eddie go along.

Afraid he would lapse back into a life of European polish, I suppose, unless she took him along on leash. Poor old Eddie! And he had done what he did purely for the wife's sake.

I don't know much about the Manhattan jaunt, except that most of the time she was either reveling in Old World culture among the intellectuals of Greenwich Village, or was blowing the life-insurance blood money with great looseness. And on the last afternoon in the metropolis, Eddie says, she dragged him into a big white-and-gold hotel parlor that was nasal with a lot of old dames, all of whom seemed to be having a lot of trouble in trying to stick to their native Manhattanese. French phrases, Eddie tells me, came through the nose all over the place. And then a little stuffed shirt, who was introduced as the Continent's most gifted æsthete, mounted a dais and told the world in rotten English all the things these United States must do to be saved. Eddie says it took the cult-yured gent two hours to tell it.

A Few Well-Chosen Words

By the time the pasty-faced boy behind the monocle had concluded his prescription, guaranteed in one application to bring the United States almost up to the high plane of civilization enjoyed by his own great nation—some principality called Liechtenstein, so Eddie said—Eddie and his fireside uplifter had just time to catch the 5:12 down the Jersey coast. That happened to be one of my days in town also, and as I walked through the train, headed for the rear smoker, I ran into them.

I had to turn the back of a seat and sit down with them, and I hate to ride backward. But it was grand. I would not have missed it for anything. Altogether it was one of the outstanding train trips of my life.

She began it. Eddie ended it, but she began it.

"It was heavenly," she breathed—meaning, I suppose, this Liechtenstein baby's chatter. "For those two divine hours I was back again in spirit among ——"

"Breakfasts composed of nothing with no butter on it," busts in Eddie. "Yes, and three hundred and sixty-five lunches a gear of the grand old *seau.* Dinner, and you're still gnawing your way down the old *seau* toward the rump stea——"

"Your coarse Americanisms are positiv——"

"And just as you hope the dinner is all over and you're all set for the dessert, they rearrange the whole table service and then serve a final separate course—frizzled carrot tops stifled in bacon grease. And then the zippy dessert of sad fruit. Honest, if I ever saw an apple or pear in Europe that we wouldn't use over here for hog feed or to manure the soil, I'll ——"

"Your language is positively disgust——"

"Yeh, and no barber shops in hotels, and barber chairs with the backs slanting forward. The house plumbing I'll draw the curtain over in deference to your finer Old World feelings. Beds that —— For two years you heard from me about the beds. Ice sold by the inch on the hottest day. The only soap in the hotel the good old U. S. brands you buy yourself from a bunch of robbers. All of last week's news served hot off the press the day after tomorrow. Cow-stable movie palaces still showing two-reeler Bill Harts that are older than Bill. Fat-legged gals with ——"

"Enough! I refuse to lis——"

"Shut up! I'm just starting."

We all know one another very well, you see. Nevertheless, I opened an evening paper and pretended not to hear. But back of my paper I got it all. Even the locomotive engineer, I believe, caught a bit of Eddie's oration. He was good.

"Yeh"—Eddie still warming up for a real effort, as we shot across the Hackensack Meadows—"and no public libraries in towns twice the size of two-library towns in this God-forsaken land. Town theaters like the old Frothingham, back in Scranton when I was a ten-twent-thirt first-nighter, which Scranton tore down in shame in 1884. And when they do open their show-shop barns two-three times a whole winter, it's for a swell evening of bell-ringing stuff or a snappy concert by a fifth-rate fiddler—a poor guy who's trying to earn steerage passage to the soul-starving land where the real hot-baby Mischas and Jaschas and Toschas have all taken out first papers and do all their stuff over here. And even Paris full of leg shows that even a Number 2 road company of old Pat Reilly's Saratoga Chips burlesque troupers, back in the Blaine and Logan ——"

"Cease! I ——"

"Quiet, I say! Let me do some of the talking. . . . Yeh, and forced to go outdoors in January to try to get warm. Booze in the brown gravy, pants creased on the side, Hindenburg haircuts, French shirts built with the hind shirt tail trailing ——"

"If you don't ——"

"—— the hind shirt tail trailing the floor. Pillow-case buttons in your mouth and ears all night. Elevators that work every other Friday. Hats that no man wears in working hours over here except Weber and Fields and Ed Wynn. Me dragged into evening clothes every night just because a lot of horse-faced English flops come up for the night air in soup-spotted dinner coats that make me tell 'em, 'Everything you eat certainly does look well on you, Cuthbert.' And tire-tape cigars, rolled in—in—in ——"

She Laughs Best ——

She had ripped open her hand bag and was shaking savagely before Eddie's glazing eyes the papers—the sheets of promises that she and her sister from Jersey City had hornswoggled him into signing at the height of the hullabaloo over Eddie's platonic and purely Continental cultural associations with the merry girl friend, the blond widow. And clipped to Exhibit A of the papers was a transatlantic steamship company's receipt of even date. The receipt broke the news that Eddie's missus while downtown in Manhattan that morning, had shelled out two hundred bucks of his blood-money life insurance as a first deposit on one E-Deck passage to Europe for gent, lady and offspring. And Eddie had signed a promise to ask no questions as to how his thousand bucks was to be spent.

For two hours Eddie said not a word. My heart went out to him. I knew what was in his mind. Gone his American woods in autumn and the squaretail rising to the fly in the Maine woods in May. Gone the Barnegat geese and brant, honking in toward the blind at daybreak. Good-by to Babe Ruth, idly swinging three wagon tongues as he strolls to bat with the bases full. No more corn on the cob, no deep-dish blueberry pie—nothing.

Eddie was still deep in silence as we all drove together in Tom Mount's station hack toward home. I dropped them off at their door. He just pressed my hand silently. And then he spoke for the first time since his voice had gone gaga, two hours earlier at Manhattan Transfer.

"Careful, my dear," he said to her gently—he was keeping himself well in hand, you see—as she tripped in the dark while stepping from Tom Mount's hack. "Don't stumble, sweetie, and—and—break your gosh-darned, dog-gasted neck!"

For the Day of the Year....

the Car of the Year

OF all the gifts you could choose, to fill Christmas to the brim and overflowing with happiness—nothing could be more delightful, more sensible, than a new Nash "400".

You want the best for the one you love best. Buy her the car that everyone today praises for its style and beauty, its thrilling new Twin Ignition performance, its ease of handling, its personality, its grace and luxury of manner.

There are only fourteen shopping days left on the calendar. Order her "400" now for delivery, Christmas Eve or Christmas morning. She will be delighted with a Nash. *And so will you!*

9 Sedans from $885 to $1290, f. o. b. factory
8 Coupes, Cabriolets, Victorias from $885 to $1775, f. o. b. factory

NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Proof to Skeptics

For 10 days shave at our expense

. . . to prove that this new shaving cream is all we claim for it. We take the risk, but then we know the chances are we'll win you.

WE like to have a real skeptic ask us to prove our claims for this remarkable shaving cream. A man who says, "My beard is too tough ever to get a really comfortable shave."

Because when we convince him we've made a friend who will broadcast our fame to the world. Often he'll make claims that we would hesitate to make.

Our success is based upon two things. First, in making an outstandingly fine shaving cream—Palmolive—then, in offering a test at our expense before asking you to buy.

We take the risk—not you

Men by the hundreds and thousands have made our test. And a big percentage of them, we find, never return to former methods. Hence our problem is to get men who do not usually clip coupons, to send this one in. For we know Palmolive Shaving Cream will win him—*in his own bathroom*—to a new conception of shaving comfort.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is no accident. We started by asking 1000 men what they most desired in a shaving preparation. Then set out to give it to them.

Formula after formula failed in the complete result—129 in all. Then success came. Our great laboratories, skilled for generations in soap supremacy, had created another leader.

Here are the things men sought—combined in one unique shaving cream:

Five unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Please mail the coupon

If there is a better way than you now use, you want to know it, surely. We take the risk—not you . . . undertake to please you in 10 luxurious shaves. Won't you mail the coupon, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

35¢ With the new unbreakable Bakelite top

4704

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc ——ly for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 Shaves FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1588, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

SWORDS AND ROSES

(Continued from Page 17)

it; then, finding that increasingly difficult, he determined occasionally to wash the single pair of drawers, the solitary shirt, he possessed; but in time he gave that up as well—there wasn't a moment left between war and exhaustion, and he kept on the underwear he was so lucky as to possess. He kept it on until it fell off. In winter quarters boiled shirts made their appearance. White shirts and visitors—girls—became a reality.

The girls, however, were as much a source of distress as a pleasure; even at best, the foot soldier's garb—it couldn't be called a uniform—was an affair of patches and rags. A black patch on a knee and a vivid scarlet patch over a shoulder. The pain of bashfulness struggled with the desire for a few moments, a word, of feminine charm. The rags, in reality, made little difference to the girls, except to excite their admiration and tender pity. The men could not grasp that. They listened at a distance to companions with a whole coat, or an unexampled assurance, talking to radiant creatures in freshly ironed muslin, with little bright shawls about their shoulders and flowers on their bonnets.

There was no scarcity of military circumstance when, after the fall of Fort Sumter, John H. Worsham enlisted as a foot soldier in an old volunteer company—Company F—at Richmond. He wore an impressively fine uniform—it had a cadet-gray frock coat with a row of Virginia fire-gilt buttons; there were a band of gold braid and two gilt buttons at the bottoms of the sleeves, and there was gold braid on the collar. The pants had a black stripe wider than an inch on their outer seams. John H. Worsham's cap was ornamented in black; it had two fire-gilt buttons and bore the letter F. The sergeants, in addition to a gun, carried a sword at their belts. Every man on duty was required to wear white gloves. He had a long black cloth overcoat and he carried in his knapsack an additional short mess jacket. The knapsack was especially notable—it was imported from Paris, and made of calfskin tanned with the hair on; it was colored red and white. Inside, it was elaborately divided into partitions, and outside there were straps for blankets and overcoat, an oilcloth and shoes, with additional straps and hooks for additional chance purposes. Company F also imported its canteens.

John Worsham was required to report once during the day at his company headquarters—the fire bells were to ring for a general assembly—and on the twenty-first of April, 1861—it was Sunday and he was walking to church—the fire bells summoned him from all the old familiar security of his existence. John put on his uniform and proceeded to the armory. There he learned that the Union gunboat, Pawnee, was reported to be coming up the James River for the bombardment of Richmond. The company was marched to Wilton, ten miles below the city; at Rocketts thousands of citizens had assembled; the fields and wharves were solidly packed with humanity. Some men had shotguns, some rifles, others pistols; there were men with canes and large piles of stones handy for throwing.

The men in Company F not on duty stacked arms; they all grew conscious of the fact that no arrangement had been made for food. At nine of the evening, however, one of their officers arrived with a wagon-load of hams, bread and appropriate incidentals; there was a gay supper and John Worsham slept on the grass without the bother of a blanket or oilcloth. The next day—no Federal vessel had made its appearance—Company F returned to Richmond. It was received with a tremendous enthusiasm; the volunteers, it was considered, had accomplished wonders; they were covered with glory. They were moved, soon afterward, to Fredericksburg; the Yankees, they were informed, had made a demonstration at Aquia Creek. Company F was provided with a load of straw and camped on the floor and on the benches of the courthouse. Supper was provided in the private houses of the town and the company went to bed in formal order; there was a camp guard and lights were drummed out by taps.

That formality, however, was immediately interrupted—a supply of tin whistles and horns had been accumulated through the day, and the darkness was turned into a pandemonium. The officers commanded silence; no attention was paid to them, and the insubordinate men were ordered under arrest. Four sergeants ran about, striking matches and looking for offenders; none was discovered, and the racket was kept up until it was overcome by sleep. The next morning John was marched to the Fair Grounds, and there formal camp duty began immediately with guard mount, policing and drills. On fine evenings there was a dress parade, attended by the girls of Fredericksburg. The company messes—little groups—were formed, each with a negro cook and a mess chest. The chest, John Worsham knew, was oak, bound with iron, three feet long, eighteen inches wide and eighteen deep. In it were a dozen knives and forks, two or three butcher knives, a dozen plates, a dozen tea cups and saucers, several dishes and bowls, a sugar dish and cream pitcher; there were salt and pepper boxes, a tin containing a dozen assorted packages of spices, a dozen glasses, a flour sifter and rolling pin. The mess owned a frying pan, a coffee pot, a great camp kettle, a teapot, the bread oven that the army came to know as a spider, and two water buckets.

The Fair Grounds was called Camp Mercer, and there, for the first time, John saw a soldier punished for disobedience—a member of Walker's Battery was strapped to the wheel of a cannon. It was a corrective called "strapping the wheel." After three weeks Company F was ordered to Aquia Creek; their cook declined to leave Fredericksburg and the company determined to undertake its own cooking. The result, for a few days, was not notable. A letter was addressed to a member of the company:

GEORGE W. PETERKIN ESQ.,

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, comrades in arms with yourself, have been struck with the propriety of evening prayer, and desire, if agreeable to you, that you, from this time, and so long as we may remain together, conduct that service.

Company F respectfully signed its names.

At the end of May a Federal gunboat off Aquia Creek fired a few shots and withdrew. It was John Worsham's first experience of war. On the seventh of June three gunboats appeared and bombarded the earthworks near the wharf. It lasted several hours, and the following day five vessels renewed the attack. John found the days very pleasant; he had lessons in skirmish drill and with the bayonet—that was called the Zouave drill—he fished from the wharf, bathed in the river and rambled idly through the woods. Then Company F was ordered back to Richmond; it became part of a regiment—the Twenty-first Virginia Infantry—and was put under tents at Camp Lee. John Worsham was mustered into service, for the term of a year, the twenty-eighth day of June, 1861. He was sworn in on the Capitol Square by Inspector General J. B. Baldwin. His regiment—it numbered eight hundred and fifty men—was ordered to take the cars on the eighteenth of July, and it marched off in a thunder of cheering. The day was horribly hot and many of the men dropped, overcome, out of the ranks.

John proceeded by troop train to Staunton—it required fifteen hours—and there again he marched to the Fair Grounds. Early the following morning he left Staunton for Buffalo Gap, the opening from a wide dusty green plain to the mountains of Virginia.

(Continued on Page 52)

200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds

that's why LISTERINE full strength is effective against SORE THROAT

Have you tried the new LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat and colds is based entirely on the germicidal action of a formula unchanged in 47 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine, with its pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect, used full strength is so amazingly powerful against germs. Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the United States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obnoxious M. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the same time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, you can readily understand why it checks colds and sore throat which are caused by germs.

At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine, full strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it is safe to use this way in any body cavity. You will be delighted to find how quickly you get relief. In case you do not, consult your physician, as your trouble may be a symptom of a more deep-seated disease requiring expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

An announcement that will please countless thousands of people, old, middle-aged and young, is that UNIVERSAL has contracted with Paul Whiteman and his famous band to appear in a romantic comedy in which this celebrated leader and his associate artists of melody will be the central figures. This, in my estimation, will prove one of the most popular sound pictures of the year. My effort at all times is to please all the people and get the best there is in every line of entertainment. Whiteman's career has been meteoric and I sincerely believe that this picture, with its "concord of sweet sounds," will prove a delightful revelation. What do you think?

—C. L.

Paul Whiteman

"The Last Warning," Universal's adaptation of Thomas Fallon's famous stage play and Wadsworth Camp's novel is from end to end a string of mysterious, eerie events surpassing, I think, ***"The Cat and the Canary."*** A glance at the cast chosen by Paul Leni, director, adds the final argument in its favor

Cast of "The Last Warning"

Doris	LAURA LA PLANTE
McHugh	MONTAGUE LOVE
Quayle	JOHN BOLES
Carlton	ROY D'ARCY
Robert	MACK SWAIN
Josiah	BURR McINTOSH
Mike	BERT ROACH
Evalinda	MARGARET LIVINGSTON
Barbara	MME. DAUMERY
Tommy	'SLIM' SUMMERVILLE
Gene	TORBEN MEYER
Woodford	D'ARCY CORRIGAN

If you have any romance in your heart, you will be sure to see Universal's beautiful drama of the Sunny South *"Uncle Tom's Cabin."* Many of the scenes were photographed in the actual localities around which Harriet Beecher Stowe's story was written

Laura La Plante in "The Last Warning"

Ask your favorite theatre if it has booked that delightfully different picture *"Lonesome,"* with GLENN TRYON and BARBARA KENT *"The Man Who Laughs,"* with CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN *"King of the Rodeo"* starring HOOT GIBSON, *"The Night Bird,"* with REGINALD DENNY Rupert Hughes' great story *"The Girl on the Barge"* starring JEAN HERSHOLT, with SALLY O'NEIL.

Carl Laemmle, President

Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word.

Thousands of people are making collections of photographs of big scenes from Universal Pictures. To meet the demand Universal will send (8 x 10 inch) photographs of scenes from *"Lonesome"* as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50. Send remittance in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

The regiment was supported by a train of thirty-six wagons—they were four-horse mountain wagons—and when it reached the Gap a ration of flour was issued. Beef had been promised, and there was a pen of cattle in plain sight, and F Company volunteered to do the necessary killing. The cattle were shot and dressed, and John Worsham was introduced to what, at fortunate intervals, made the Confederate army ration.

The next morning march was resumed, he penetrated farther and farther into the upland, and heard the rolling echo of artillery beyond. He went into camp at Ryan's, and, at supper with his mess, he learned that a courier had arrived with the news of a great Confederate victory at Manassas. At Ryan's Company F suffered a misfortune—the government took one of its wagons and the driver of another positively refused to go on. The mess chest was left and some of the men had to carry their own knapsacks. The next day they reached McDowell—the regiment was now in the high mountains, a region of great verdant walls, deep narrow valleys, swift clear rivers, horizons of faint peaks and ranges—and there they met the men of Garnett's command, defeated at Carrick's Ford. John, in spite of their forlorn appearance, scoffed at their tale of hardships and virtual starvation.

The following day he reached Monterey. The road there drops steeply down the mountain, in sharp angles, to the little village at the head of a narrow blue-grass valley. After three—the mountain walls are so high—a shadow falls on Monterey from the west, the haystacks cast long shadows over the emerald-green meadows, dusk floats down the mountainside and fills the valley; the far peaks turn gold and faintly purple. John's expression for his short period in Monterey was that he lived high; his mess bought young chickens recklessly for six pence each; butter and eggs were at corresponding prices; when he preferred a local dinner, its price was nine pence—twelve and a half cents. On the twenty-fifth of July, again in movement, the regiment crossed Napp's Creek seventeen times; it encountered General Loring, the officer in command of the expedition, and he was heard to say that, while the Twenty-first Virginia was a fine-looking body of men, it was not composed of soldiers. Company F met this opinion with indignation.

In camp at Huntersville a great many men fell sick with measles and typhoid fever; when John Worsham left at the beginning of August a third of his regiment was left in hospitals. The number of company wagons was reduced to one. After three days John reached Valley Mountain and General Robert E. Lee now took command of him; General Lee's headquarters tents were close to Company F, and its men were greatly pleased by his notice and politeness. Sickness increased, only a fourth of the regiment was available for duty, and John was put to work on the roads. On the ninth of September he was given thirty rounds of ammunition—this was shortly increased to forty rounds—and the command was ordered forward. It encountered the enemy at Conrad's Mill on the eleventh; there was light skirmishing, together with some artillery fire, and John first saw a dead Yankee—he was lying beside the road with his emptied face turned up to the sky, in a fresh pool of blood.

On the twenty-fourth he was shifted to Middle Mountain; the column marched to its new encampment; it stacked arms there and returned for its equipment. Company F had lost its last wagon—it left Richmond with five—and the men were forced to carry all their necessities on their backs. They burned what was left, the oak mess chest bound in iron vanished from John Worsham's life. He left Middle Mountain in a heavy rain; the entire command now owned only two wagons, one drawn by three and one by two horses, and John gave a more hospitable attention to General Loring's remark. He came to camp on the bank of the Greenbrier River; the trees were brilliant with the scarlet of fall, and there the duty confronted him of voting for the president and vice president of the Confederacy. This occurred on a cloudy morning of November; the election took place at a tent where a pole marked the line between voters and judges; and in the evening it was announced that the regiment had solidly supported Jefferson Davis, with Alexander H. Stevens for vice president. Mr. Davis, Mr. Stevens and the Confederacy were repeatedly cheered.

Early in November John Worsham left the Greenbrier; he was marched to Bath Alum Springs, and there the regiment went into camp. It snowed and the company toted logs to their tents and built great fires; at night there were songs and tales, and John, with a comrade named Mayro, went out with their muskets and killed deer. He left Bath Alum Springs at the end of November and proceeded to Millboro; on the fourth of December the company returned by train to Staunton. The men traveled on flat cars and suffered bitterly from the cold. They moved from Staunton to Winchester, with the right of the regiment at the fore one day and the left leading the next. The hardships of marching in the rear, John Worsham discovered, were heavy. At Winchester he saw, standing in the crowd on the sidewalk, a man with full dark whiskers and long hair; he wore a uniform with a long blue overcoat and large cape; and, in military style, his trousers were inside boots that bore bright spurs. A faded gray cap was pulled down so far over his face that nothing, practically, was visible between it and the whiskers. John had a glimpse of dark, flashing eyes. It was Stonewall Jackson.

Progress through the valley of the Shenandoah was, for the foot soldiers, an unbroken feast—the countryside had just ended the winter hog killing and every house gave them stores of fresh meat. Most of the personal and general equipment Company F had carried from Richmond was gone. Ritchie Green, who originally had refused to take anything in his knapsack but a paper collar and a plug of tobacco, was newly esteemed. General Jackson decided upon a winter campaign and marched his foot cavalry to Unger's Crossroads. There they encountered the enemy; they engaged him until dark, and John's regiment behaved well. It snowed during the night. Jackson arrived and led his troops on horseback. As he passed Company F he ordered it to double quick, and John went forward on a run. The Yankees retreated. On the fifth of January—it was 1862—General Jackson shifted his forces toward Hancock; he sent for Company F and—an impressive compliment—directed it to lead the column across the river.

The Confederates were forced to fall back, and the return to Unger's Crossroads was terribly hard; the road glittered with ice, guns fired by falling men resulted in many accidents. John Worsham saw Jackson on foot with his men more than once. It snowed and hailed, and Company F lost its bake oven. At first, before John went to sleep, he cleared the snow from the ground; that, he discovered, made him no better than a bed of mud; the snow was far superior. Near the end of January his regiment marched into the town of Romney. Company F occupied the bank building and for a short while it was again comfortable. Romney was given up the third of February; a retreat was effected toward Winchester. It had been a fatally severe campaign; many men were frozen to death; a great many never recovered from the exposure and cold; the rest were rheumatic for as long as they lived. Scores of soldiers, burning their shoes in an effort to warm their feet at the camp fires, had marched barefooted through the snow. John Worsham's brigade went into winter quarters on the Berryville road. It stayed there until the middle of March, and then he was moved to the Staunton pike. The Federal Army had crossed the Potomac and was advancing toward Winchester. General Banks was commanding the Union forces; he became known at once as Jackson's commissary, and the equipment of Company F was improved.

The Twenty-first Virginia Regiment went into action at the battle of Kernstown; John Worsham's company was thrown forward in the skirmish line, and, close beside him, a shell struck a driver in Rockbridge's battery. It ricocheted through the company ranks, hit a stump, and stopped, spinning like a top. The Confederates, after desperate fighting, were beaten, and they retreated toward the valley pike. At Strasburg John's mess was at supper when a shell swept over their heads; it was followed by another; soon the woods where they had bivouacked was full of falling shells. The cooking utensils and baggage were loaded on the regimental wagons in a hurry. The wagons went off at a dead run. A series of short marches and small engagements followed. On the tenth of April John was near New Market; on the thirteenth his brigade moved to Massanutton Mountain; the night of the seventeenth he spent at Big Spring. The next morning Jackson crossed the Shenandoah River; he was, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, safe from pursuit. All the wagons containing tents and the little baggage that was left were ordered to the rear; the command was reorganized.

Jackson was again in motion within a very few days; on the thirtieth he was marching toward Harrisonburg and the second of May he was in Port Republic. The great valley campaign, in 1862, had opened. John Worsham and his regiment proceeded across the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Central Railroad and went by train to Staunton; they marched again to Buffalo Gap; there was a small encounter at Ryan's and a battle near McDowell where the Yankees were driven back. A sergeant in the Twenty-first Virginia Regiment—an old country gentleman—had carried an umbrella from Richmond, and John saw him still at the head of his men with the umbrella up when the weather was inclement. The enemy was pursued into West Virginia and then the command returned to the valley and joined General Taylor's Louisiana brigade. The small united force moved in the direction of Winchester; John passed a long Federal wagon train left standing beside the road, and he was amazed by the fact that the wagons, together with more appropriate equipment, held women's bonnets and dresses and shawls. Jackson captured more than a hundred wagons through the night; Frémont's plan to destroy the Confederate force came to nothing; Colonel Ashby, on the sixth of June, was killed at Cross Keys; Jackson occupied the hills near Brown's Gap; he moved to the vicinity of Weyer's Cave; Frémont retreated toward Winchester and the great valley engagement was over.

John Worsham was in the Seven Days' Campaign; he was shifted from Ashland to Pole Green Church, and immediately he was in the heaviest fighting of the war. He charged down a hill and, at its bottom, discovered a creek with high perpendicular walls. John jumped into it without hesitation, but he had to be assisted up the farther bank. Then he came upon a field filled with Yankees and Confederates. The South was victorious there. John fell asleep on the ground where he stood, and when he woke up in the morning he was surrounded by thousands of dead men. He marched to White Oak Swamp, crossing it by a bridge of logs, and went into action again at Malvern Hill. The enemy retreated and his division was ordered to the rear. At Willis Church he went to the spring for a drink and found a dead Union soldier lying with his face in the cool, bubbling water. On the sixteenth of July he was ordered back to Richmond.

In August he was at Liberty Mills; marching to Orange Court House, his regiment went into battle directly from their beds. The men fought in every fantastic state of informal undress, and after the action—John Worsham asserts that the South

(Continued on Page 54)

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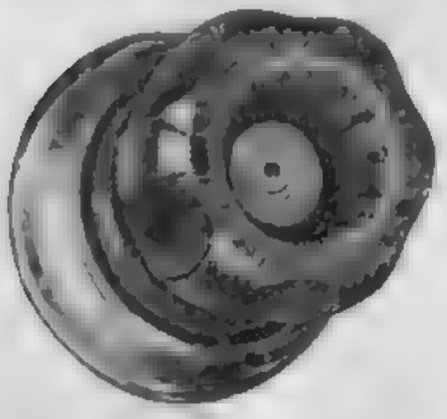

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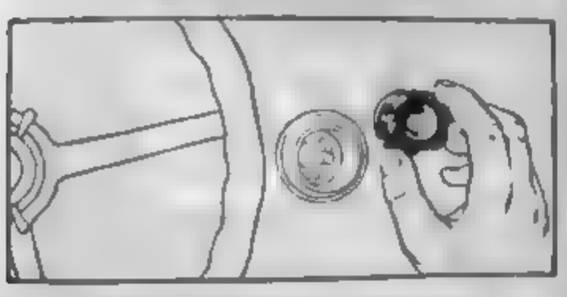

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(Continued from Page 52)

was again victor—there was a great shout of laughter. On August fifth he passed an old Confederate resting with a hand on a small sapling. "I don't want to fight," he explained. "I ain't mad with anybody." There was a rain of shells, the captain of Company F—Morgan—was killed, and John was part of the battle of Cedar Run. He came on a road filled with the enemy, and the two forces fought with guns, swords, pistols, knives, fence rails and rocks. The color bearer of the Twenty-first Virginia Regiment knocked down a Federal color bearer and was killed at once. Another of the Confederate color guard took the flag and he was slain; a third—Roswell S. Lindsay, of Company F—bayoneted a Yankee and he was riddled with balls. Four color bearers were killed and a fifth carried the flag unharmed through the battle.

Half of John Worsham's regiment were killed or wounded—Company F carried eighteen men into the engagement and came out with six. On August sixteenth he was prepared for another advance against General Pope. That became the second battle of Manassas, and the South captured immense quantities of stores and trains of railroad cars. The stores presented an extraordinary scene—Jackson's hungry men surrounded unlimited amounts of potted lobsters and ham, tongue, candy, nuts, oranges, lemons, pickles, catsup and mustard that General Jackson had decided to hold for Lee. The Federal Army, however, started an offensive. Jackson was forced to withdraw and his command was permitted to help itself. John's mess quickly deserted a kettle of soup, but a new difficulty appeared—no one could decide what to take. Some filled their haversacks with cakes, others with candy, some carried away oranges, lemons, canned goods. One addressed himself exclusively to French mustard; not contented with loading his haversack, he put an additional bottle in a pocket. That was not so idiotic as it appeared—he traded mustard for bread and meat throughout a long, forced march.

The Second Brigade, with John Worsham, crossed the Potomac at White's Ford; there was great enthusiasm, the bands played, the men cheered and sang, as they entered Maryland. John advanced up the towpath of the Washington Canal; at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot outside Frederick City the men broke ranks and each secured a watermelon; they arrived at the city late in the evening. John was detailed to the Federal hospital to make a careful list of its inmates; he disposed of his gun and ammunition and bore his other baggage with him. He had now, in place of the original and elaborate and imported affair, an oilskin haversack, a tin cup, a rubber cloth and blanket, a pair of jean drawers and a pair of wool socks. The socks and drawers were put in the blanket, the blanket was rolled in the rubber cloth, the ends were drawn together and fastened with a short strap, and it was pulled over his head and swung from a shoulder. John Worsham had become a soldier.

He remained at headquarters until the tenth of September; he marched to Harper's Ferry, where the Confederates captured more than eleven thousand prisoners, seventy-two pieces of artillery, caissons, horses and additional military stores, and then he came upon the desperate battle of Sharpsburg. Company F reached its low-water mark—only three men were left to answer roll call: Malcolm L. Hudgins, Reuben J Jordan and John H Worsham. They had no officer and were ordered to report to Company D, allowed to march and camp anywhere in the regiment; they were to report daily, but answer roll call when and how they chose; and in the Maryland campaign they were known as the guerrillas of the Twenty-first. On the eighteenth of September Jackson returned to Virginia; his loss at Sharpsburg was larger, in proportion to the number of men engaged, than in any other of his engagements.

General Jackson's corps camped near Martinsburg; they remained in the lower valley, mostly in Jefferson County, for a number of weeks, but they moved every few days. Jackson did not allow his men to stay long in one place; new camps were healthier than old. His soldiers now, without tents, found change easy. They had cotton flies, four feet by six, hemmed at the edges and worked with buttonholes and buttons. Three, fastened together, made a very practical covering for three men. They were supplied by the Yankees. In November—the twenty-first—Jackson's column joined General Lee at Fredericksburg; it marched by Madison Court House and Orange Court House, through the Wilderness and by Chancellorsville, to the vicinity of Guinea's Station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, and at Moss Neck, the second of December, the regiment went into winter quarters. So many men were shoeless, rude moccasins were made from the hides of the cattle killed for the army. There were continual daily drills, camp guard duty and inspections, with, in consequence, very little leisure. John did see twenty-five hundred men engaged at one time in the unaccustomed sport of snowballing; on picket he had occasional ruminating talks with Yankee soldiers in similar positions.

In 1863—it was January—Company F—Malcolm L. Hudgins, Reuben J. Jordan and John H. Worsham—was ordered to Richmond to recruit a fresh force. They were stationed at Camp Lee, and beginning with squad drill, they were—the result of their activities—soon able to conduct company drill. The men were conscripts now—boys and the middle aged—and it was difficult to give them a military unity. On the twenty-first of June, John was ordered to join his regiment. It was now attached to Lee's army. General Jackson had been killed at Chancellorsville; a sense of irreparable loss had fallen upon his troops. Company F moved out of Staunton the last of June; its ranks were accompanied by disorganized stragglers; they were only capable of short marches; it was necessary to keep them under a potential guard. The company had no baggage wagon, no cooking utensils and no rations. It had no nothing. John Worsham reached the Potomac River, opposite Williamsport, Maryland, on the Fourth of July. Most of the stragglers were, in desperation, released from duty; all who were left formed in line with stacked arms on a field that commanded two roads reaching into town.

The Yankees appeared promptly; they advanced out of a woods with eight pieces of artillery and a large body of cavalry. Captain Pegram, commanding the Confederates, moved his ridiculously small force at double quick to the protection of a group of farm buildings. He had, altogether, fifty-two men; most of them were substitutes and conscripts. One of the substitutes fainted at the approach of the enemy. Another had a pain in his belly and had to lie down. That reduced Pegram's command to fifty. A few of the remaining stragglers, however, volunteered to go into the action; ten men were added to the Southern force. They repulsed a Union charge, cleared the farmyard, and the Federal guns opened upon them. A few of the company were strung along a fence to protect the flank and the others kept up a desperate fire on the front. At dark the enemy withdrew. Captain Pegram had been killed, one of the three men left from the original company joined Jackson under the shade of the trees. It was, John considered, their best fight; with practically none but new and untrained men they held a doubtful position against overwhelming odds. A substitute, he remembered long afterward, was so frightened by the artillery fire that he ran for the protection of the wagons; a shell burst directly in front of him, tearing a fence to pieces, and he turned back wailing that "no whar" was safe.

The command moved to Hagerstown, it slept that night on the brick pavement of the market house, and the next morning, July eighth, joined its regiment. John Worsham had been absent from the battles of Chancellorsville, Winchester and Gettysburg, and he had fought at Williamsport. The Confederate Army was reduced to the extremities of destitution and hunger; hundreds of men now were without shoes, there were no recognizable uniforms, the bottoms of pants were in frazzles, knees were bare and elbows stuck out, hair stuck through the holes in hats—it was a gaunt army of rags and patches. The Twenty-first Virginia Regiment camped at Montpelier, where President Madison had lived, until the middle of July, and then it marched once more to Liberty Mills. It returned from Liberty Mills to Montpelier and John was occupied with the making of soap—a detail gathered ashes from the fires; they put them in several barrels and formed lye; the offal from the slaughter pens was added; and the result, John asserts, was wholly satisfactory.

There was a brigade inspection, the next day there was a brigade review, and a division review immediately followed. John's regiment was presented with a battle flag. The color bearer had lost an arm at Chancellorsville, but he had protested so violently against being replaced, asserting he could carry a flag with one arm as well as two, that General Johnson presented him with the new colors in the presence of a great number of spectators. The flag bore the names, the battles, of Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. The battles of Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill and Cedar Run had, through an oversight, been omitted.

On the sixteenth of September John's short period of rest came to a close; the regiment commenced a series of marches and movements that ended with Lee crossing the Rapidan and offering action. It was refused. In November John was shifted to Kelly's Ford; a rumor of the enemy's presence there was unfounded, and he was moved to Culpeper Court House. He crossed the Rapidan River at Raccoon Ford in the coldest water he ever experienced. The regiment camped at Mount Pisgah Church. On the twenty-seventh of November the column, marching quietly over a woods road, was assailed on the flank by a Yankee skirmish line. That was the action of Payne's Farm. Johnson's division fought a wing of the army of the Potomac and the next day it joined Lee. Breastworks were thrown up against the hills occupied by Meade.

After the crushing weight of a severe cannonading, Johnson was withdrawn; his troops proceeded to Morton's Ford. John Worsham was back in the familiar camp at Mount Pisgah Church the twenty-fourth of December. Some boxes with the ingredients of eggnog arrived and there was the shadow of an old-fashioned Christmas. That formed the winter quarters of 1863 and 1864, and the familiar comfortable huts were constructed. The number of religious services increased; at times a preacher expounded the gospel, and when there was none, a soldier led the meetings. Three men were executed for violating the laws of the army. The firing squad of twelve men was ordered to take up twelve guns lying on the ground—six were with balls, John heard, and six without, and no man knew if he had actually executed one of the prisoners. In February the whole corps was called into activity; it proceeded to Chancellorsville; nothing happened there, and it returned to camp. The rations were reduced from almost nothing to less. Telescope rifles were served to a selected number; they shot, at practice, from one hill at a target half a mile away on another, and a mule was accidentally killed. There was, that night, for some of the men, mule steak. Hardly a boiler remained in the corps; all the bread ovens—the spiders—were gone.

In May John was flung into the last battle of the Wilderness. It was a pandemonium of death. Midway of the battle a Confederate soldier came on a Yankee in a

(Continued on Page 58)

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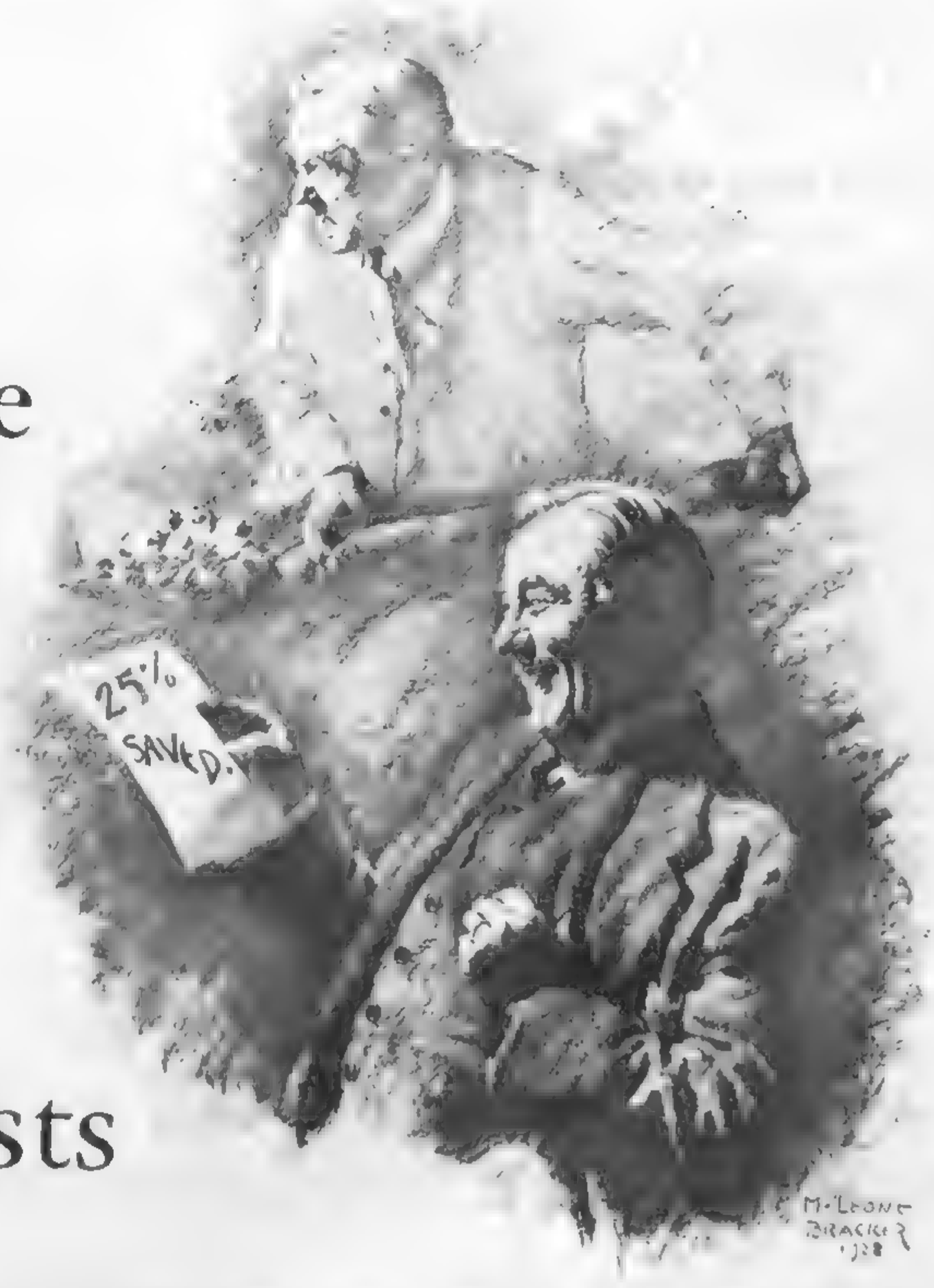

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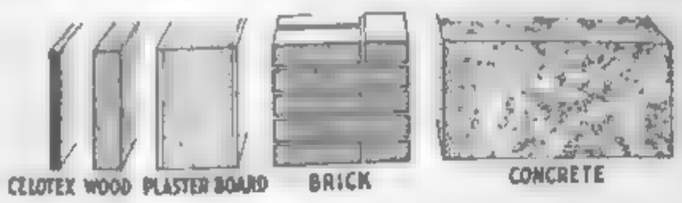

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"Good News Medley" (20063). "Good News" and "Varsity Drag"—fox trots (3901), played by Abe Lyman and His California Orchestra. "Varsity Drag," sung by Zelma O'Neal (3864).

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"Ol' Man River," played by Ben Bernie and His Orchestra (20064); sung by Al Jolson (3867); fox trot by "Kenn" Sisson and His Orchestra (3766). "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man"—sung by Zelma O'Neal (3864); "Make Believe," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man"—fox trots, Ben Bernie and His Orchestra (3808).

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(Continued from Page 54)

gully, and an individual fist and skull fight followed that was watched in a momentary hush by both armies. The Confederate won, the men rolled into the gully until night, and the Northern prisoner was brought in.

At sunset, on the eighth of May, John Worsham was in the line of battle at Spotsylvania Court House; the enemy had an immense force. General Lee rode to the front and a great cry went up from his soldiers. "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!" General Gordon took Lee's bridle and gently led him back. "Those are Virginians and Georgians," he said, "and they will do their duty."

After the defeat of the Union General Wallace the road to Washington was held to be open, and on July tenth General Gordon's division passed through Urbana, Hyattstown and Clarksburg; the following morning it reached Rockville, in Maryland. At two o'clock John was at the toll gate five miles from Washington, he stood on the Seventh Street pike. He got water from Silver Springs, the country house of Mr. Blair, a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. As far as he could see there were Federal fortifications; the enemy commanded a full mile on their front. The entire Confederate force, under Jubal Early, was less than ten thousand and it was compelled to withdraw at night. On the nineteenth of September, 1864, at Winchester, John Worsham was struck on the shoulder by a spent ball. Immediately afterward he was severely wounded in the knee. The arduous days of his soldiering were done.

He was carried, in the arms of two companions, from the field, but after a short distance he begged to be put down. Any further movement, he was certain, would kill him. They were still under fire—solid shot were plowing great furrows in the earth—and he wasn't heeded. He was allowed to rest behind a large rock, but he had been scarcely laid on the ground when a cannon ball struck the rock. John was hurried on.

They reached the first house in Winchester—a small brick affair at the corner of an alley—and again there was a halt; instantly a shot crashed through it and covered the three men with pieces of brick and mortar. John was carried on into the town, and met Ira Blunt, a hospital steward, who gave him a drink of new apple brandy. He felt revived; an ambulance was secured and John Worsham was driven in search of a surgeon. The ambulance was fired upon by the enemy, the mules hitched to it ran away and dragged John through a stone wall and over an old cornfield.

The ride continued until eight o'clock the following morning, when the driver fed his mules and John managed to get a drink of water from a branch. He consumed the breakfast in a Yankee haversack captured the day before. His boot, then, was so full of blood it was running from the top, and he prevailed on the driver to pull it off. The wound stopped bleeding and they drove toward Staunton until four o'clock, afternoon; stopping at a church in Woodstock. It was filled with wounded soldiers; a surgeon at last examined and dressed John's injury; he was refreshed with fruit and feminine attention. At sunset he was put in a wagon on straw, with other wounded men, and moved up the valley pike. They drove all night, resting for a short while at dawn, and reached Staunton in two days.

The next morning John Worsham was taken to Charlottesville; he was in Richmond, in bed, when the city was evacuated. A member of the Virginia legislature stopped to say good-by to him and explained that the body of the legislature was going to Lynchburg by packet boat over the James River and Kanawha Canal. The president, the cabinet and other officials of the Confederate Government, with the archives, had left Richmond by the Danville Railroad. Very early of the next day there was a flash of light, brighter than the brightest lightning, in John's room, accompanied by a loud report, a rumbling and shaking of the dwelling and general crash. The sashes in a front room were blown into the middle of the floor. A powder magazine had been blown up; a great fire was burning by the river; it seemed probable the whole city would be consumed. The retreating army, John learned, had set fire to the Shockoe, the Public and the Myers and Anderson tobacco warehouses, the arsenals and military stores. The city council, in meeting with prominent citizens, had decided to destroy all liquor in government buildings and storehouses, and a flood of whisky and brandies had been emptied into the gutters.

A great volume of smoke obliterated Richmond; chunks of fire fell on the house where John was confined; a negro stationed on the roof put out a number of small blazes. The sun was hidden. At midday there was the sound of music, of cheers and firing by a Federal body marching over the next street. The Union troops dispersed the mob that had been pillaging the burning stores; it extinguished the universal blaze. Hundreds of residents from the burned district camped in the capitol square; it was choked with household goods and busy with the small fires of supper. On Sunday, the ninth of April, a rumor reached John Worsham that General Lee had surrendered. He flatly refused to believe it, but the report was confirmed the following day. The soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia began to arrive in Richmond; General Lee rode into the city alone. He was immediately recognized, and his old followers, forming in line, walked after him to his house. Silent and with uncovered heads they watched him vanish into his doorway.

The Confederate States of America, the separate and historic South, had ceased to exist. It had been defeated, obliterated, by changing time, by new conceptions and necessities. The beginnings of the Civil War went back to the original informal union of the colonies; it existed in the old Articles of Confederation and in the Constitution—the rights of states opposed to the rights of the Federal Government. It is still present—present but different. The United States now is held together by better economic understanding; it rests on a more solid and practical fact. The South has changed, grown successful; its ports are great commercial ports and its cities are great manufacturing cities. It is rich in a new and important way. The difference between the North and the South has largely disappeared; the political party of the South and the political party of the North, once so sharply divided, have merged into a common body and a single aim. The result has been success. The deep South, compared with New England, is no longer backward; the isolation of little villages, the loneliness of cabin clearings, the forest, have been all conquered. The wilderness has been conquered, improved; it has become a source of turpentine and shingles.

The improvement is actual; there are roads everywhere, and railroads, schools back of the mountains and hospitals; poverty and ignorance and disease are diminished. Loneliness has almost become a thing of the past, since, now, the air has a voice. But if there has been a great gain, there was a loss. A loss of beauty. An old serenity vanished. An individual bravery, a brave individuality, destroyed. The men who lived in the past of the South, who died in its hopeless support, were fortunate—they knew tranquillity and personal independence; they sacrificed one for the other, and when both were lost their world—all they cared for—came to an utter end. The men of the traditional South would not have cared for the present; its obligations and sense of honor and courage would not have satisfied them. They would have found it—well, a little crowded, lacking in privacy, perhaps even ignominious. A gentleman of the old Mississippi River coast, of New Orleans, of Charleston or the Virginia Tidewater, would be, today, slightly ridiculous. Provincial. No one would understand his bearing or manners; there is a danger they would excite laughter.

The women they knew and adored, at once domestic and lovely, would seem strange now. Their ideas, their incurable loyalties, appear as antiquated as their crinolines. Yes, it is fortunate that, with their land, they all disappeared together. The calamity of a war swept them from a world that would have ruined them more slowly but with no less certainty. The old bearing, the old manners, must have been killed by mockery, by the curtness of time, by practical and democratic necessities. Litigation is more reasonable than the pistol. One woman is very nearly as desirable as another. Men, now, must be rich in order to be considerable. This is so overwhelmingly true that anything else, any contrary state, seems to have been always impossible. But once it was not so. Once men held themselves more dearly than they held their possessions.

That created a state of mind, an attitude, fine and bright and dangerous. It bred remote and difficult conceptions of virtue. The virtues of candor and of chastity—curious, old-fashioned words. It was responsible, as well, for the error of pride. The men of the deep South were proud men, they were arrogant, and for that fault they were punished. Arrogant individuals overthrown by an arrogant economic rule. The Civil War was inevitable. A curtain of smoke and fire was lowered upon the mistakes and on the beauty of the past. The sound of spinets, the light elegance of the gavotte, were lost in the uproar of cannon and musketry; and then, in the momentary pause before the uproar of machinery again drowned a delicate music, there was a new dance to learn. They all vanished with the older measures—the eloquent Mr. Yancey; Varina Howell, who loved Jefferson Davis all her life; Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, cast in an obligation of honor dark and ringing like bronze; Albert Sidney Johnston in the loneliness of early Texas; Captain Maffitt, driving precarious steamboats, heavy with cotton and priceless with morphia and powder and gold, into the blockaded night; Nathan Forrest flaming with a black fervor; Belle Boyd, who was more dangerous, more destructive, than canister or solid shot; Jeb Stuart, who wore bravery like a cloak of scarlet and gray; and John Worsham, a foot soldier with Stonewall Jackson in the Great Valley.

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF SERVICE

. . . earned in the hands of 30,000 owners

MARMON

NEW SERIES

To say that a car is good—that it is well-built—is, at best, only the conviction of its builder. The evidence never becomes real until the thousands who buy it have their say. This owner evidence is final — It means that day in and day out the car goes out and performs. It means that it will ride the highest mountain without running up the thermometer. It means you can put it up to top speed and down to nothing without the murmur of a valve — It means everything that faithful performance can mean. That's what the New Marmon 8's mean to their 30,000 owners who say they're "great automobiles." New 68, $1465: New 78, $1965. f.o.b. factory. De luxe equipment extra.

8 firing in line

MARCH HILL

(Continued from Page 13)

But you could hardly see the gravel on the L roof from Back Street without getting well up on the steps of the cheese factory, or looking out of one of the upper windows of the police station.

Going up the hill past the police station you came first to the closed-up carriage repository—Hand & Son wedged right against the town hall, and higher yet came a brick tenement, but the view from there was cut off completely by the sign hanging out over the carriage repository. Then came Annie Hilt's house, and from there you really could look down on the hotel roof, but at such a distance that it would be hard—as well say impossible—to distinguish faces. . . . Ellen Harrison was taking care of Annie Hilt.

"It's been like this," Cora whispered, "ever since 1892."

That was the year the L had been added, the year of Cleveland's election, when the Democrats had shot off fireworks from the roof. There had been red fire all along the west side and rockets shot out over the business blocks fell into the river.

"Not much change," Lauren agreed.

"How a man like you could be content to stay in a bowl-and-pitcher town like this ——"

"It suits me."

"It suited me once. I used to lie awake nights and cry because I had to die sometime. Still, we did have good times. Lauren, I'm really going out there."

"Don't think of it," he said warmly.

She was abrupt, imperious. If she made up her mind to jump off the roof she would do it, and she had always had a dizzy impulse to jump off high places. Height was a challenge to her, and some obscure instinct in her apparently wanted to say that she was not afraid of height—not even the height to which the remorseless hand of Jasper Doyon had dragged her.

Whitcomb's hand closed over hers as she was turning the stiff lock. He tore her fingers loose.

"Don't be silly," he said. The breath of her lush personality was infinitely unsettling. There was no discounting the awkwardness of her return; at this time of year, especially, and after so many years. There was a silent trial of strength, during which a lethargic voice from below said, in answer to someone still farther off, in the smoking room, "We ought to have a lashing rain now to beat the frost out of the ground." Sam Hogan's leg irons rattled and the radio spat static.

Cora whispered passionately:

"I wonder if I have lived these ten years after all. It isn't reasonable, now I'm back. It's positively weird. Maybe I've just dreamed that I've been trying to run away from you, and haven't succeeded and don't want to succeed. How do I know? Maybe I'm still here, making beds and piling up sheets in the linen closet."

"Why not?" Lauren said. She had sidled somehow into the hollow of his arm, but not, naturally, without a shadow of complicity on his part. Nothing more was said until he found himself muttering "Everybody doesn't have to crawl over broken glass, apparently."

She whispered that nobody in the wide world but Lauren Whitcomb could possibly say that, and laughed, secretly and cozily. It was the table girl again; it was simply that little devil Cora Bassett practicing her art, and with her usual success.

They were belatedly aware that someone had gone past them in the dark. The creak of a board apprised them of the fact.

"Where's that go to now?" Cora whispered, pointing to the back of the hall.

"Goes into the new annex."

"They put that salesman for the rosebush concern in there. He came in just ahead of me. I guess he's harmless. His name is Doyle."

Outside the hotel, and all the way uphill, Lauren felt oppressed. Why had he let that empty-headed woman come it over him so easily? She was made up in equal parts of song, success, self-adulation. Her patronizing contempt for Carpet Green seemed to overtake him, now that he had got away from her. The hotel was his own charge, and Cora's pointed comments on its management and lack of upkeep haunted him with their bitter truth.

Until Ellen Harrison took hold of him he had got into the way of shaving only every other day, of tying his necktie without looking in the glass, and being satisfied with the result. Ellen had changed all that, but there were things she couldn't change. He opened the front door to the Hilt house and then the door into the sitting room. Old Annie Hilt, in her wheel chair, was knitting, and Lauren saw that the artificial sun he had made her out of pasteboard and gilt paper was twirling under the canary cage. Just beyond, Ellen Harrison was sitting with a book under the tall piano lamp. There were ruffles at her throat and touches of spiritlike blue on her white dress. He felt heartened, but still a little as if he stepped on Cora's shadow with each step.

"You're late," Ellen said. He was reminded that she was younger than Cora Bassett by eight years; he himself was younger than Cora by a year or two. But what he saw in Ellen's eyes was fidelity; she was certainly a steadfast soul, and knew her own mind, whereas Cora had exactly as much fidelity as a man, and neither more nor less.

"I've been working at the office," he said. At once he plumped out with what was now uppermost in his mind. "Hazeltine and Weed have renewed their offer to me. A third more money, and I would be taken into the firm in a year or two."

Ellen's blue eyes clouded.

"I've been afraid of them," she said swiftly. "Lauren, don't do it. You'd have to live in the city, and you're not made for that. You may not realize it, but you need to be where you can slip out the back door with a gun. You've got to have open spaces."

"I don't do much with them, it seems."

"And then, what would become of your political aspirations? Here you amount to something, and there you'd be just a drop in the bucket."

"Somebody has to emerge, there as well as here."

"But it's more luck or connections. It has to be. Here people know a man for what he is."

"Or isn't," he added with a grim twist of his mouth. "We live in glass houses here—I'll agree to that. People know it if a heartbeat is skipped."

"Who cares, so long as your conscience is clear? Lauren, it's just March that's got into your bones. People do and say the most desperate things in March."

They had been talking too low for Annie Hilt to hear. The old lady, slipping a stocking egg calmly into one of Ellen's blue stockings, said, with her arm plunged into the stocking to the elbow and her fingers spread in the foot of it:

"I hear Cora Bassett's at the hotel."

"How could you possibly know that?" Lauren asked, amazed. "She hasn't been here over a couple of hours."

"Sam Hogan was in here a minute. I guess there'll be goings-on now, if she's anything like she was. I say I guess there'll be works."

Old Annie Hilt bit off thread and her mouth was a grim line. Works all that was inexpressible and devilish was crowded into that one word. It had been works ten years before at that hayrack party, in the harvest season, when a hawk's feather had fallen between Cora Bassett and Lauren, out of a sky flooded with moonlight and where no hawk was to be seen. It was a sign of war among the Indians, but Cora had not scrupled to put the feather in her hair; and, after all, she had gone off to be a singer.

"What's she like?" Ellen asked. "Does she talk the way she does to the reporters?"

"I didn't see her for long enough to say. I think she's pretty democratic."

People with plenty of money who would deign to speak with those who had less, or none, were considered democratic at Carpet Green.

With the introduction of Cora Bassett's name, Lauren was in a panic. He didn't want Ellen to know of that old affair of his with Cora, and yet, with Annie Hilt there, it was certain to come out. He muttered that Cora wanted to sing for the church, and Ellen said that could be easily arranged.

It was still early when he went downhill to the hotel again. It was like walking a ladder of swords, up or down. From the lobby, near Gus Merry's desk, he could just glimpse Cora sitting in the ladies' parlor, talking with the rosebush runner, Mr. Doyle. Doyle was a blue-jowled young man with a cleft chin, a gray suit and tan shoes.

Even while young Whitcomb stared, the lights went out all over the house, as they did frequently at Carpet Green, if a sparrow so much as lit on the wires. Those two, with their elbows on the cribbage board in the ladies' parlor, went on talking murmurously in the dark, and Lauren could place them by the waxing and waning of the cigarette tips. He couldn't think what the fellow could be saying to hold her interest so strongly. He went upstairs in the dark, and the lights didn't come on again until he was actually in his room. He found himself staring at that maxim on a card thrust into the edge of the oval mirror on his mahogany bureau:

The Lord hates a coward, but the devil is waiting for a reckless man.

Next day, in the middle of the forenoon, he stopped in at Annie Hilt's again. Ellen, Annie told him, was in the parlor with a man who wanted to sell her something or other. Lauren could hear the murmur of their voices through the thin wall, but he could not make out what they were saying. Finally they were in the hall, and then the man was on the front steps, and Lauren, through a side window full of geraniums, could see that it was Doyle, the representative of that rosebush nursery.

And then Doyle moved off and Ellen came dancing through the hall.

"I've been talking to a nice man," she confessed. "You've no idea what a strain it is not to buy things of people that come to the door, and this time I've succumbed. I've bought some rosebushes for May delivery."

"Good."

"I couldn't help myself. I suppose he just came it over me, but all at once I felt as if I were talking to a friend—an old friend—and it was just a question of how many I would take. He seems to have been everywhere and knows so many important people. And he told me about his wife and three daughters, and how one of them was ailing, and what they were doing to treat it, and another would be going to college next fall. But still it wasn't in the least like a hard-luck story."

"All the ladies seem to take to him," Lauren said, before he thought. "He and Cora Bassett were having a tête-à-tête last night."

"I know it. He's told me ever so much more about her than you have. He says she's here because her last piece failed and she had a fight with her manager, a Mr. Jasper Doyon. She's just temporarily in eclipse."

"Did he say whether she had lost her voice?"

"He said she hadn't—that it was gorgeous—perfectly gorgeous. Only this piece that curled up and died, as he put it, wasn't suited to her."

"She'll sing in church on Sunday and you can judge for yourself."

Finding that they were back on Cora Bassett, he found a reason to slip away again. But there was no escaping such a personage. She was in the tug's pilot house when he went up there for a confab with Captain Anderson; and whenever at night he went into the lobby of the Collins House, she was certain to be among the railbirds watching the card game and smoking cigarettes.

On Sunday she sang in church. Lauren had her on one side of him and Ellen on the other. Their contrasted presences filled him with dire intimations of disaster. They leaned and talked across him, and he felt a subtle mischief in these cross currents. He had pumped the organ here when Cora had sung in the choir; his first glimpse of Jasper Doyon had been here. He sat watching people coming in, with an uncomfortable sense of accumulated years. Carpet Green knew how to put its stamp on everything and everybody. The beauty of its spring fires lay ahead, but March was doleful beyond anything.

Cora was in beautiful voice and sang twice, besides joining in the anthem; but she yawned several times behind Vernal Spear's back when he was preaching. She seemed to say that she had heard these arguments before. Lauren—a practical head—was wondering if people were warm enough. He went down cellar twice during the sermon to put wood into the furnace; the sermon sounded more impressive coming down to him through the floor boards. Still the church was cold. Old Doctor McCart's nose looked blue, and Jane Lomasney, his utility nurse, was crowded down into her pew with a pinched, resigned look.

Jane was a good soul; she would do anything for anybody; but Lauren escaped her when he could. She gushed and rushed him; she was, he feared, too hopelessly self-sacrificing; her nose seemed to him willfully out of drawing.

The thing was over. Vernal Spear was in the entry, grasping people's hands; they filed past him with murmured compliments: His sermon was lovely, the new carpet was too grand for words.

Then the March sky was over them again. Cora took Lauren's arm, and Ellen surprisingly didn't. Jane Lomasney attached herself to them.

"It was just like bird song," she declared to Cora. "I kept saying to myself, while I was listening to you, that I used to sit right beside that girl when we were in school together. I suppose everything here must look too trivial to you now, where you have had audiences with kings. Is it true—what they say—that you eat nothing but pineapple juice and lamb? It did look natural to see you and Lauren singing together again. Don't you think he really has a magnificent voice, if he would only cultivate it? But he never will. He's all wrapped up in politics now. I suppose you've been told. But you must remember what happened the Sunday he was scheduled to sing that solo part that began 'Lion of Judah, hail.'"

"What did?" Ellen asked.

"You ask him sometime when you're alone with him," Miss Lomasney urged, with a wink at Cora, who laughed lazily and seemed willing to make a mystery of it if it would tease Ellen. It had stopped raining, but eaves still dripped, the trunks of trees looked black, and the streets and gutters ran water. A cock was crowing close against the sodden earth. The muddy street looked dismal and the sky hung like a smoked ceiling. Miss Lomasney had detached herself at the top of the hill, and now they were at Annie Hilt's gate.

"Won't you come in?" Ellen asked.

"Thank you; I guess not," Cora said. Her arm was still in Lauren's; her teeth

(Continued on Page 63)

THAT'S THE KIND OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT *I'd* LIKE TO GET

THERE ought to be more gifts you could sincerely say that about. There's such a lot more satisfaction in giving the sort of thing that you'd like to get yourself! Take flashlights, for instance. Who doesn't appreciate a good flashlight, whether he or she is six or sixty? And who isn't doubly happy to discover it's a genuine Eveready with all the well-known Eveready features?

There are types of these famous flashlights to suit everybody's idea of an ideal portable light. There are pocket flashlights of all ranges, finished in beautiful old ivory and gold, or in sparkling nickel, or in attractive black-and-nickel. There's the 5-cell searchlight model, the one with a beam that reaches out a quarter of a mile—the most powerful of all flashlights, and it certainly looks the part in its gleaming ribbon-design nickel case. What a light!

By all means see the luxurious ivory and gold models. And don't forget the Boy Scout Light in olive drab marked with the official insignia, a real boy's flashlight; and the Eveready Flashlight Lantern; and many others. You can get genuine Eveready Flashlights complete with batteries from $1.25 up to $10.

Write "Eveready Flashlight" after every name on your gift list and you can make Christmas the brightest day of the year indeed. Give genuine Evereadys and you'll give year-around safety and convenience in presents as attractive as they are useful.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

The handsome flashlight above, beautifully finished in old ivory and gold, is Eveready No. 2721, seven dollars. Among these luxurious lights are also a smaller model at five dollars and a particularly attractive three-cell lantern at ten dollars.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

If I drove a car

I'd like to have a trouble-proof trouble light . . . a light I could *always* depend on . . . one that goes right in the front line of any kind of trouble, no matter where it is. One that always blazes into action with a big, bright, unfailing beam. A safe, unfailing trouble hunter. An ever-reliable, sure-fire Eveready Flashlight. I hope I get one for Christmas.

If I liked the outdoors

I'd certainly want a flashlight as part of my outfit. I'd like to have the best, of course. An Eveready. A bright, dependable light that would blaze a white trail of safety through the blackest gloom. I'd take it with me when I went hunting or fishing and I'd use it when I cleaned my guns. Every sportsman ought to have an ever useful Eveready.

If we had children

I'd give each one of them a flashlight for Christmas. Then we would be prepared in our house for hobgoblins, bogies, and *all* such denizens of the dark. For as everybody knows, from experience, a shining lance of light is certain defense against the blackest bugaboo. Seriously, though, an Eveready Flashlight is a great consolation to a child at night.

If I liked to tinker around

I'd want an Eveready Flashlight to snap into service when the situation called for an extra eyeful of information. I'd keep that great little detective ready to solve the darkest mechanical mysteries. With your Eveready on the job, there's a bright, watchful beam of light always at your service, searching out the important clues.

If I were fussy

and wanted some of my gifts to show I'd been extra-particular, I'd certainly choose them from among the Ivory and Gold Eveready Flashlights. I'll wager you've *never* seen such luxurious flashlights. With every Eveready feature of convenience and dependability too. Handsome is and handsome does. The best-known flashlight in the world and the finest-looking!

A blue print rendering of the topographical features of the mining section where operates the world's largest coal conveying belt system, of which approximately two-thirds is equipped with Goodyear Conveyor Belts

Five Miles of Belting

A great coal mining company, one of the largest in the world, some ten years ago conceived the idea of transporting vast quantities of coal underground by conveyor belt over a distance of about five miles between underground loading station and tipple.

The engineering of this project, the equipment it called for, and its safe, efficient operation, have attracted the attention of the mining engineering world. In the successful belting of this mammoth conveying system, one of the valuable expert services rendered was that provided by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

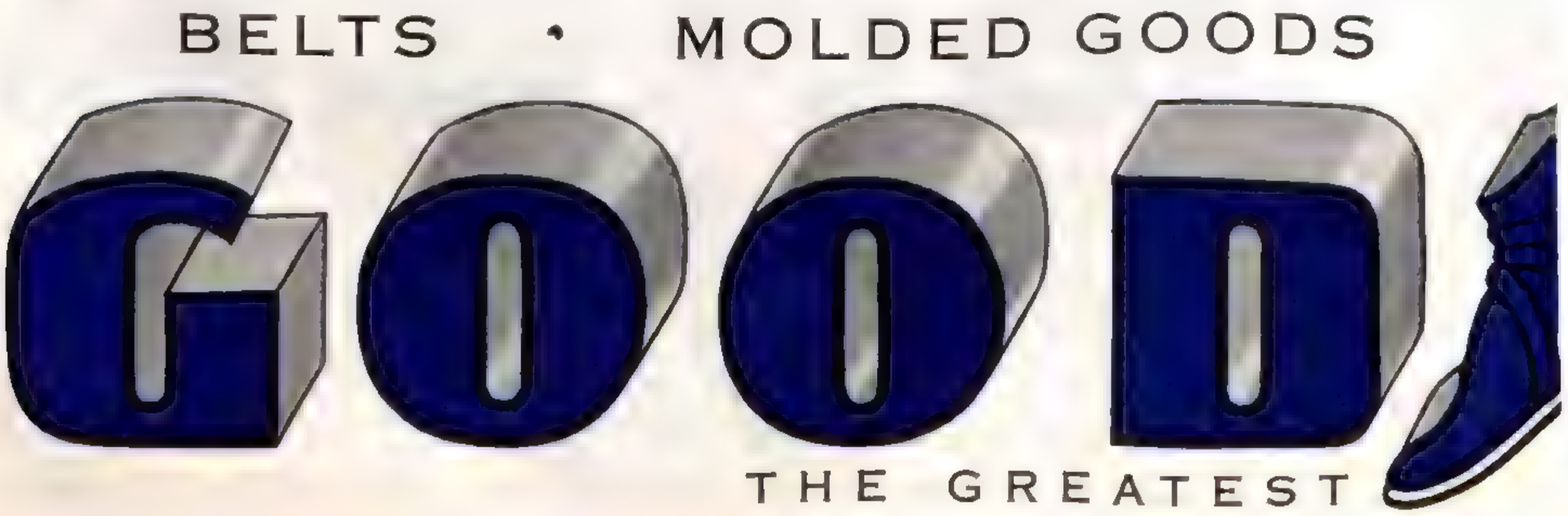
The problem arose from a demand for an increase of about 50,000 tons in the weekly output. This necessitated taking coal from workings farther back from the river barge loading point. To attempt the handling of 8,500 to 12,000 tons a day by mine wagon and locomotive haulage over the 12 miles that a railroad must cover in this hilly country was to court prohibitive costs.

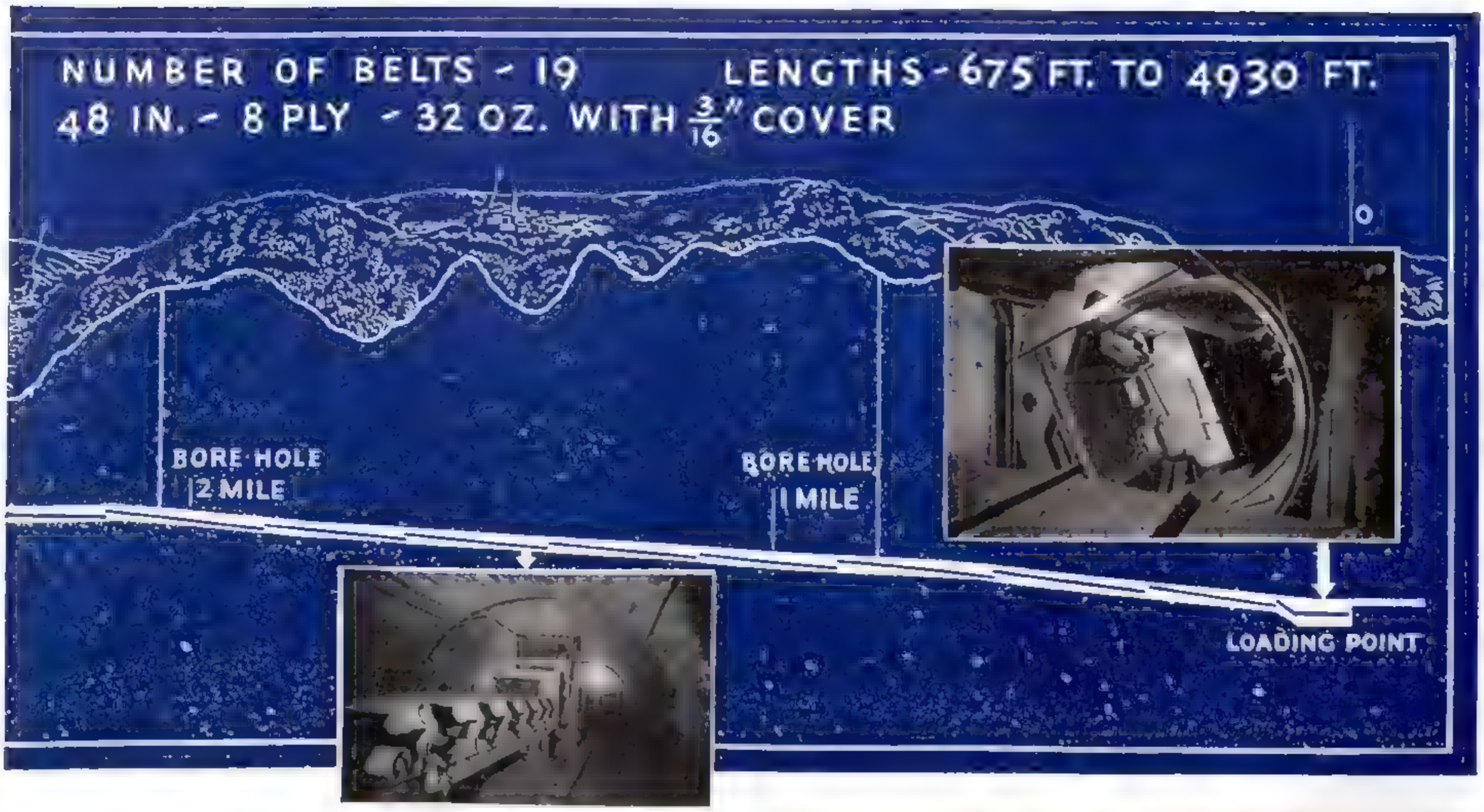
Three of the Company's mines at that time were delivering their output by mine locomotive and car 2½ to 3 miles, to shafts located an average distance of 500 feet from the river. Why not build an underground conveyor 5 miles long for the new job? The daring suggestion appealed to the coal company's engineers, and they responded with a scientific ingenuity that opened a new era in the coal industry.

When they came to belts, their plans called for 47,000 feet of belt, one 1,150-foot length of 60-inch feeder belt to operate at 350 feet per minute, and 18 lengths of 48-inch conveyor belt from 675 to 4,930 feet long to travel at 500 f. p. m. Every belt except one was required to carry upgrade; there were two turns in the upward course from loading level to tipple.

In close co-operation with the mining engineers, the G. T. M. fitted his expert knowledge of belting into the engineers' calculations and worked out with them the duty that nearly five miles of Goodyear Belts were to perform in carrying this veritable river of coal.

One problem Goodyear solved was perhaps as important as any in the entire project. Thirteen units each required five or more full rolls of belting, each weighing over four tons, the others averaging about three rolls each. Provision had to be made for vulcanizing splices in the mine, and Goodyear Engineers met the need by designing a portable electric vulcanizer and developing procedure for making the splices.





Photographic inserts show the tipple, loaded belt, transfer chute where the load changes from one belt to another, and cars being unloaded at the rotary dump

12,000,000 tons—and the G.T.M.

The G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belts that went into this conveying service on April 12, 1924, are there, in good condition, on duty today. They have a record to date of carrying more than 12,000,000 tons of coal, and of having outlasted every other kind of belting in the line.

The longest single belt in the world is a unit of this Goodyear installation. It is 4,930 feet of 48-inch, 8-ply, 32-oz., 3-16 inch rubber covered Goodyear Conveyor Belt. Almost a mile long, it exemplifies the accuracy and efficiency of the electric-vulcanizer splicing originated by Goodyear.

The long life and the trouble-free service of all this Goodyear belting—there has never been any need to cut and re-splice any of it for stretch or shrinkage—has resulted in a notable increase in Goodyear's proportion on this project. Other belts that did not stand up have been replaced with Goodyear.

The same mining company has duplicated this system at another mine. Here there are 12 units, making up six miles of belting, and nine of the 12 are Goodyear Belts—Goodyear because of the outstanding record of Goodyears on the original installation.

The service of the G.T. M. and the performance of the Goodyear Belts for this mining company differ only in magnitude from that service and performance in the principal belt-using industries everywhere. They furnish big-scale proof that the Goodyear Analysis Plan is the logical way to longer belt life and greater belt economy.

The G. T. M. knows how to specify belts scientifically for efficient, low-cost duty on a particular job; Goodyear knows how to build belts to scientific specification; and where there is a special problem involving, as the underground splicing did, the proper handling of rubber, you may confidently "look to Goodyear."

Your belting problem may be gigantic or small; it may be a single conveyor or drive, or an entire plant; it may be routine or a wholly new idea. The G. T. M. is ready to help you with it. You may rely on the quality of any Goodyear Mechanical Goods he recommends—Transmission and Conveying Belts, Hose, Molded Goods and Packing. For further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, or for records of Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods in your particular industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Calif.

HOSE • PACKING

GOODYEAR

NAME IN RUBBER

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NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

Turn night's gloom into festive joy

EACH passerby shares in the joyful spirit of this Christmas home. Light's radiant fingers reach out to clasp his hand and warm his heart.

Colorful MAZDA lamps of red and blue and green glow at the door. Within, their big brother National MAZDA lamps shine mellow as moonlight and bright as day. Friends come and go safely and comfortably in cars lighted and guided by MAZDA lamps.

These lamps turn night's gloom into festive joy and brightness on Christmas Eve and throughout the year. The world-wide research of General Electric Company has made this possible. Look for the MAZDA mark on each lamp that you buy—for every lighting purpose. It assures you of lamp efficiency, ruggedness, economy and value. Ask for National MAZDA lamps in the familiar blue convenience carton.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Co.*, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

(Continued from Page 58)

glistened in a radiant smile. He found himself going down the hill with her. Just before they came to Back Street she checked him and pointed up at the L roof's rear gutter. The hotel was backed into the hill, so that the farther back it got, the less stories, naturally, it had, until at Back Street it was no more than a ten-foot drop, if that, from the gutter to the ground.

"Great was the fall thereof," Cora tittered. "It was a drop, Lauren. Imagine me hanging to that gutter and just shutting my eyes and letting go. Jasper's courage almost failed him when it came his turn. He was a little brittle even then, you know. . . . And my poor father guarding the one way out, as he supposed. I do wish he could have lived long enough to hear me sing to a metropolitan audience."

Lauren, looking back uphill, saw that fellow Doyle turning in at Annie Hilt's gate. It wasn't possible that he was selling rosebushes on Sunday. It wasn't easy to see what he could possibly have to say to Ellen Harrison. He had been sitting in one of the rear pews in church, Lauren remembered, but there could hardly be anything sinister in that. Yet now he had gone boldly into Annie Hilt's house.

Lauren had a bizarre sense of spiritual dislocation. Carpet Green showed him the same face as ever; yet all at once it seemed to harbor perilous secrets in its bosom. All the windows looked alert. There was even something enigmatic in Gus Merry's smile, he thought a moment later, walking through the lobby of the Collins House. Could Mr. Merry see Mr. Whitcomb privately for a moment?

"What is it?" Lauren asked sharply, bracing himself for some disclosure.

"That shingle roof over the annex is leaking," Mr. Merry said. "I told them at the time, they couldn't repair that roof the way they undertook to, slipping in a shingle here and there, and face-nailing instead of blind-nailing. The wall paper in No. 3 is ruined."

"I'll look into it tomorrow."

This homely announcement of a leak was reassuring. A leak. But there was no likelihood of foundering. Cora had gone upstairs, after whispering that she would be down in ten minutes, but he didn't wait for her. The Sunday papers were in. He bought one and went back up the hill to Annie Hilt's. The old lady was near the Franklin stove, where a cheerful fire of cannel coal was burning.

"Where's Ellen?"

"Lying down. She's got a cold coming on."

"It didn't show in her voice at church."

"Maybe she knew how to sing above it."

Silence in the little room was broken only by the snapping of cannel coal and the flutter of the canary's wings. What had happened? Ellen had seen him coming and had vanished, and this stormy vanishment had touched everything to life; the fringes of the lamp trembled with it, the rug was in a heap near the door, her book, dashed face down, had several crumpled leaves.

Annie Hilt tapped her thimble on the chair arm.

"You look out, Mr. Man," she said. "The storm signals are set."

Lauren Whitcomb stopped at the bottom of the hill. He felt gloomy and resentful, excessively bottled up. Against the cinder-colored little depot, with its string of yellow box cars on a siding, he painted that red head of Cora Bassett's. Invisible forces were now at work voicelessly dictating the course he should pursue with her. And the red head was like a bomb smoldering in their midst.

He found himself staring up the open stairway leading to his office. The cluster of split and warped signs, with iron brackets, dripped on him. Out back, at the bottom of a little gully built out of winter's ashes, he could descry a small mountain of wet sawdust and smashed crates, and beyond these, a lightning-blasted willow. The ice was out of the river at last.

He went slowly up the dark flight of oily stairs bound with brass strips and scattered with crushed cigarette butts. To each rising board was tacked a yellow tin sign, with Lauren Whitcomb, Fire Insurance, printed on it in tall, narrow-shouldered letters. Since hardly any profession here could stand on its own legs, he still eked out his law with fire insurance. These signs were the hammer blows of advertising; he felt them splintering his skull, and he kept mounting the stairs. No doubt, if these stairs could be projected through the roof, to the clouds, to the stars, and if he could hold out to follow them, he would find that his name, even at that dizzy height, would be coupled with fire insurance and nothing more.

The upper hall was dark, but he put his hand on the door knob with the unthinking accuracy of long habituation. Cora Bassett immediately got up out of a solid oak chair—the client's chair—and Lauren, aghast, recalled old Parshley's saying that she was a woman who would coil round a man's neck like one of those "boy constructors." She wasn't thin-skinned. She didn't even refer to his recent unmannerly desertion of her.

"I've got to confide in somebody or burst!" she cried, her eyes positively blazing. "The little fiend! I ought to have had sense enough to recognize him in the beginning. I ought to know the earmarks by this time. It's just that I didn't dream. I thought I had given them all the slip."

"Who are you talking about?"

"That runner for the rosebush concern. Doyle he calls himself. He's no more a runner than you are. He's a reporter."

"Ah!"

"And I suppose by now he's wormed out literally everything. There he is now, watching from across the street!" she cried, looking through the window. She snatched the curtain down. "When you consider," she went on, facing Lauren with wide-open eyes, "that I went away from here to escape the everlasting gossip as much as anything, isn't it just too dying funny—my predicament, I mean? There's more gossip now than ever, only now it's paid—paid gossip. It was just what caused the breach in my relations with my husband. It's like a wedge. It's worse. People are on a salary—do you realize that?—with railroad expenses and hotel bills all paid, on purpose to find out what I'm up to. And if they can't find it they invent it. It's barbarous. What am I to do?"

"You might go back to making beds," Lauren advised, with a hopeless laugh.

"That would be the biggest scoop of all for Doyle, you idiot."

"For a day. People wouldn't go on reading about your making beds."

"Maybe not. Lauren, I suppose I'm like that man they sent to the woodshed after wood, and he looked in ten years later with an armful of it, and expected to find the fire still burning. I know I needn't tread on eggshells with an old friend. I feel like singing pretty small tonight, and I've had audiences with kings too. Lauren, standing here with you, I don't feel as if I had ever stepped foot out of this town, or as if I ever wanted to again."

"Thanks for the compliment."

"It's true. I take it all back—what I said about your being bottled up. You're just too gloriously free. I envy you. It's me that's bottled up. I'm just a specimen that got into Jasper Doyon's net. I'm nothing but a pair of legs and a throat. Literally. What do I get out of it for myself? Work—work from the time I open my eyes in the morning till I close them at night. And Jasper right in my shadow, goading me into it. Just jabbing cold steel into me, and I can't say no to him, and never could, from that very first time. You know. He just appeals deliberately to my reason, and that always did take me on my weak side. Lauren, you've got to know it. He just reasoned me into running away from you. I didn't really have the heart to do it. . . . What if it's just a dream. Maybe I haven't gone away at all. Maybe it's darkest just before the dawn, and I'm on the point of waking up. I wish to God I were."

She dropped her cigarette and stamped on it, turning half round on her heel to face him again.

"Will you do something for me?" she whispered

"What is it?"

"Will you?"

"Ask me."

"I like your caution. Once you'd have said yes with your eyes shut. Well, then, it's in all the papers that I'm here. They've tracked me, and they'll all be flocking down, Jasper with the rest. I want you to deal with him."

"I?"

"You. Who else? I should think you'd jump at the chance, considering the fate he meted out to you. It's really a job you ought to relish—isn't it?—because it allows you—don't you see?—to turn the tables on him. I want you to meet him when he comes, tell him you're my attorney and do what has to be done to sever relations. Here's your authority. . . . Will you? Will you do it?" She thrust a note into his hand. "I'll just go into seclusion. I leave you to do what's right about his contract."

"Is it likely he'll take his dismissal at my hands?" Whitcomb asked her. "He'll see you, and then follows the appeal to reason."

"He won't see me. I'll keep to my room. If worse comes to worst, you'll have to stop him forcibly from breaking in. Oh, he's capable of it."

"If it comes to a duel," Lauren said, "I suppose we can borrow the cavaliers' swords."

Cora's mouth was half open, she had some witticism already in her eyes, when the door opened and Ellen Harrison confronted them. Ellen's raincoat of dark red oiled silk glistened with rain.

"Excuse me," she murmured, stepping back a step. "I didn't know you were engaged."

"Excuse me!" Cora cried with her disconcerting breeziness. "I was just going, truly. Isn't the weather perfectly awful?"

"Atrocious," Ellen uttered.

"But I suppose we must expect just so much of it in March. We always did get it, didn't we, Lauren? And I guess we always will."

She was gone, and Ellen, alone with Lauren, drew a quivering breath.

"I won't detain you but a moment. I even debated at the foot of the stairs whether to come up or not, but then, I can't bear to have everything dangling the way it's been. I don't suppose you yourself still have any illusions about keeping anything dark at Carpet Green. The town's buzzing with it."

"Now wait."

"And you aren't to think it was anybody's fault in particular, its coming to my ears. I've had it from a dozen sources. What Mr. Doyle dropped out innocently enough was just—was just corroboration."

"Corroboration? Of what, Ellen?"

"Of—of why it is you've felt so bottled up lately."

"That."

"If only you hadn't tried to blow hot and cold. I will say you're not so very clever at it."

"What are you getting at, in heaven's name? When did I blow hot and cold? When did I?"

But he was being bowed slowly to his knees under the weight of giant handicaps. It was the March scandal swelling against him, and guilt was in his very bones. Doyle—what was it, then, that Doyle had innocently dropped out? Certainly he might have dropped out something. It had been Doyle who had passed behind their backs when he and Cora

"Look here," he stumbled; "if what you have reference to is something that concerns Cora Bassett and myself ——"

"Of all things, I can't argue it. I won't!" Ellen cried with strange force. Her throat

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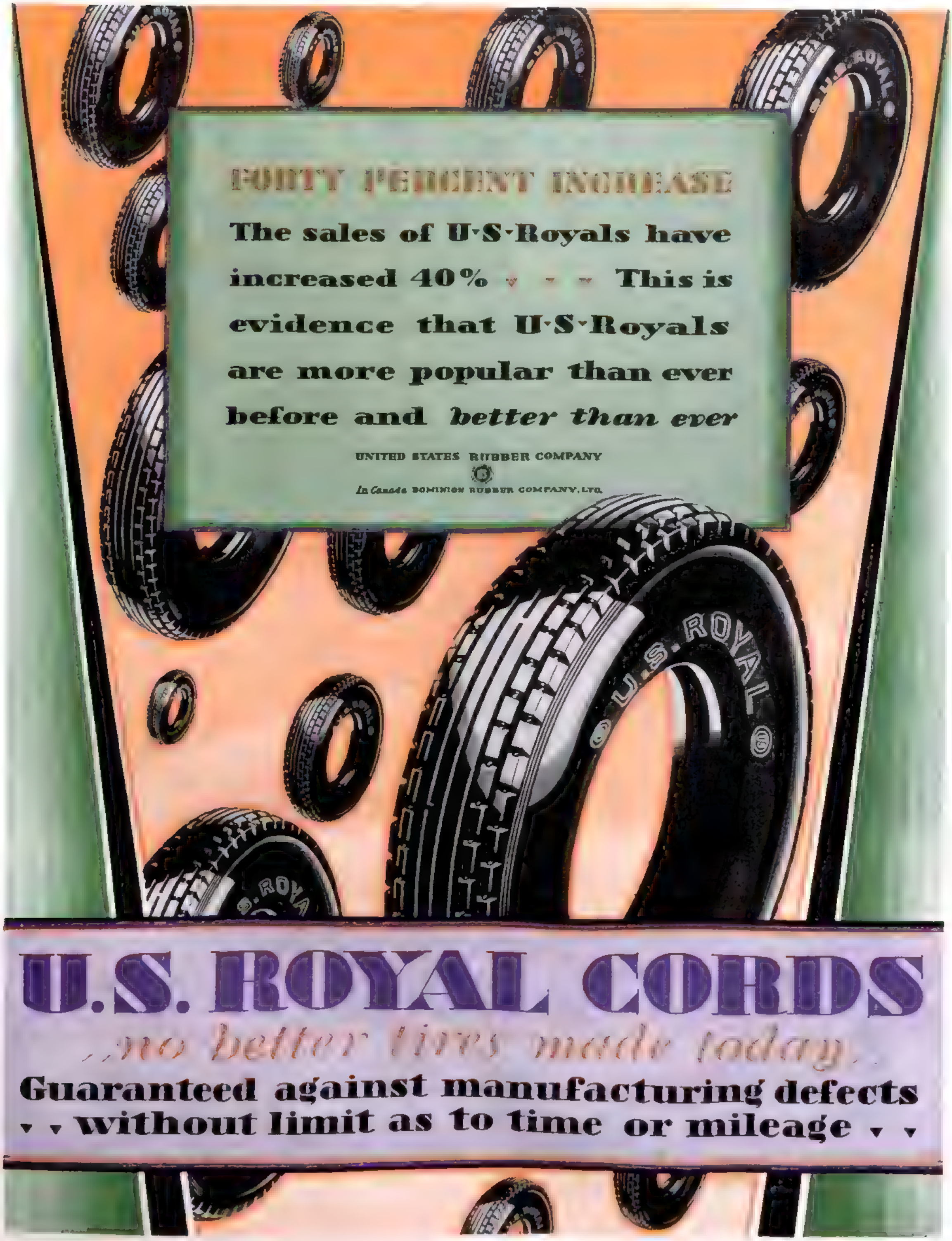
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was full; he was sharply afflicted by her inconsolable look. She was being rushed away from him for good and all on some fierce tide, and he tried to take her in his arms. She spun out of his grasp.

"Don't, please! Don't touch me!"

"Ellen, look at it reasonably."

"I won't argue it. You don't — you can't deny that you were with her in the dark: that you ——" Like Cora, she didn't mean to be reasoned out of her intuitive decisions. With the door half open, she cried over her shoulder, "One thing I was wrong about, and that was my advice to you to stay in Carpet Green. I see, now, that you need a larger field for your — your talents."

With that word "talents" Ellen managed to convey the darkest possible insinuation, and then instantly snatched open the door and shut it in his face. The jar dislodged several flakes of whitewash from the ceiling. One of them stuck on the back of Lauren's hand. He brushed at it in a daze. Then he reached for his hat. He had no notion of coming up with Ellen; his instinct was to escape simply from himself, for in that instant he had felt a darkening, the shrinking of the iron shroud. It was possible for facts to exhibit a lunatic perversity.

He was in the street, automatically stepping wide over rolls of mud, and at the foot of the hotel steps he collided with the man Doyle.

"Hello, old man," Doyle said briskly. "Looking for Cora? She just went dusting past me into the hotel."

"I'm not looking for her."

"You'd better be. Look here. Now the cat is more or less out of the bag, let me tell you for your own information that you have got to work faster than you have been. You can't just toy with the prospect."

"The prospect!" Lauren roared. He barely overcame an impulse to take the audacious runner by the throat.

"It's like this," Doyle said in the most neighborly of tones. "There's no Sunday bout, it's true, but the dope is, Jasper Doyon is coming over the road. He wired me to that effect, if you want to know it. So the jig's up, see, unless you can contrive ——"

"Contrive what?"

"Contrive to give him the slip," Doyle suggested. "Why not? She's been ready for a long while now to jump sideways out of the fills. She's crazy mad about you, too, now she sees you again. I call it a tribute to your powers—her building up an international reputation as a song bird and dancer, and then hopping right here to your doorsill again for just what crumbs you are willing to throw out. Isn't that the long and short of it? Look here: I needn't mince matters now. I'm a reporter, see, and a reporter's middle name is, or should be, Accuracy. Meet Mr. James Accuracy Doyle. I never tamper with facts. I stumble over 'em, I go out after 'em, I root 'em up, and maybe they come hard, but I don't tamper with 'em and I don't refine on 'em. I let 'em speak for themselves."

"They certainly aren't backward," Lauren muttered.

"Well, now, I had one end of this story cold. I knew all about Doyon. Man, he's risked his neck for that voice! Would you believe it? Can you imagine it? He fought a duel in France with a musical critic who said her tone quality was naive—you know that kind of critical hooey. Stuck him in two places, I understand. It was all grist to the Bassett mill. And so will this business of going into hiding be, and breaking with her manager, if she works it right. This musical comedy of theirs was a flop, yes, but it wasn't Cora's fault. Melba couldn't have made music out of it. She's got to stage a come-back, and she knows it, and the only way to do that is get into the news again. Believe me, she knows how to jimmy her way in with something a little out of the ordinary. Well, you catch her in the mood, like she is now—mad to get some kind of story for the press at any cost—and you'll take her off her feet. I've outlined to her myself what we're willing to play up. Now, the idea of the cycle, so to speak, was what appealed to me. Her coming back and picking up with you again—the unknown village lawyer—after having had half of Europe at her feet. That's constancy for you. And it'll mean movie contracts for you personally. You've got the face and figure for it; all you need is that first shove-up—and she can give it to you."

"And it won't exactly demolish the story, you mean," Lauren broke in, "if Doyon gets here and finds she has taken up again with the very man whom he, ten years ago ——"

"Haven't I been telling you my boss will tear the front page wide open for it?" Doyle cried, with an animated glitter of those eyes that knew how to extract the last bitter drop of public interest from private facts. "You might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb. You know the talk that's been created. The way it stands, it's the same as if the whole town had paid admission to see you with your arm round Cora Bassett."

"It was you that saw that, you prying devil!" Lauren grated. "Nobody in the world but you."

"Say it was. Accuracy isn't sacrificed, is it? A man can't always get the facts without playing the part of the mouse in the wall. Not everybody that is destined to figure in the news is considerate enough to live in a glass house."

"They come to in time," Lauren muttered. "Haven't you a shred of decency? I'm not speaking for myself. The women involved. Privacy is evidently nothing to a man like you."

"Privacy? I thought that was an attribute of graveyards!" Doyle cried impatiently. "Plenty of men would sell their souls to be in your shoes now, with a chance to hitch your wagon to a star of this magnitude. . . . Holy Indian, here's Doyon now!"

A burly car was wheeling up against the wooden sidewalk not a dozen feet away. Jasper Doyon could be seen through the glass. His broad face was pale as wax against the blue-black mustache. Lauren didn't wait for him. Instead, he walked into the lobby of the Collins House. Gus Merry, he knew, was looking at him furtively, but neither spoke.

Halfway up the first flight of stairs, Lauren heard the outside door open and shut, and Doyon came in.

Gus Merry extended an inked pen and asked how the wheeling had been the last few miles.

"Rotten," Doyon wheezed.

That was all. He didn't ask if Cora Bassett was here. He knew that. And he knew what he had to do—appeal to Cora's reason, which had more than a speaking acquaintance with her greed.

"Lauren."

This was Cora's shaky whisper. She was on the landing next above him, hatted, and with that blue-and-gold coat of hers slipped over her shoulders, with the sleeves dangling empty.

"Lauren, he's come."

"He has."

"Have you talked with him?"

"I haven't."

"Why not? You promised me ——"

He was close enough now to whisper in return: "Maybe I've thought of a better way."

They were standing by the window giving on the L roof — the very window—and he opened it.

"Isn't this how a bottled-up man gets out of a bottle?" he muttered.

"Aren't you funny?" Cora breathed.

"Are you coming?"

"Lightning doesn't strike twice, I've heard," she faltered.

"All the same, history repeats itself. Isn't the thought intriguing? Over the roof—with Doyon waiting downstairs instead of me."

"Lauren, no. You're dreaming."

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(Continued from Page 65)

"Maybe so. Think what the world owes to dreamers. And, Cora, don't overlook the news value of this sort of thing. Doyle will turn a double somersault. It will make you all over again, won't it?"

Now he found the right leverage—the news. Cora was thirsting to see herself in print again. Doyle had said as much. For the second time Lauren had got his arm round Cora. She wanted a story. He meant to show her now, since the painfully woven fabric of his own life had raveled into nothing at her touch, that as a manufacturer of news items he was second to nobody. He could, if necessary, take Jasper Doyon's place as a fighter of news duels—he, the plumed and bonneted cavalier of Cora's early dreams.

He had picked her up bodily, swept her off her feet. He slid those invaluable legs of hers across the sill and followed himself. His feet grated on gravel.

"Where's your car?" he whispered.

"In the old stable. . . . I believe to my soul you think you can achieve it!" she cried.

"Think of the alternative," he urged on her. And for that second he felt that he was already another man; that he had been born again, but into some darker destiny. Apart from Carpet Green, and bereft of Ellen, he felt stripped to his bones and full of a vindictive perversity. He and Cora were standing out of the wind against one of those tottering chimneys. The Collins House quaked under them. The thing was like a landslip. He felt an eerie compulsion in his acts; a kind of reproachful strangeness in that dark huddle of wet roofs.

"Well, what do you say?" he whispered.

"Lead on, Macduff."

Her lips were parted; he saw the shine of her eyes, a gleam of teeth. Otherwise, now that his arm had dropped away, she was quite disembodied, the mere spirit of answering mischief. She never would take a dare, and he had reckoned on that

"This way."

He took a step toward Back Street, and right away put his foot on a chair rung which must have dropped out of one of the devoted rocking-chairs. He staggered and flung up an arm. Instantly, in one bright burning flash, Carpet Green vanished. . . .

He had been awake before without sensing his predicament; just as in college, playing football, he had been first charging the line, in broad day, and next, lying on a long table, with the light of a cold moon coming through oblong windows. But now he was broad awake, lying in his own bed in the Collins House, swathed in bandages. Morning sun touched the plumes of the bonneted cavaliers and gilded the fibers of the fire-escape rope. Outside, the sky was the softest of soft blues. Doctor McCart was looking down at him.

"Well, here you are," McCart said with his quizzical glance. "You're all right, but don't try to move. If you don't know what happened to you I can enlighten you. You got hold of a stretch of that underwriters' wire on the L. What the devil were you doing out there?"

"Looking for the eclipse," Lauren whispered.

"I guess you weren't disappointed. If it hadn't been that Cora Bassett happened to be going by right in the nick of time, and heard you falling, there would have been one less member of the governor's council. She got Doyle to pry you off the wire with a piece of wooden waterspout."

"Cora Bassett, you say? Where is she?"

"Left this morning with Doyon in his car. Doyle tells me he brought her up a nice fat contract and they buried the hatchet. Doyle's following them in her car. Well, this is about enough for now, my boy. You've got a pretty bad burn, but you'll come all right with a graft or two. I've got a good nurse for you, and that means a lot."

"Who?"

"Jane Lomasney."

Ah, so that was what he had got for going through a window with a magic outlook.

Well, it was more than he deserved. He shut his eyes. But then, hearing a soft stir above him, he opened them again. Ellen Harrison was standing at his side.

"Good morning, Lauren," Ellen said softly.

"April fool," McCart chuckled from the doorway.

April fool. April. Of course. There was no sun like this in March. There was no such blue in March—the very blue of Ellen's eyes. It was April, and Lauren Whitcomb saw that he had, in fact, with Carpet Green's assistance, got up March Hill again, along with other stragglers.

PERENNIAL

(Continued from Page 15)

Chet looked along the knoll toward the old cellar rimmed with purple bloom. "The house burned the year after Mrs. Rucker died," he explained. "No, they never built again. But I dunno as she'd mind. Likely the sight of those flowers make it up to her, take it a year when they blossom this way."

And my glance followed his, and it was easy to imagine that among the flowers a smiling shadow did appear, the delicate wraith of a gray old woman, grave and wise and strong. . . . Then Chet suggested that the trout might have begun to feed and we descended to the stream again.

So it had always been my pleasure, when I came this way, to conjure up a habitant for this long-deserted farm; and when the woman by the stream told me she was Nellie Rucker, my pulse leaped, and then slowed again as I understood. For Joel and Nellie Rucker had a daughter named Nell.

"I meant your mother," I told her now, and her eyes became grave as she studied me, and then she smiled again.

"But you could not remember her," she objected.

"Chet has told me about her," I explained—"Chet McAusland. I feel as though I knew her. I come here to see those flowers she brought from Colorado, and to watch for them to bloom. Sometimes I've imagined that she, too, must come. That was my first fancy when I saw you on the knoll there."

"Chet?" she repeated. "I haven't seen Chet, it seems to me, since I was a child." The girl with the sullen eyes had drawn nearer, reluctantly curious; and the other—she was, of course, Mrs. Linn—looked toward the younger woman now. "This is my daughter," she explained, and the girl and I exchanged a word. "Does Chet still live here?" Mrs. Linn asked then.

I looked up the river where the sunlight lay across the ripe and the dancing eddies. "He must be just around the bend," I said. "He's fishing down behind me." And I told her we had meant to eat our luncheon at the spring. We had some talk together while we waited for him. I remarked that Mrs. Linn addressed the girl as Eleanor; and I watched the younger woman curiously, trying to see behind the shadow in her eyes. She had, vaguely, the aspect of a child detected in offense and awaiting judgment. She and her mother had driven up from Boston, Mrs. Linn explained, for the sake of visiting again this ancient and neglected farm. They had left the car by the highroad, walked down across the fields. I must have looked curiously at the dress she wore, for she smiled and explained:

"I'm old-fashioned about my clothes. Eleanor often seeks to change me. And—it was too warm for a coat, and I like the sun on my face, you see."

She meant, she said, to build a small house beside the main road, in which she might sometimes come to stay.

"For I shall come again," she declared. "I've been away too long. Was it Antæus whose strength was replenished when he touched the earth? And you can't come close to Earth when she is armored under concrete pavings. I'd forgotten Antæus—and so many things. I'd even forgotten, till the other day, mother's flowers by the old cellar hole."

To my inquiry, she explained that they were asters. "I don't know what kind," she confessed. "We always just called them mother's flowers." And she added wistfully: "I'm disappointed they're not blooming this year."

Then Chet appeared, making his way along the wooded shore at the water's edge.

She turned to greet him, and Eleanor and I were thereafter excluded from their communion. I was content to be thus ignored, to be left free to watch them together and to watch the girl. There was clearly some enigma in her bearing and I sought to read the riddle in her eyes.

She resented, it appeared, the warm and instant accord between her mother and Chet and our own consequent exclusion from their conversation. Chet had not immediately recognized Mrs. Linn; and when she went to greet him, with outstretched hands, he stood baffled for a moment.

She cried reproachfully: "Chet, Chet, you don't remember me!" And she smiled at his bewilderment. "I'm Nell Rucker, Chet," she told him. "Nell Rucker—the girl who married Dean Linn."

And Chet at that exclaimed: "Sho! Sho, now! I'd ought to have known. You're enough like your mother."

She looked over her shoulder at me laughingly. "He thought I was my mother!" she told Chet. "I think I fairly frightened the man."

He chuckled understandingly. "I've told him about her, and the farm and all," he confessed; and he added: "He's been wanting to know the name of those purple flowers. Likely you can tell him. I can't call it to mind."

"Some kind of aster," she repeated, and she added regretfully: "I'm sorry they're not blooming this year. Do they still bloom sometimes?"

Chet nodded and they turned together up the bank toward the top of the knoll. Eleanor and I, perforce, followed them. "They bloomed for two-three years, five or six years ago," he explained as we ascended. "They were fine in 1922, I think it was."

Mrs. Linn looked meaningly over her shoulder at her daughter, but she only said, "I remember they bloomed the year I was married."

"A wet season hurts them, I guess," Chet hazarded. "Oh, there's usually a few blossoms, if you catch them at the right time. But if it's wet and a cold summer they don't do so good."

"They weren't blooming the last time I was here," the woman remembered. We were come by this time to the foot of the old pine, and we paused there and looked along the knoll. The plants were green enough, I thought; they seemed in good condition. But they wore no purple vestments now. Mrs. Linn paused, and after a moment she turned and sat down at the foot of the tree.

"Visit for a while, Chet," she urged. "Do you remember the last time I was here?"

"I didn't get to see you," Chet confessed. "You was just here a day or two. I come down here fishing right after you'd gone, and Mrs. Rucker told me you'd been."

Mrs. Linn smiled faintly. "That was when I left Dean," she said, half to herself. "I left him and came home to mother."

Continued on Page 70

Famous PARKER GAMES

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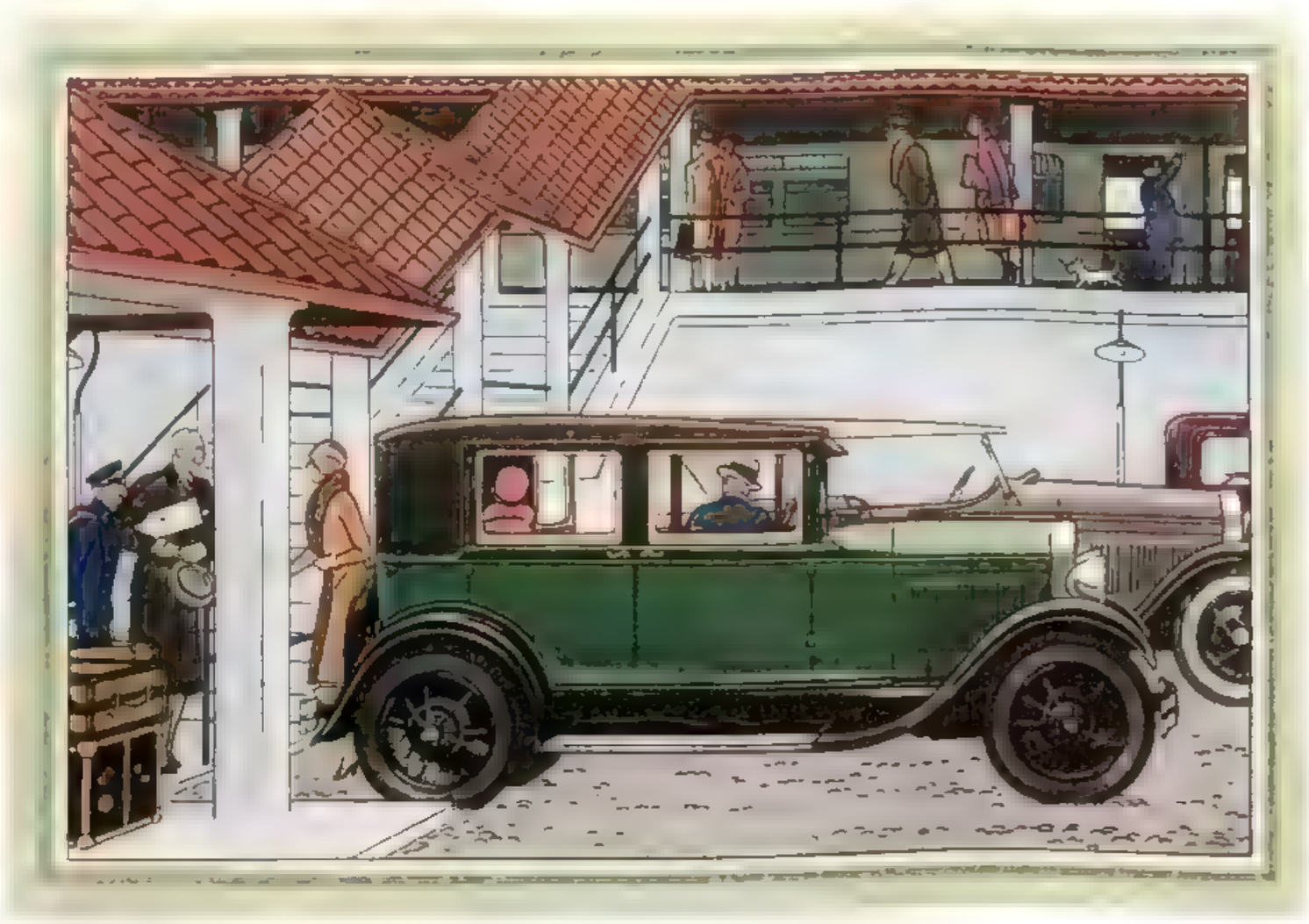

Long, low and fleet are the lines and strikingly beautiful the colors of this new Fordor Sedan. Distinguished too by the generous seat space provided in both front and rear compartments. Five people can ride in comfort in this car.

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You see evidence of a carefully planned simplicity of design the instant you lift the hood. Its influence on reliability and performance becomes increasingly apparent as you study each detail of the many mechanical improvements embodied in the construction of the car.

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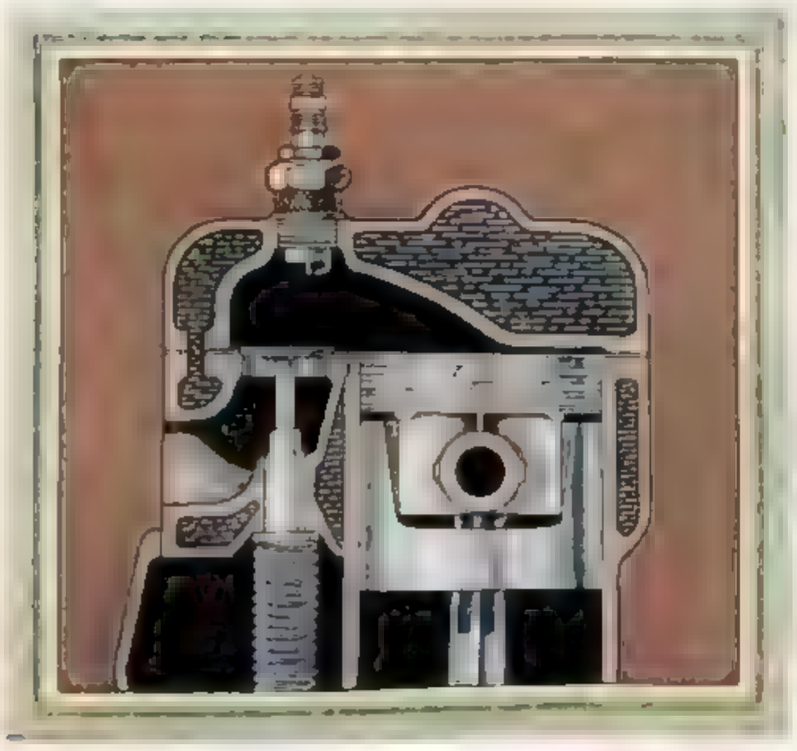

The combustion chamber of the new Ford is designed to allow free passage of gases through the valves, and to produce a turbulence which thoroughly mixes the fuel during compression. Following the spark, the flame spreads at once through the whole fuel charge, resulting in efficient and quiet engine performance

For many years this has been recognized as the ideal combination. It is now brought to you on the new Ford because a simple, easy way has been found to accommodate two sets of full internal brakes in a two-in-one brake drum on the rear wheels.

Another exclusive Ford development is shown in the construction of the housing of the steering gear mechanism. This is made of three steel forgings, electrically welded together.

The housing is then electrically welded to the steering column, making a one-piece steel unit.

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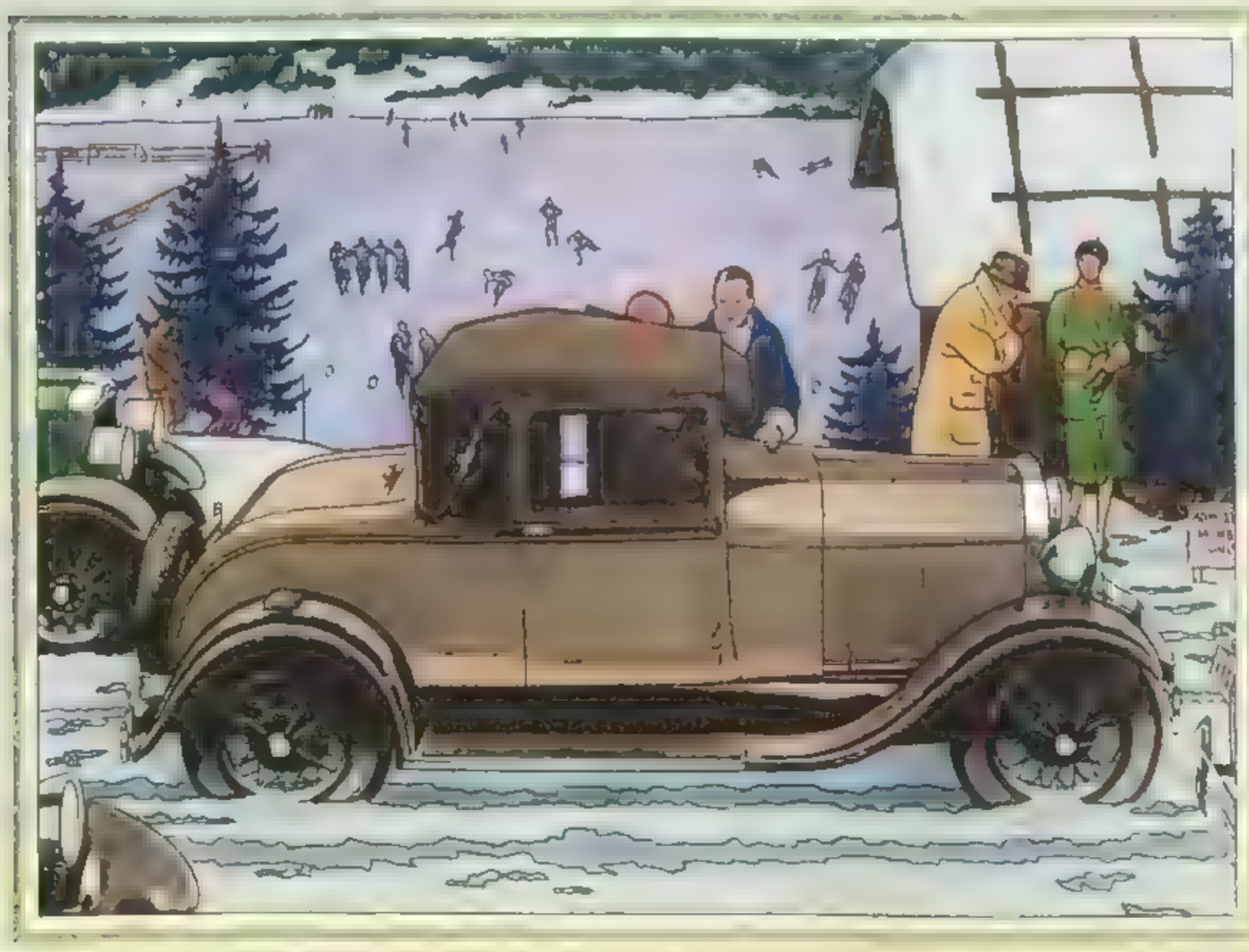
The ignition system of the new Ford also reflects much that is new in mechanical design. A unique feature is the elimination of high-tension cables from the distributor to the spark-plugs, these connections being made by means of thin bronze springs. There is, in fact, but one high-tension cable and this

This new Ford Sport Coupe is a splendid car for a woman to drive because it is so easy to control. The Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield is an important safety feature



connects the coil on the dash with the distributor.

The distributor head is water-proof and has been specially designed to prevent short circuits from rain, snow, etc. The breaker-plate is formed of a steel forging, cadmium-plated to prevent rusting. When the spark is advanced or retarded, only the plate moves

The Ford engine is unusually simple in design and represents a new development in automobile engineering because it develops 40-brake-horse-power at only 2200 r. p. m. (revolutions per minute). This means you can do 55 to 65 miles an hour in the new Ford, yet you do not have a high speed engine. The low revolution speed contributes to greater efficiency and longer life because it follows that the lower the speed of your engine, the less the wear on its parts

The valves of the new Ford are made of special carbon chrome nickel alloy. This metal not only withstands long wear because of its hardness, but is also particularly resistant to the oxidizing or scaling effect of hot gases.

The Ford valve stems are designed with mushroom ends, thus giving the valve end a larger wearing surface where it comes in contact with the push rod and resulting in quieter action.

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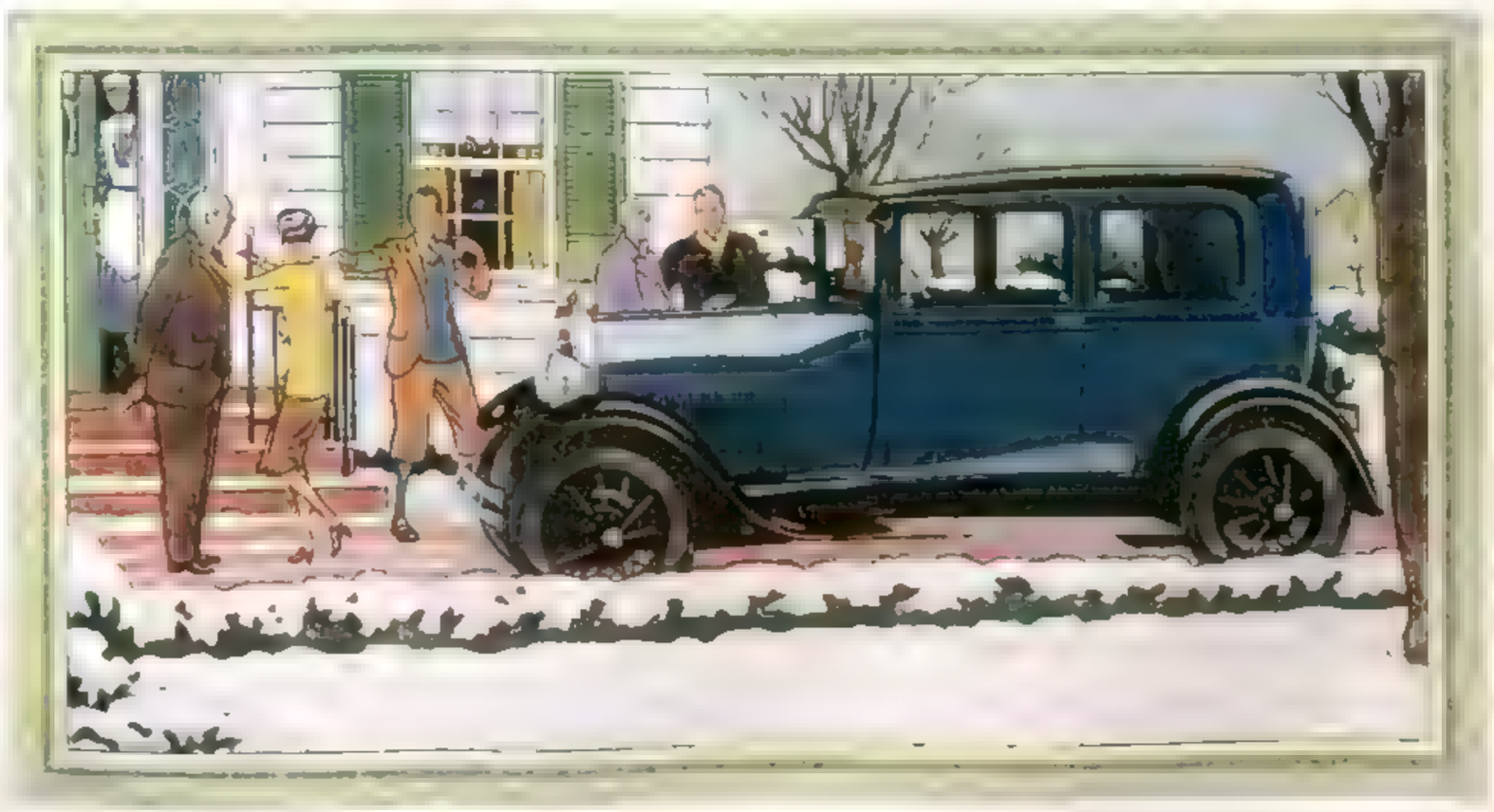

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20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Reliability and low up-keep cost

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 67)

I saw the girl's head lift with a quick motion, somehow full of resentment, and her eyes were angry. But Mrs. Linn did not turn her head.

Then Chet said in astonishment, "Sho! Did you now? I never heard that."

Mrs. Linn smiled. "Mother wouldn't tell you," she agreed.

"She said you were fine—everything was fine with you," he protested, and she smiled again.

"Everything was fine by that time," she assented. Chet watched her, and Eleanor watched her. But I watched Eleanor. The girl was behind her mother, leaning against the other flank of the tree. I sat cross-legged a few feet away, keeping very still lest they remember my alien presence here. And Mrs. Linn continued, nodding to herself as though she recognized each new memory as the troop of them came flooding back to her.

"You knew Dean," she reminded Chet. "And you knew me. I know how everyone's tongue wagged when we were married. It's the best-loved story in the world, isn't it? I was poor and Dean was rich. Cinderella and the prince. King Cophetua and the beggar maid. Only we weren't quite beggars, of course, except by comparison. But Dean was a prince or a king to me in those days—or something even finer—even the first day I saw him in East Harbor, before ever he spoke to me. And the eighth day after, we were married, in the parlor of the old house there, and Dean took me away."

"I mind it well," Chet assured her, when she sat a moment silent with her memories.

She looked toward him and she asked, "You knew he died?"

"I see it in the paper," Chet agreed gravely. "Yes, I knew."

"But we had thirty-four years together," she said, half to herself. And she hesitated again; and Eleanor watched her, it seemed to me, with less of resentment and more of interest now.

"I think Cinderella must have had a difficult time of it for a while," Mrs. Linn remarked at last in a whimsical tone, "unless she was very wise. Or perhaps the prince lived in an extremely simple palace." She smiled at Chet. "Dean and I lived simply at first. We had a little apartment, and I cooked and swept and tended. He was working so hard that we had few close friends, and each of us was content to see no one but the other. And Dean used to laugh at me, tenderly, because of the way I talked and the twist my tongue would take; and he made me take lessons like a child at his knee, learning to say 'boat' and 'road' instead of 'bwut' and 'rud.'"

She accentuated the local shortening of the long *o* so ludicrously that Chet and I laughed aloud with her, but the girl only smiled grudgingly. And Mrs. Linn, chuckling at our mirth, nodded gayly.

"Oh, we made it a great joke between us," she agreed. "But I wished to be what Dean wanted me to be, and I tried sometimes almost desperately. So it was not always a joke to me when Dean was away and I was alone to think of my shortcomings."

Her eyes, I thought, were misted, but she nodded and smiled again. "Yes," she repeated, "I think Cinderella must have had an unhappy time of it for a while, trying to be a real princess instead of a fairy-made one. And particularly after the prince began to give parties and hold court for her."

She paused, and—"Likely," Chet agreed, his voice full of understanding.

"Dean was ever so busy," she repeated then. "He was working hard and doing well and going ahead so fast. Sometimes I didn't see him for weeks, when he had to be away; and I had few friends, so it was lonely. But there was the apartment to keep in order and my clothes to make and so many tasks. Dean's father used to urge me to stay with them while Dean was away; but their house was a big one, and there were servants everywhere, and I was afraid, so I stayed alone. We had no children at first—not for many years—so I was quite alone whenever Dean was away.

"But by and by we moved into a house—a small house, but still a house, with upstairs and downstairs and a furnace in the cellar and everything." Her smile was full of tears. "And then two years later we bought a house of our own, bigger than the first one. Dean had hired a maid for me in the first house; and in this one we needed two servants, and I was afraid of them—afraid they would smile behind my back. So Dean managed them when he was at home.

"And of course he was still educating me. I think I was dull and slow to learn, and sometimes when I was tired I used to resent his instruction. I told him he had known when he married me what manner of woman I must be; I told him he ought to be satisfied and not try to change me. Else why had he married me? But Dean used to laugh at me for my protests, and he would hold my chin in his hand and wag my head to and fro and lecture me till I could only laugh with him and love him.

"Except when I was very tired. And once or twice I was ill, and then I was particularly resentful because he wished to change me. There were so many things I had to learn. Why, Chet, you have no idea how many details are involved in so simple a matter as setting the table and bringing in the dinner." She laughed in sudden swift amusement at the recollection of her own perplexities, and I heard Eleanor chuckle. The girl had forgotten her own grievance, whatever it might be, in her mother's narrative.

Then Mrs. Linn abruptly sobered. "So at last I gave up and came home to mother," she reminded us; and when we smiled, she shook her head. "Oh, it was ever so tragic at the time," she insisted. "I remember every littlest thing. We had a number of guests for dinner. I was—not very well."

She stirred as though to look toward Eleanor, then relaxed again.

"Dean liked to carve at the table, and we had a turkey. It was a tremendous turkey, but Dean always served so generously. And this time when he came to serve his own plate there was nothing left on the carcass for him. He said no word at the time; but from my end of the table I saw his eyes when he looked at me, and I knew he was angry, and afterward he reproached me."

She laughed softly. "He accused me of inheriting New England thrift, as though thrift were a vice," she told us. "He said I was trying to put our guests on rations and he said a great many other things. I wept, and that made him more angry, and in the morning after he had gone to his office I left the house and took the train to Portland, and the next day I came home."

Eleanor, at the word, stiffened once more, and I saw her eyes harden and her lips pale. There was a little silence, and abruptly the girl got to her feet. She spoke, almost for the first time.

"I'll walk up to the car, mother," she said rebelliously.

But Mrs. Linn returned gently: "Wait, dear. I'm almost through. They want to get back to their fishing."

And Eleanor hesitated, and in the end she moved away toward the old cellar, but in the still noon air Mrs. Linn's tones were audible even at that distance; so, after a moment, the girl came back to sit down again.

"It was fun," the older woman confessed, "to tell mother all my grievances. Oh, I poured them out on her! You remember, Chet, she was helpless even then—could only sit in her chair. She died the summer after. Dean and I were in Europe when she died, so I could not come back. I remember father wrote that mother's flowers bloomed that year, and they covered her with the blossoms. They had not bloomed the year before, when I came home.

"I came home and told mother all about it, and she sat in her little rocking-chair and listened without a word. I remember how blue her eyes were, and how white her hair. And I watched her while I talked, and I began to forget what it was I was saying, in just watching her. And then I finished as much as I could remember, and she said nothing at all, and so I began all over again, telling the same things, and finished again; and still she didn't say anything. And I talked to her till I could talk no more—before she said anything to me at all."

She paused, and for a long moment no one spoke. Then Chet abruptly smiled. "I've got an idea what she did say," he remarked then.

Mrs. Linn nodded. "It was so completely simple, in her eyes," she agreed. "I remember she asked me: 'But, Nell, when you married Dean, did he tell you he lived on a farm?' And I was just bewildered by that. 'You knew his pa was rich, didn't you?' she insisted. So I had no need to answer, no need to speak while she went on.

"I think sometimes I remember every word she said," Mrs. Linn continued. "Marrying is a job. Before you hire out to do a job of work you ought to find out what the job is, and whether the pay is enough and whether you can do the job and whether you want to do it. That's before you hire out. After you've hired out, there's nothing left but to do the job. Those were almost mother's very words, I think, when she talked to me."

"Sounds like her," Chet approved.

"I'd hired out to be Dean's wife," Mrs. Linn explained. "That was mother's version. I had known beforehand who and what he was, and I took the job. After that there could be no such thing as quitting or giving up; there was nothing left except to try and try, and keep on trying. And if the job was harder than I had expected I must work the harder at it."

She smiled suddenly.

"I remember I told her that was an old-fashioned idea," she confessed. "And mother was angry with me for the word. She said if it wasn't a good fashion it wouldn't have lasted long enough to grow old. And she said if it was a good fashion I'd better follow it. She said doing your job might be out of fashion now, but it would come back in again.

"I told you the flowers weren't blooming that year. We were sitting on the porch right beside them, and she pointed to them and spoke of them and of the fact that they weren't blooming. 'But they will by and by,' she said. 'This year or some other. They're right old-fashioned too. But when they get a chance to bloom, there's nothing any prettier.'"

And Mrs. Linn looked along the knoll toward the cellar wistfully. "So she sent me home again to my job," she concluded; and she added gently: "Did I tell you that the flowers bloomed again the next year?" And so turned at last toward her daughter. "That was the year you were born, Eleanor," she said, and gravely smiled. I saw the color flood in the girl's cheek, and her eyes fall.

Then there was a silence, and this silence was like a signal to us to be gone; but Chet did not stir, and I was reluctant to depart. For there lay here a riddle still unread.

Chet said at last, with a nod: "I guess likely your ma would have left your pa and gone home the same way if she hadn't had the job of running the farm while he was off to war."

Mrs. Linn smiled quickly. "Like mother, like daughter," she agreed. And then, since Chet made no move to rise and I sat quiet, she got easily to her feet. "But you want to catch some fish," she cried. "We've kept you too long. Chet, it was fine to see you once more. You haven't changed in twenty years."

They stood together for a moment, exchanging laughing words, and I turned aside toward Eleanor, extending my hand.

I said, "Good-by, Miss Linn."

Chet and the older woman had swung to join us and Mrs. Linn stood now by her daughter's shoulder.

I saw Eleanor's head half turn at my word, as though she would have spoken to her mother, and for a moment the silence was electric. Then the girl returned my handclasp and she smiled as she spoke to me, correcting my mistake.

"I am—Mrs. Prince," she said; and she added softly, "Good-by."

When I turned a moment later to her mother, there were tears in the older woman's eyes. But a triumphant happiness dwelt in all her countenance.

Chet and I fished that afternoon, but I was not attentive to the stream, and my catch was small. Yet this did not distress me, for the riddle that had puzzled me was solved by Eleanor's last word. The name Prince, like a precipitate in a chemical solution, had set my recollections all in order. Six or seven years ago the newspapers had elevated that name into heavy type for a while, when Eleanor Linn, only daughter of Dean Linn, eloped with her father's chauffeur. His name was Prince—Richard Prince—and his salary was thirty-five dollars a week, while Eleanor Linn would inherit many millions.

Thereafter their least actions were news; their names reappeared in the dailies time on time. I remembered that they had begun housekeeping in a small apartment, and that, despite Eleanor's potential wealth, they lived on her husband's earnings. He had found work, if my memory served, selling automobiles.

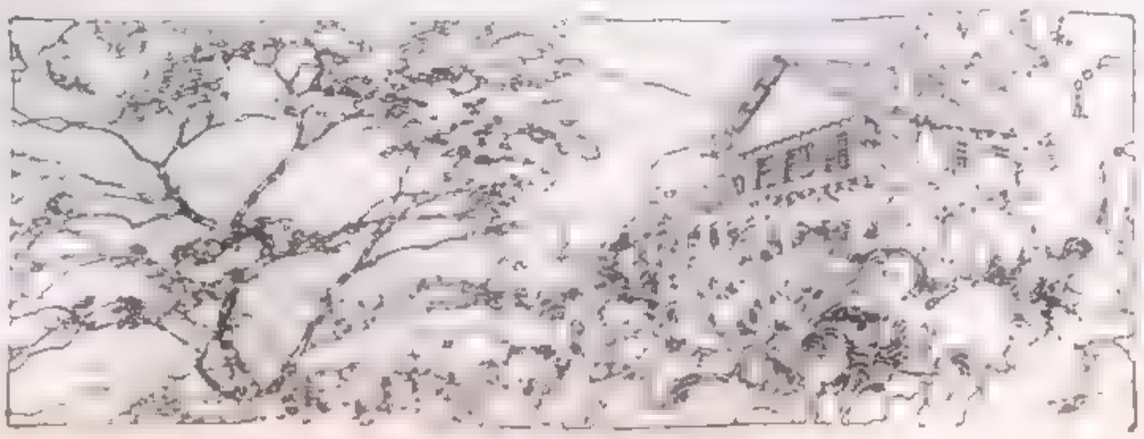
And if Cinderella could be at times unhappy, I thought this day that she who stooped to conquer might have even more weary hours.

Chet and I fished and came back to the farm, and a day or two later I returned to Boston. The summer waned and I went to Fraternity again in October, to gun the woodcock covers, and once more came home.

Sometime in January a paragraph in the papers announced that a son was born to Richard and Eleanor Prince. "Prince," said the reporter, "is an automobile salesman employed by the R. U. Wilkins Company. Mrs. Prince was Eleanor Linn, daughter of Dean Linn, the millionaire, who before his death was one of the foremost railroad executives in New England. Their elopement and marriage six years ago, when Prince was Mr. Linn's chauffeur, attracted wide attention."

Later, in April, I received an announcement that Prince had been made sales manager of the Wilkins Company.

When Chet and I next fished the George's, toward mid-July, we stopped at the Rucker place to eat our luncheon. The strange flowers by the old cellar were a mass of lovely bloom.



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Class "A"
23 Pilots Finished, of these the 15 listed below used Kendall Oil

Place	*Pilot*
1*st*	Earl Rowland
2*nd*	Robt. Dake and Theo. Taney
3*rd*	W. H. Emery, Jr.
4*th*	Theo. W. Kenyon
6*th*	James S. Charles
7*th*	Eugene J. Detmer
8*th*	Louis E. Derryberry
11*th*	Geo. W. Hopkins
13*th*	Arthur W. Killips
15*th*	Samuel H. Turner
16*th*	Alfred H. Stanley and Ralph Haynes
17*th*	A. H. Kreider
20*th*	A. K. Owen
21*st*	Sidney A. Riley, Jr.
22*nd*	Don S. Phillips

Class "B"
14 Pilots Finished, of these the 9 listed below used Kendall Oil

Place	*Pilot*
3*rd*	John P. Wood
5*th*	Chas. W. Meyers
6*th*	L. F. Schoenhair
7*th*	T. A. Wells
9*th*	Ive McKinney
10*th*	Maurice Marrs
12*th*	Raymond J. Merritt
13*th*	Mathew W. Whittall
14*th*	G. C. Quick

Class "C"
3 Pilots Finished, of these 1 used Kendall Oil

Place	*Pilot*
1*st*	Robert W. Cantwell

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MINES FIELD
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Civilian Event No. 2
Kendall Oil used by the following well-known pilots

Place	*Pilot*
1*st*	Earl Rowland
3*rd*	Robert Dake
6*th*	W. H. Emery, Jr.
7*th*	A. H. Kreider

Civilian Event No. 4

Place	*Pilot*
2*nd*	John P. Wood
4*th*	Chas. W. Meyers
5*th*	T. A. Wells

LOS ANGELES *to* CINCINNATI DERBY
Class "A"
All who finished in the allotted time used Kendall Oil

Place	*Pilot*
1*st*	Robert Dake
2*nd*	George Hopkins
3*rd*	Theo. W. Kenyon
4*th*	S. J. Whitman
5*th*	James S. Charles
6*th*	A. H. Kreider
7*th*	Dick Myhres
8*th*	Ralph Haines

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First Place
John P. Wood

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Bob Dake

"On the Arizona trip we flew against a burning wind and expected the oil temperature to rise considerably.

"However, it did not go over 130 and when drained it was practically in the same condition as when placed in the tank."

Robert E. Dake

W. H. Emery, Jr.

"I encountered high temperatures but the oil pressure remained constant and the crankcase temperature never rose near danger. I was running wide open, but didn't throttle down over the desert. I used Kendall Penzbest."

W. H. Emery, Jr.

Theodore W. Kenyon

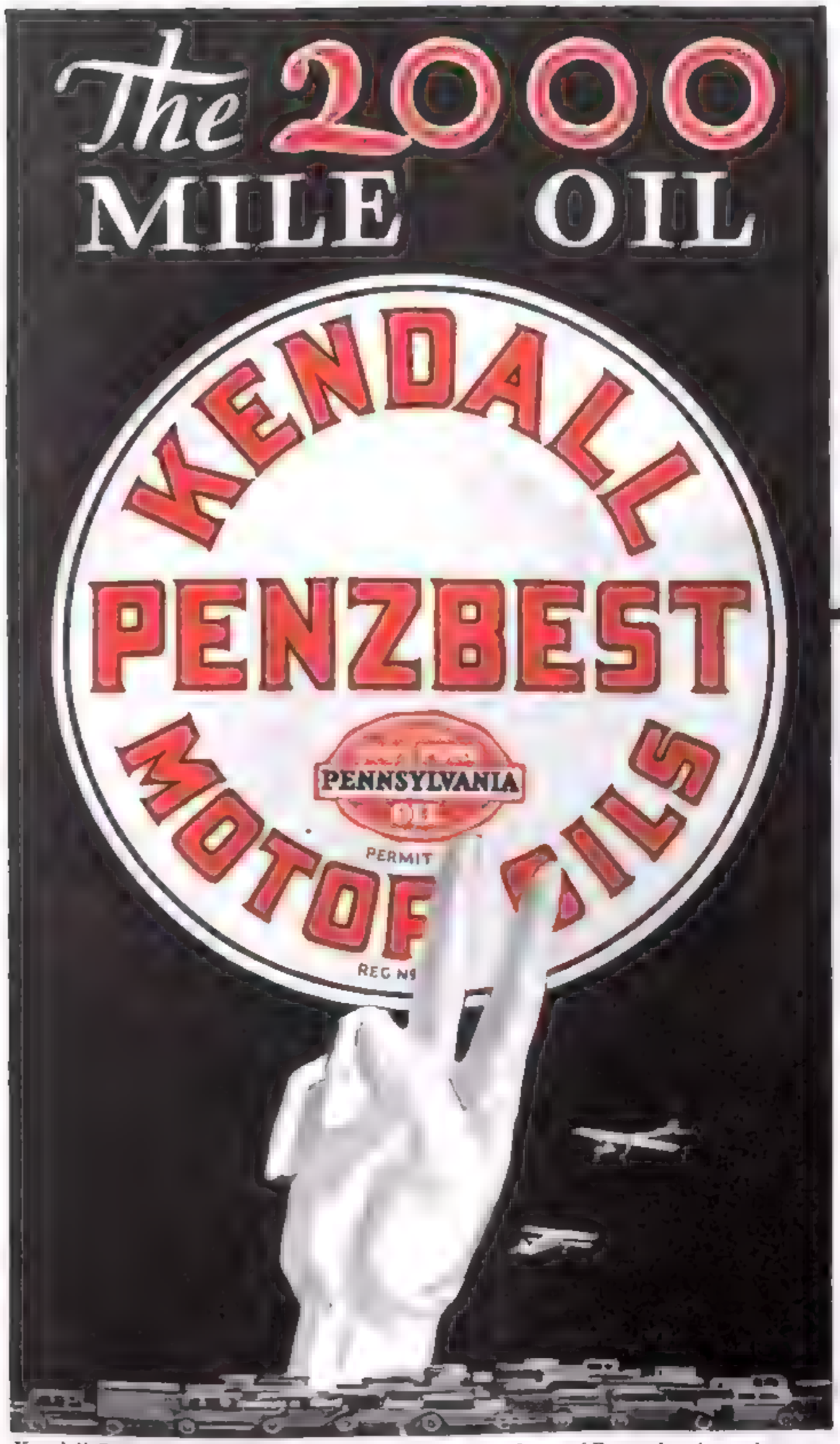
"In the Transcontinental Air Race, I had the pleasure of using your oil exclusively. During the whole flight this oil functioned perfectly and I do not hesitate to recommend it as being the best oil which I have used in aviation engines

T. W. Kenyon.

John P. Wood

"I have been particularly impressed with the perfect condition of the Kendall Oil after gruelling hours of wide open throttle racing and have saved much time on the ground owing to less frequent oil changes."

John P. Wood.



Kendall Oil is made from 100% Bradford Grade, the finest of Pennsylvania crudes produced from our own wells in the Bradford field, conveyed to the refinery through our own pipe lines, and refined by special Kendall processes to the point where all foreign substances are practically eliminated *It's all oil*

if *you had to "fly" in your motor car you too would use Kendall Penzbest*

If you had to "bet your life" on your oil, as the air pilots do—you'd think twice before using any old oil. You, too, would use Kendall Oil for while your life may not depend upon the oil you use—*the life of your engine does.*

Kendall records in the air are duplicated by Kendall records on land. Motorists, by merely maintaining the oil level, get perfect lubrication for 2000 miles from Kendall Penzbest Oil, without draining.

The perfect lubrication which Kendall Oil so unfailingly delivers, insures a smoothness of performance—an increased power—a freedom from repairs that will prove over and over again its right to first place in your motor. *Use the same grade Winter or Summer.* It will lubricate perfectly in zero weather and hold its body at heated motor temperatures. Ask your filling station for Kendall Penzbest the next time you change oil. You'll notice the difference when you drive on Kendall Penzbest Motor Oil—*the oil the air pilots use.*

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY • BRADFORD, PA.

SAY IN THEIR TRIBUTE TO KENDALL OIL

Charles W. Meyers

"I've depended upon Kendall Oil a good many times and it has never yet failed me.

Its perfect lubricating quality under all flying conditions helped a lot to bring me into the money in Class B Air Derby."

R. W. "Bob" Cantwell

"While we changed oil twice, it was evident that no change was necessary as the condition of the Kendall Oil was excellent after 15 hours use. I find quick and easy starting without the usual warming up process."

Parker Cramer

"We were greatly pleased with Kendall Oil on our flight to Greenland. At all temperatures this oil gave good lubricating body and flowed freely.

We are strong for Kendall."

Bert Hassell

"Driving the first part of our flight with heavy load and high temperature, Kendall Oil gave us full compression and a cool motor. In the cold regions it retained its fluid state and gave perfect lubrication all the time."

Bert Acosta

"It has been a real revelation to have marshalled all my experience with lubricating oils and to have found yours to exceed, in quality and test, all other oils on the market."

GEARS *Stick* ?

Do This At Once To Ease Up Your Gear Shift—Avoid Costly Repairs

Change to Alemite *Winter* Gear Lubricant—*Does Not Harden at 10° Below Zero*

IF your gears "stick"—if you have to push and tug on your lever when you shift—there's something wrong with the lubricant you're using. Your gears should always shift easily; even on cold days.

And sticking gears are more than a nuisance. They're a warning of big repair bills on the way! They mean the lubricant in your gear boxes has become hard from the cold. Summer gear lubricant hardens in winter—and this causes serious results. When your gears turn they cut a "channel" through this hard lubricant and whirl away mile after mile without any lubrication at all.

That's when grinding, noisy gears, serious gear troubles, heavy repair bills start. Today you can "ease up" your gears instantly—and avoid repairs.

Go at once to the nearest Alemite-ing Station. Tell them you want the gears in your car thoroughly cleaned out, and *Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant* put in.

A Special Alemite Gear Service for Winter Driving

A special electrical Alemite Gear Flusher sucks out all the old, hardened grease in differential and transmission. Sucks out the chips of steel, grit and dirt that can seriously injure your car's gears. Then flushes gear cases clean with kerosene.

Then—fresh Alemite WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT is forced in. A special WINTER lubricant that actually FLOWS at zero temperatures and retains its lubricating qualities at far below zero. Thus your gears shift with summer ease, even in coldest weather—*and you are assured of efficient lubrication.* It is just as important to clean these gear cases every 2,500 miles and refill with the proper grade of gear lubricant, as it is to drain your crankcase every 500 miles and refill with fresh motor oil. Remember that 80% of all repair bills are due to improper lubrication

But be sure you go to a genuine Alemite-ing Station. (Look for the Alemite sign.) You are sure at these stations of genuine Alemite Lubricants and efficient Alemite mechanics. To protect your interests and our own, we have developed special Alemite Lubricants, for both gears and chassis bearings. And the special service called "Alemite-ing". This word "ALEMITE-ING" (trade-marked) means to have the bearings and gears of your car lubricated with genuine Alemite Lubricants.

All dealers who give you genuine Alemite-ing service display the big Alemite sign. They use genuine Alemite lubricants. This sign is their franchise and your protection. Look for it as you drive. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.

What to Ask For

1. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

2. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Alemite Gear Flusher

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. And you can be sure of easy gear-shifting and proper lubrication at even sub-zero temperatures.

The Alemite Manufacturing Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2702 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service, R. A. S.—Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *resale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country. R. A. S. get details from dealer, garage or service stations

ALEMITE

IN QUARTERS

Continued from Page 39

where the lowest member may rise prodigiously in the social scale and where the applauded performer may offer deferential service to those who give him little notice him whom they admired and praised that day they went to the circus. Filling stations run by circus performers are not at all unusual.

Of course, the big acts often remain big acts throughout the winter; closing time for a circus is a busy one for the booking agents. Aerial acts, a few horse or *haute école* performances, novelty turns, unusual tumbling numbers, wire walkers, and equilibrists move from the circus performance to that of the theater. For one reason, those acts are usually in demand. Another is that they are performances which require continual practice, and the actors might as well keep in condition before an audience as not. Incidentally, many of these acts are often gone before closing day through special arrangement in their circus contract; often not even a day is lost in the change from work beneath the canvas to that before the footlights. But for the rest of the circus the closing day means a shifting which has many unusual angles.

In the first place, the circus doesn't take everyone home, there gradually to say their good-bys and depart to winter endeavors. It stops short and sudden. On the closing night, if there are a dozen trains leaving a terminal in different directions, every train will bear its performer personnel. The circus train proper carries only the bosses and enough workingmen to get it home; to which are added laborers with specialties—wagon workers, harness men, carpenters, a few menagerie men; a skeleton crew, in fact, to rebuild the show that it may come out the following spring "biggah-h-h an' bettah-h-h than evah!" As for the rest, they're "left on the lot," but by the next morning the closing town sees them no more. The scattering process has been sharp and sudden, to every part of the United States.

In that scattering process the circus personnel is swallowed. A clown I know packs his motley and becomes a floor manager for a Chicago department store. The place is always open for him and there is a standing offer any time he desires to give up the circus for business. Other clowns also go to department stores; they have become fixtures in many juvenile departments, especially for work in the toy sections during the four or five weeks of the holiday trade, where they entertain children with antics of the circus ring.

Leading Double Lives

The car porters are to be found in hotels, pausing politely at the door, following the receipt of their bellhop tip, to inquire "if there is anything else." The ring-stock grooms hurry to the race courses; naturally horsy, the finding of jobs about the stables is not a difficult one. Cooks, waiters, teamsters and flunkies move forth to grading camps and railroad or highway construction, musicians move for the winter resorts; often the whole band goes for a season's engagement, while the calliope player continues to make life noisy by entering the advertising business. The compressed-air calliope has made this possible; mounted upon an automobile, it screeches its wintry way through city streets in announcement of everything from a motion picture to a new type of chewing gum, and the man who punches the keys is, nine times out of ten, the same one of steamy circus music in the months of summer.

But these are natural transitions. However, there are as many unusual ones. I know of at least eight heavily built men who become private policemen: three of them are clowns and the others teamsters and ticket sellers. Then there is Captain Dutch Ricardo, who spends his summer months arguing in the steel arena with lions and tigers, and in the winter goes to something worth while in the way of excitement the profession of deep-sea diving; while Bill Curtis, the lot superintendent of one of the larger shows, moves south to his pecan farm at Pass Christian, whence come paper-shell pecans that even find their way into the White House. Incidentally, Bill retires every fall; he is through with the circus; in bed at midnight and up at dawn is too much for a fellow anyway, to say nothing of the way these big cities are cutting up circus lots nowadays. It takes a man with a magical mind, a tungsten-steel constitution and a crew of trained snakes to get the big rag on some of these lots, and he's earned the right to retire, and he does it. So, having retired, he shows up with the first chirp of the bluebird the next spring, wrangles the circus through the summer and retires anew when autumn comes.

The Winter Show

In like fashion, when spring comes around, does a certain female impersonator, who makes much more money with a dressmaking establishment which he runs in partnership with his sister than he does with the circus, leave the business flat and go back to clowning. Acrobats cease to be directors in gymnasiums. I know a man who is a candy butcher in the summer and a glass blower when the snow flies, and a cage cleaner who earns all of seven dollars a week in the summer, while in the winter he receives more than a hundred because he is an expert pastry baker, with his own recipes, which are guarded in the circus safe during the time he is chambermaid to lions and tigers and leopards. Filling stations, chicken farms, rooming houses, resort grills, needlework shops, marceling parlors—all these, when the spring rolls around, are placed in the hands of substitute managers. The real owners have gone away again, back to the circus.

As for the show itself, supposedly resting in winter quarters, a new season starts the minute that the old one ends, and for a few weeks the public is forgotten. But once the work of rehabilitation swings under way, the doors of the ticket wagon again are opened and the populace of the town in which the circus has its permanent winter abode again starts to pay the show's bills. This time, however, it is not to visit the circus, but its place of hibernation, to watch the work in the shops where wagons are being repaired and repainted, in the planing mills where new poles are being fashioned from specially selected Oregon fir, or the ironwood that has been picked up during the last few weeks of the circus season being turned into new tent stakes. There are the costume rooms to visit. It is rather interesting, for one who has seen circus trappings from the grand stand, to know that elephant blankets are often fashioned from real Chinese rugs, studded with glass jewels to an extent requiring the work of several persons for at least a month; that the stuff which looks like silk is really silk, and often of the most expensive sort, so that it may stand the ravages of weather; that tinsel is something rarely used because of its flimsiness; that every spangle must be placed in position by hand.

It is interesting, too, to invade the sail room, where every bit of last season's canvas is being gone over, in order that ropes, tarpaulins, wagon covers and smaller tents may be salvaged from it, while the big top itself is carefully mended and sewed, new ropes installed, worn places patched, and then, this done, the finished work is laid carefully away with the fervent prayer that it may remain there. A circus big top lasts only one season. While the circus remains in winter quarters an entire new stretch of canvas is manufactured, even to the extra pieces, to be inserted upon a turn-away day. The old canvas is repaired and laid aside to await disaster. When it comes forth it means that trouble has visited the show lot, that wind or hail or storm has ripped the regular tent to shreds and that the circus waits until the used, emergency tent can be rushed on by express. It is a happy season on the circus when the old rag remains upon its shelf; there is usually circus history when it doesn't.

Because of these things—because of the animal training and the breaking of new acts in the ring barns, the whir of machinery and the screaming of saws a circus winter quarters usually becomes a place of steady attraction to the town which harbors it. A big show is a self-dependent organization; often it even repairs its own railroad cars, builds its own wagons and makes its own tents. There is only one branch of its refitting which it does not, as a rule, enter into. That is the making of wagon wheels; those come from the works of established wheelwrights, and are done more cheaply than the circus can do it. But the rest, as a rule, comes from winter quarters, and the town where those quarters lie is usually interested enough to pay admission to see the operations.

There is a reason for it other than the matter of amusement. The time has passed when the circus, as a whole, is looked upon as an illegitimate enterprise. Now towns have found that their selection as a winter quarters means free advertising, the spending of large amounts of money during the winter months, an added population for a part of the year often running as high as 400 persons, and an augmentation, in many ways, of municipal resources. Then there is the fact that the present-day circus has a habit of paying cash for whatever it buys—no merchant objects to that. The result is that the town takes a personal interest in the show; when the motion-picture owner buys a photoplay of circus life, he enters into his calculations the fact that he can run out to winter quarters and borrow the big red ticket wagon to lend atmosphere. Lodges call for cage wagons to aid in their initiations; circus paraphernalia travels from society to church and back again the show belongs to the town and the town belongs to it.

Letting the Circus Do It

I wandered, for instance, last winter into the little Florida city of Sarasota. There were posters about, announcing the near arrival of the pageant of Sara de Sota, but I failed to observe the usual turmoil that is present in the ordinary city before an annual celebration. Merchants seemed to be taking things with extraordinary calmness; there were no fervent notices of committee meetings in the papers, no running about from one shop to another, no squabbling between different factions. It seemed strange, until a storekeeper explained it:

"Why should we worry? The Ringling Brothers have their winter quarters here. They're showmen, aren't they? We just turned the whole thing over to them."

Why this had been so joyously done was evidenced when Sara de Sota finally made her descent upon the city. Here were circus floats to receive her, circus horses for the men and women of the city, dressed in circus costumes, to ride, circus elephants to fill out the line of march, a circus band to furnish the music; for three days a whole great show had come to life again in the middle of winter. When it was over, the town had given a celebration which had brought into the city fully 50,000 persons, and the circus had done the work.

It is for reasons like this that the business man, his wife and the kids usually find that their Sunday-afternoon diversion consists of going out to quarters and paying an admission, just to see how the show is getting along toward its preparations for the following season. The matter does not end with one visit; it becomes a weekly affair,

(Continued on Page 78)

Will Santa thrill your youngster with a FOX PLAY GUN this year?

This "honest-to-goodness" gun is the only one of its kind. Has glistening steel double barrels, double triggers, hardwood stock, and loads and works just like a big Fox Shot Gun. But it's

Absolutely harmless, even indoors

—Safe for any child, because it will not injure any one or do any damage. Shoots small, light wooden balls from realistic spring-powered shells. No powder—no danger. That's why parents are enthusiastic about it, too.

Talk about fun! You can play dozens of games with the Fox Play Gun. It's fine for target practice, too.

Santa's going to carry a big load of Fox Play Guns this Christmas. Seems as if every youngster from five to twelve wants one.

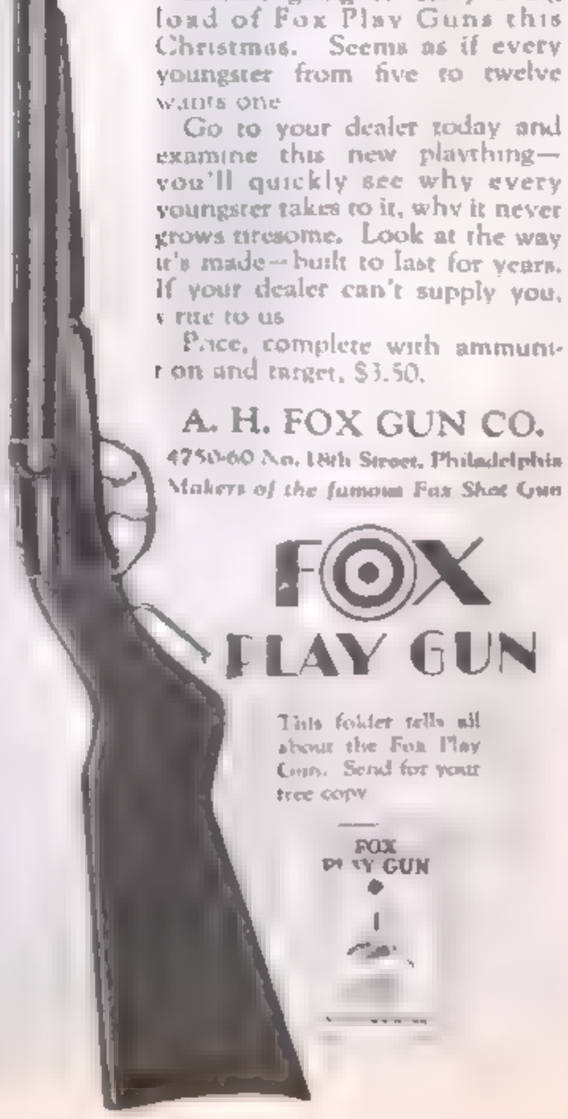
Go to your dealer today and examine this new plaything—you'll quickly see why every youngster takes to it, why it never grows tiresome. Look at the way it's made—built to last for years. If your dealer can't supply you, write to us.

Price, complete with ammunition and target, $3.50.

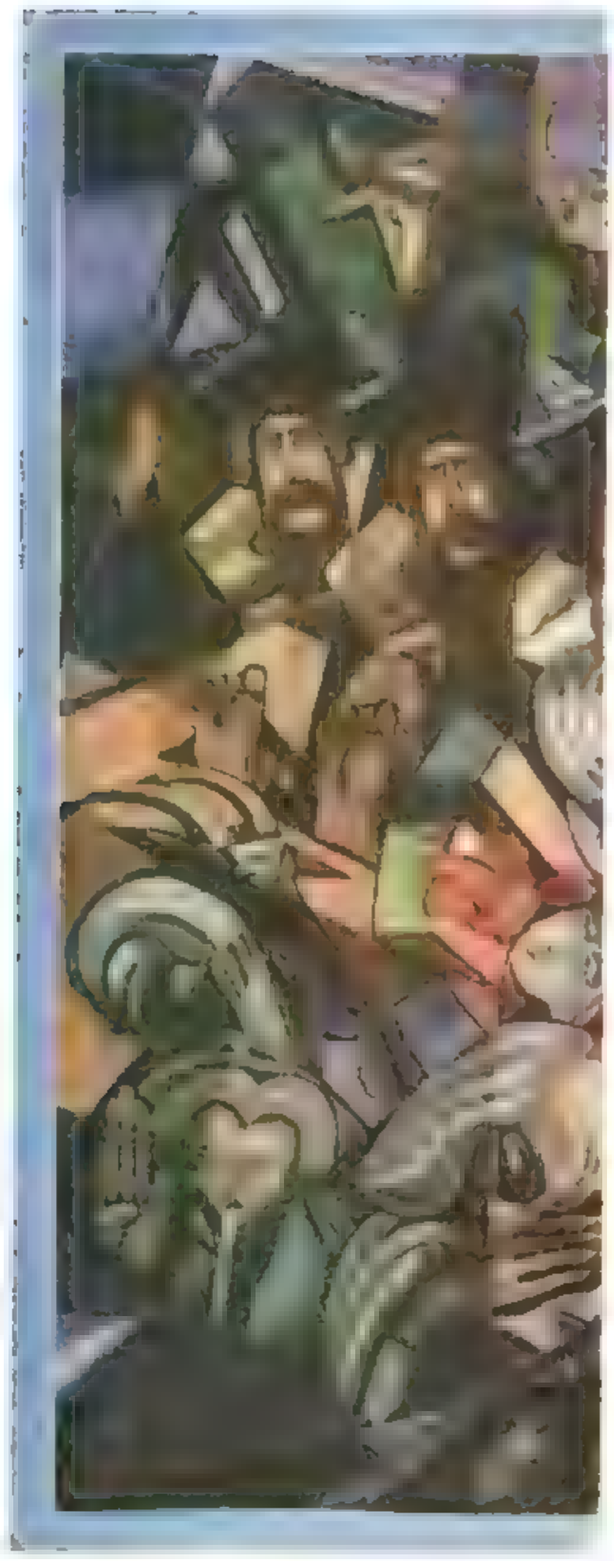
A. H. FOX GUN CO.
4750-60 No. 18th Street, Philadelphia
Makers of the famous Fox Shot Gun

FOX PLAY GUN

This folder tells all about the Fox Play Gun. Send for your free copy



Things that make life worth living



WE WORK, we eat, and we sleep, and tomorrow we shall do likewise. But life is not confined to this dull routine. The real meaning of existence lies in more vital things — the interests, the ardors and devotions which make life worth living.

One of the greatest of these is music. In everyone there is an instinctive feeling for it. Even though dormant, it is always there. . . . Waiting only to be developed, to yield new and never-failing pleasures. . . . Waiting to give an added zest to life.

A home without a piano is a home without a voice. For the piano gives expression to the deeper, finer things that dwell within. Among cultivated people it is little short of a necessity. And such people take pains to make sure that their piano shall be a Steinway.

This preference for the Steinway among the musically informed is simply a reflection of the choice of the most

The Steinway
Ebonized Baby Grand
in a Modern interior designed
by Allen Saalburg

A genuine Steinway of this size and power—at $1375 (plus transportation)—is an extraordinary value. It is the ideal instrument for the majority of homes. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any plan of interior decoration, and its length of 5 ft. 7 in. is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have

There is a Steinway model for every need. Any Steinway may be purchased with a 10% cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over two years. . . . $137.50 (plus transportation) is all you need for *immediate possession* of your Baby Grand!

An interpretation of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," painted for the Steinway Collection by Sergei Soudeikine

While opinions still differ regarding Stravinsky's famous ballet, it is interesting to note that in 15 years the critical fraternity has come to accept it almost to a man. The public estimate is scarcely less enthusiastic. Its influence upon contemporary music has been widespread and profound.

Of the Steinway piano Stravinsky has written: "I take pleasure in telling you how much I appreciate your excellent instrument here as well as in Europe. There is a quality of tone in your instrument that one should be able to recognize, just as a connoisseur of good wine should discern the best vintage."

eminent musicians in the past 75 years. Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, Hofmann, Paderewski, Rachmaninoff . . . the list grows endless. In the truest sense, the Steinway is "The Instrument of the Immortals."

Obviously it is not mere chance which has won the support of these distinguished artists. They have chosen the Steinway because it is the best piano anywhere to be had—because its tone and sensitivity and power are not to be matched in any other instrument.

Yet, for all its associations with the concert stage, the Steinway is essentially a piano for the home. There is a price and a model for every situation—differing only in size from the concert instruments played by the foremost pianists. . . . And there is scarcely a home with income so restricted that a Steinway is not well within its reach. A ten per cent first payment is all that is needed for immediate delivery, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.

There is no good reason why you should deny yourself and your family the pleasure of owning a Steinway. It will pay for itself many times over with its beautiful gleaming presence, its lovely voice, the sense of friendly and sympathetic companionship which it imparts. . . . And to your children, and your children's children, it will continue to make its sure and rich return. You need never buy another piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a 10% cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up — plus transportation*

10% down *balance in two years*

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

Announcing the Death of Two Bad Men

MR. S.T.A.L.E. SMOKE and MR. B.A.D. ODOR

These two fellows have been annoying people for quite some time—so really we're glad they're gone.

Who put them out of commission? Why—little Nevasmoks!

Nevasmoks are ash receivers but that's only half of it. They're almost human—human because once you drop your cigarette in it's gone—it's out—it's smothered. We guarantee that.

No more stale smoke comes out to annoy you. No more odors bother you. You don't have to burn your fingers crunching out your fag. You don't see ashes flying around

You'll notice a difference in your rugs and furniture, too. Those nice little long burns that you see after your guests have departed will vanish with Nevasmoks in use.

And then the chances of fire also are limited. It can't tip over and it can't spill, and when you want to clean it—just open and empty.

We could tell you a hundred other things about Nevasmoks, but we'd rather you try one for yourself. It'll do the talking.

Here's a thing though we almost forgot. They come in twelve different pastel colors and finishes. That's important because you may want to match the color of your drawing room, boudoir or office.

If your favorite store doesn't handle them, just send us $2.00 and tell us the color you want and we'll send you one in a jiffy postpaid. They make wonderful little Christmas presents.

Each Nevasmok has its name clearly stamped on the bottom

Nevasmok comes in the following colors and finishes:

Pastel Orchid	Pastel Rose	Chinese Red
Sky Blue	Canary Yellow	Sea Green
Red Crackle	Green Crackle	Black
Brass	Bronze	Gun Metal

YANKEE METAL PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. B, 507 W. 50th Street, New York

Specialists in Private Smoke Accessories

New York Showrooms: [illegible] Avenue Building, 200 [illegible] Avenue, Room [illegible]

Chicago Showrooms: American Furniture Mart, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Space 618.

NEVASMOK

Smokeless and Odorless Ash Receiver

Continued from Page 75

and highly important—a good friend is preparing to go away and every detail becomes a matter of municipal interest. Thus the circle continues, the circus spending money in the town and the town spending money to help the circus take care of its winter expenses. Except in one instance: Down in Sarasota such a thing as the necessity for a town community chest to take care of the demands of the poor is rapidly fading. In a few more years—perhaps, in even a shorter time—there will be no need for any charity worker except disbursing agents and investigators.

It is an experiment in painless charity. Of the Ringling Brothers, only one is left John—and Sarasota is the town which he has elected to call home. The circus, in spite of what the intelligentzia may say of it, continues to grow in popularity. Where shows, even ten years ago, fought hard to keep their daily expenses under $3000 a day, they now often spend $5000 and still make more money and play to greater crowds than ever before. The discontinuance of parades, owing to street congestion, has made the work of setting up easier, and also has made it possible to spend more money upon the performance and thus merit more attendance. The standard of living of circus people has changed: one doesn't see kimonos and wrappers about a circus lot. One doesn't see dowdy, out-of-fashion clothing any more. But one does see private automobiles, private tents for stellar performers, more railroad cars in spite of the increased cost of haulage, radios, pianos in staterooms, and half a hundred other things that were unknown to circus life a decade ago. More money is flowing through the front gate; the Ringling expense has mounted from $12,000 a day upward, constantly upward.

But the receipts on the road have mounted also, and so: "I guess we make enough money while we're traveling," came the edict from the head of the show, "to give the winter-quarters admissions to the community chest."

Thus something new has come about the permanent charity performance. The people of Sarasota and vicinity visit winter quarters. They pay their admission, watch the progress of the circus, the building of new equipment, the training of the animals and the preparations for the road. But when they have paid this admission, it travels to the city's charity fund, and when one considers that a big day at winter quarters often runs as high as $5000, one can understand why the winter quarters of a big circus may be an exceedingly welcome thing.

A Seven-Ton Secret

There is one phase of winter-quarters life, however, which the public does not pry into—that is, the work of the general staff. There are other circuses in the business, other shows looking for territory, other shows willing to shoot forth opposition crews to halt the business of a rival show so that the populace may wait for the one which follows. Hence, during the working out of the preparations for the coming exhibition season and nine-tenths of the work for the whole summer year is done while the show is in quarters—is accomplished with the air of a bank burglar about to rid a vault of its excess currency.

Secrecy, secrecy, secrecy it is everywhere about the activities of the general staff. The public, of course, holds to the belief that the circus does not change, but the truth of the matter is that a tent show is constantly searching, in America and in Europe, for any and every possible novelty which may refute that old tradition. Perhaps the very fact that there is such a tradition forms an incentive for this—the old saying that the circus never changes is a poison barb to the equanimity of the usual circus man. So he is ever hunting stalking rather, for his efforts are constantly of the gumshoe variety—so that the other fellow may not find out what he is doing and contract an act or a novelty before he can get to it. Last year, for instance, one of the big shows brought over something new in wire walking four genial Germans who didn't seem to care how soon they got killed, and to that end, crawled over one another, built pyramids, stood on one another's heads and performed other antics on a tight rope at the top of the tent, without even the vestige of a net beneath them. But men who had been around winter quarters all winter knew nothing about that act. Other performers had never even heard of the number until the show was in New York and rehearsals had started in Madison Square Garden for the beginning of the season's performances.

Likewise was the arrival of His Majesty, Sir Goliath, otherwise the sea elephant, kept such a prodigious secret that the whole seven tons of him was on the way from Hagenbeck's Tierpark in Hamburg, Germany, before the general run of the personnel of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Circus, which was importing him, knew anything about the animal. Yet when he arrived, here was a truck, specially built to carry his bulk and weight, a tank cage larger than anything a circus ever had seen before, special attendants and 400 pounds of fish a day in readiness for him. It all had been done without the circus in general knowing anything about it. Not that the circus distrusts its own people, but when it has a novelty, it must guard that novelty well, lest some other circus jump in and get two of them.

The Road to Roam

But the most secret of all things is the route. True, a circus rarely knows more than a month ahead exactly to what towns it will go. Weather conditions, catastrophes, poor crops, political changes—all these things may arise to interfere with previous plans and necessitate changes. But until those changes are necessary, the usual circus has picked out, by February, at least, every town of importance that it is going to visit in the following season. Nine times out of ten the general agent, the general manager and the owner, who have made up this route in a locked room, are the only ones who know it until the time arises for the ordering of date sheets and the making of railroad contracts for the various hauls. A circus owns its entire railroad equipment with the exception of motive power. Contracts for hauling the trains, which may run from ten cars to the 102 of the biggest show, must be made about a month ahead, as a general rule. Then and only then does the route lead out; it is not until a week later that it is confirmed.

The cause? A circus is an encyclopedia of crop conditions, money conditions, the growth of boom towns, development of new country, crop blights, pay-roll dates and facts concerning employment or the lack of it. By this information the circus lives. General agents—they who supervise the whole vast personnel which precedes the circus, from contracting agents, billposters, bannermen, opposition crews and the like on through to the various press agents—become great or petty in circus history through their ability to gain this information. Therefore, a show may have knowledge concerning a certain territory which no other circus possesses. If it publishes its route far ahead, it gives that information to other shows, with the result that they may attempt to shift their schedules and play the district before the show which discovered that gold mine has an opportunity to get in there. So the whole thing is kept secret, just like almost every other activity of the general staff. Often the performers of a circus do not know, until the day the show leaves winter quarters, just what size that circus is to be for the season to come.

For shows do change in size, becoming smaller or larger as conditions warrant. Perhaps that is where the story arises that a circus splits up, a part of it playing in one town and the other half, like the fabled jointed snake, exhibiting in another. This comes about through the computations of the village mathematicians, who, watching the show arrive, discover that there are only thirty-three cars this year when last season there were forty-four.

The eleven other cars, however, have been left in winter quarters, together with all the paraphernalia of circus life which went with them. That information which is the prized possession of the general staff has been the cause. It has presaged a season in which money will be scarce and the crowds which visit the circus much smaller. Therefore the show does what any legitimate business does; it curtails expenses, so skillfully contracting the show that to the ordinary person there has been no change. Only the man who counts the cars as they roll into town really knows, and his explanation is wrong. The cause of those eleven missing cars remains a secret with the rest of matters considered by the circus to be highly personal.

There is a time, also, when the general staff tries to make a secret even of itself. That is when the show has come home after a losing season and the owner is exceedingly desirous of learning just how it happened. But while learning, persons on the losing end of a venture often make acrid remarks, and a circus general staff is human. It is, in fact, marvelous the number of places where the staff must be—widely separated places indeed—when a show comes home "in the red." Horses that have been put to pasture far outside of town become objects of utmost concern. Everywhere that the owner doesn't happen to be is the one place in the world which needs that staff's attention, until such time as acidity sweetens and the owner can speak a whole sentence without cussing.

It happened to a staff once of which I formed a part. For two weeks everywhere that Harry Tammen, the circus owner, went, we were sure not to go. We looked up new pasturage ground, we dodged in and out of the office when the owner wasn't there. We left the circus rooms for "just a minute" and didn't come back for hours. But one morning the boss met us—the three of us—and there was no place to run.

"Why, boys," he exclaimed and put forth both hands, "I'm so glad to see you! I've been looking everywhere for you, boys. I've got a new piece of billing up in the office that I'd like to show you. An idea of mine. I want you to look it over." Genial and humming, he led the way to the office, while the general agent cupped a hand over his mouth so that he might whisper to the general manager and to me.

Four Clowns

"That's going to be the greatest piece of billing ever made," he said.

"Don't we know it?" we asked in a whisper.

On went our happy little group to H. H.'s office. There he proudly swung about and pointed to a one-sheet lithograph of a clown's head.

"Well, boys," he asked in fatherly tones, "what do you think of it?"

The general agent breathed deep with appreciation.

"Boss," he exclaimed, "it's a darb."

"It's more than that," I cut in: "it's a wonder. It's a masterpiece. If that don't drag 'em into the big top, then there's no use in circus advertising!"

The general manager cocked his head and blew cigar smoke slowly over pursed lips.

"I'm a man of few words," he said, "but if that isn't the greatest clown head I ever saw, I'm a ——"

"Yeh," said H. H., "that's exactly what you all are! Now, you no-good bunch of yes men, I just brought you in here to see how far you'd go. That is the awful st, rott nest, poorest piece of circus advertising that I ever saw in my life, and I just wanted to see if any one of you—just any one of you—had the courage to say so. No wonder this show lost $100,000 on the season!"

A FLYING START!

A new brilliance in action! A new sense of flying! A more responsive, alert engine! Lightning pickup! That's what you experience if the motor of your automobile is equipped with the revolutionary Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

For Nelson Bohnalite Pistons *have* improved the already high standards of motoring.

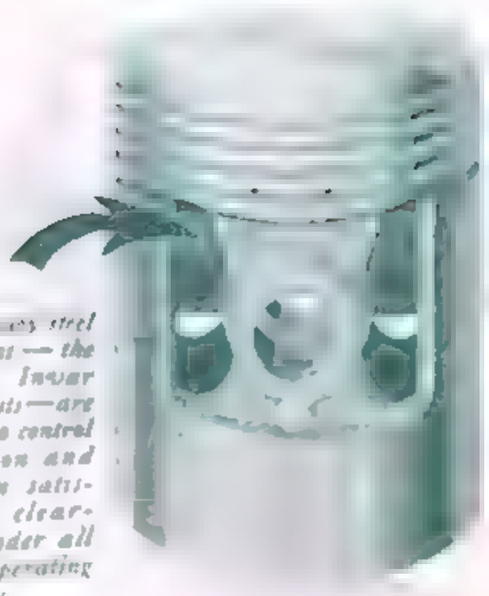
Bohnalite—the new highly developed light alloy forms the main structure of the piston. Steel Invar Struts control expansion and contraction. A new accomplishment. A new engineering development.

Most of the finest automobiles in all price classes are equipped at the factory with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

When you buy your next new car insist on Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. *Ask your dealer.*

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

Also makers of the famous Bohn Ring True Bearings



Special alloy steel Ex-khohnt — the original Invar Steel Struts — are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions

NELSON

BOHNALITE

PISTONS

Always out in front—the car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons

To Manufacturers: You should make it a point to investigate Bohnalite—the new light alloy 62% lighter than iron. Write for details.

In Europe . . .

leading motor car

Delco-

as in America... builders prefer *Remy Ignition*

Not only is Delco-Remy ignition found on the leading motor cars of America—but 12 of Europe's foremost manufacturers, producing cars in every price class and for every type of user, employ Delco-Remy ignition on one or more models of the cars they build.

This world-wide preference by leading manufacturers and their technical staffs can mean but one thing—that Delco-Remy is the last word in performance, in dependability and in satisfaction.

And, indeed, this is the ideal to which Delco-Remy builds. The technical soundness of all Delco-Remy products has been proved by every test of laboratory, road and weather. Inspection is rigorous and continuous from raw material to finished product. And every manufacturing operation is held to inflexible limits of accuracy.

Consequently, you will find that in every price class the outstanding motor cars may be identified by Delco-Remy equipment—for leading manufacturers know that Delco-Remy is positive assurance of long life, dependability and owner satisfaction.

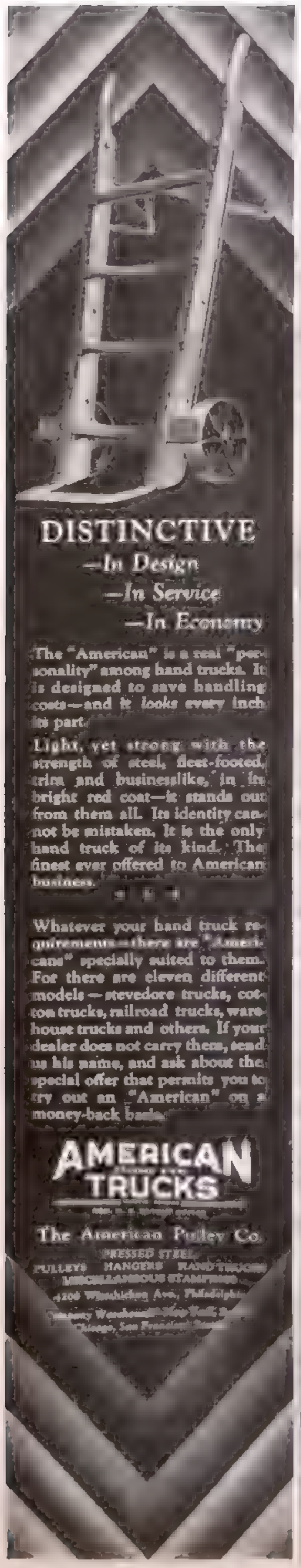
Delco-Remy

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

(The following European Cars use Delco-Remy Ignition)

RENAULT *France*	STOEWER *Germany*	VOISIN *France*	TALBOT *France*	HOTCHKISS *England*	FIAT *Italy*
MATHIS *France*	MINERVA *Belgium*	BALLOT *France*	CITROEN *France*	VAUXHALL *England*	HORCH *Germany*

In the United States and Canada, service on Delco-Remy products is provided by United Motors Service —in other countries by the world-wide service organization of Overseas Motor Service Corporation


DISTINCTIVE
—In Design
—In Service
—In Economy
The "American" is a real "personality" among hand trucks. It is designed to save handling costs—and it looks every inch its part.
Light, yet strong with the strength of steel, fleet-footed, trim and businesslike, in its bright red coat—it stands out from them all. Its identity cannot be mistaken. It is the only hand truck of its kind. The finest ever offered to American business.
Whatever your hand truck requirements—there are "Americans" specially suited to them. For there are eleven different models—stevedore trucks, cotton trucks, railroad trucks, warehouse trucks and others. If your dealer does not carry them, send us his name, and ask about the special offer that permits you to try out an "American" on a money-back basis.
AMERICAN TRUCKS
The American Pulley Co.
PRESSED STEEL
PULLEYS HANGERS HAND TRUCKS
MISCELLANEOUS STAMPINGS
4200 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia

MY FATHER

Continued from Page 29

before the name was evolved. The uniform, the drums, and much else developed in time, but the institution which carries on its work today in all parts of the world was then and there conceived.

My earliest recollection of my father is of a time when I could not have been quite two years old. My maternal grandmother had died at our home in Hackney. My mother tied a white bib around my neck and across my tummy drew a great ribbon of black silk. She tied silken bows of black to my arms. Little monkey that I was, I found it a fine excuse to be vain.

"Why," demanded a tall man with a black beard, who lifted me to his lap—"why have you put all this black on little Eva?"

"Mourning for mother."

"Not black," he insisted. "It should be white. White forever and forever."

Etched in my mind there are a thousand memories of him, but there is not one which lessens in my mind his right to be called general. Sometimes I wonder what he might have become if he had applied his volcanic energy and singleness of purpose to a political enterprise. As it was, every ruler of consequence sent a representative to his funeral. The battle front on which he had fought had been their own frontier. He had fought to save their people.

We, his children, saw him on that battle front. His work was the topic of the breakfast table. We were made conscious of it throughout the day, and the last thing at night we would hear him worrying, perhaps, about finding some milk for a cat with kittens.

We always had pets about our home, rabbits, cats, dogs, even silkworms and what not in the way of living creatures. I never remember our home without a cat. Ah, but there was a tragedy in store for me in the fate of one of those pets, my dog. He was a retriever called Nelson, after the British naval hero probably.

One day an old charwoman, representative of the queer unfortunates my mother was always introducing into the household, angered by some mischievous back-yard prank of my own, struck me. My precious Nelson, resenting this, flew at the old woman and bit her arm. The sentence was pronounced that night. Nelson was to be shot. My grief was wild and poignant. Really, my heart was broken, and my father was touched to the quick, although he did not seem to feel that he could reprieve Nelson.

Early the next morning he sent for me and when I had put on my hat carried me to the city, entertaining me on the way with stories about Welsh ponies. Throughout the day he kept me with him and at night brought me home in his cab, hardly giving me time to think about poor Nelson, what with exciting my interest in other things. Then, in secret, he gave orders, the poor dear, for something that he had hoped would quench a little the fire of my passion of grief. It was to be a surprise, but of what kind I had not the faintest notion until one day long after Nelson's disappearance there arrived a package for me.

On the Mile End Waste

Imagine my feelings when it was opened and I saw that poor dog Nelson had been converted into a rug. My tears came in a flood and my outcries must have wrung my father's heart. Plucking nervously at that beard which then was still black, he pleaded with me not to mind and kicked the rug out of my sight, commanding someone to take it away. He loved us with a wonderful tenderness. But that tenderness encompassed all humanity, and the work he was to do; the institution he was to found had to have a beginning.

One night he went to the Mile End Road, and outside of a saloon that was perhaps the most degraded resort in that slum region he mounted a soap box and began to preach. He made one convert, an Irishman, a prize fighter, and it was this man swaggering with clenched fists among the scowling, muttering crowd of half-drunken men that kept them from attacking my father as he preached there in the open air. Always from that time he spoke of the out-of-doors as his cathedral; but it was that night that he really found his work. He gave up the mission with which he had been associated so that he might go and preach where the people needed him.

The ones that most wanted help would not, he knew, come to the missions or the churches, and so he kept on with his open-air meetings on the Mile End Waste, surrounded by noisy drunkards, fallen women, literally the dregs of human society. Though they pelted him with garbage, with stones and with epithets that must have hurt his sensitive soul even more than the filthiest of their missiles, he conducted his services. Even then he had followers, but many of them could not stomach the ceaseless processions, the open-air meetings and the threatening mockery of the crowd.

Recruiting His Army

Do not think that this kind of opposition was a matter of a few days. It persisted for years. It marked the beginnings of the Salvation Army everywhere; in France, in Switzerland, in Germany, yes, in the United States. Once there were more than 150 of our people held in jail in Philadelphia as disturbers of the peace! The mobs in England were bold in harassment because they had ample evidence of sympathy from the distillers, the brewers, the churches and the magistrates. Consequently the police were simply an idle part of the mob.

My father suffered agonies through nervousness, and he was sensitive to a degree; with the result that he has been criticized, even condemned, as quick to anger. Yes, he was quick to anger, but no man ever drew breath who was quicker to forgive. He forgave completely. The offense forgiven was abolished from his mind. There was not one thread of vindictiveness in his being. He was incapable of being spiteful or cruel. But there was a temper, a thing that struck like lightning.

Fancy this man, then, standing on a box planted in the unspeakable filth of a London slum gutter singing of salvation with a voice that seemed to come from a cello slightly off key. Picture about him a pushing, ragged, foul-smelling circle from the perimeter of which came a steady barrage of rotten vegetables, muck clawed from the gutter, dead cats and ghastly words. From the fetid openings in the tenement walls that rose above him there were poured on his bared head revolting fluids. Night after night this terrible battle was waged until the genius of this solitary man evoked by God's own magic such a soul-warming change as you encounter when you perceive a flower growing on a dung heap.

There are bad men in the world, but there never has been a man who was totally bad. My father believed that by means of conversion a radically bad man might be transformed into a radically good man. It would be a pity in this age of scientific marvels, of invisible healing light rays and of miraculous whispers that can be heard across the ocean if anyone doubted that such powers exist. My father had it. He knew, though, that conversion was not an end but a beginning. If for one precious moment he succeeded in touching the good in a thief or a harlot as he preached just beyond the swinging doors of the Blind Beggar on the Mile End Waste, he knew the need of providing a means of keeping that feeble glow alive until it had spread into a flame strong enough to consume evil desires. He wanted help, a multitude of assistants, literally an army; and then that army began to form out of the wrecks of humanity that came to the penitent form improvised in the gutter from an overturned box.

As the recruits were trained they were sent into all parts of England, and the army began to grow, as long ago a few loaves and fishes were made into a feast for a multitude. One of the early recruits was a man named Jack Stoker, a miner of Durham. When he worked underground he was a master, a man who used vituperation to drive his fellows in the blackness of coal caverns with some of the same skill with which he wielded his own pick; but when he emerged from the pit mouth he changed. Above ground he was a drunken, physically dirty good-for-nothing who actually slept in a kennel with his dogs.

On a Sunday morning in his town this slouching figure straightened as strange sounds beat against his ears, which for several days had been hearing only the ribaldry of brothels. The sound was the throbbing drum of a new kind of showman. Jack Stoker moved toward the disturbance and presently was listening to a woman preacher, one of my father's converts, tell about a prodigal son who had returned home and been welcomed. There was plenty of good in that man, but it had been cramped into a small place in his heart. That morning it burgeoned. Again and again he returned to listen. He became one of us.

Afterward that man married the little captain to whom he had been listening and in later years became chaplain to General Booth. In his early career, after a period of training in London, my father sent this man to Monkwearmouth, the Durham town where he had been converted. So vigorous and effective was his work that finally half the saloons in the town were closed for lack of business, and when he left, the mayor of the place, a supporter of the brewers, declared a half holiday.

Sinners to Save Sinners

When my father had discovered that men rescued from sin, and women rescued from sin, could be made the most successful rescuers of the sinful, the recruitment of the army went ahead swiftly. One time my brother Herbert led an expedition on a march across England that lasted for weeks. There were several thousand of them, each with a rolled blanket slung from his shoulders. As they moved through towns with a cadence held by the marching song of Christianity that came from their throats they were stoned by jeering hosts; but they picked up recruits everywhere. Tanners left their fluid vats; stout carters threw away their whips; millers white as clowns in their smocks, kitchen maids and a ragtag of others fell in with the procession.

Many persons were stirred deeply by that ceaseless crusade. Some of them became great in the British Empire. The late Lord Northcliffe revealed one time to my brother Bramwell that in his youth he had been a soldier in the Salvation Army. He ceased to belong but he remained our friend.

All this was long ago and now I can find understanding, if not excuse, for some of the attacks that were made on my father from smug pulpits, from editorial sanctums and from police-court benches. Men were asking themselves what strongholds might withstand such an army if its growth were not checked. In the light of present-day happenings overseas it can be understood that the red jersey of the Salvationists was seen as a political threat by some of the governing authorities. I dare to wonder what might have been the outcome of his work if my father had been a revolutionist. His radicalism, however, never took that form.

The terrific energy of the man even now astonishes me. How his frail body, straight

Continued on Page 85

Never Before—Such Smiles!

Gain Them by Removing Dingy Film from Teeth

Keeping teeth white this new way curbs tooth and gum disorders

Now remove "off-color" film on teeth as urged by the foremost dental opinion of the day. See how quickly teeth brighten and grow whiter.

(*Above*) RICARDO SODERO, announcer over WHN, is shown here with the Misses Nancy James and Dorothy Fitzgibbon, whom you have heard so often lately. Although unseen by their listeners, smiles are kept dazzling bright by Pepsodent.

GLISTENING, white teeth simply mean film-free teeth. If your teeth are "off color," dull, lustreless, they are film-coated.

Properly protected teeth and gums mean the same thing - film-free teeth. According to present-day dental findings, if your teeth are film-coated, both your teeth and gums are left unguarded against bacterial attack.

Brushing not enough

Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film. And that is why, largely on dental advice, thousands are adopting Pepsodent. For Pepsodent is a *Scientifically Developed Film-Removing Agent*, different in formula, preparation and effect from any other dentifrice.

Look for film

Film is a grave and dangerous enemy of both teeth and gums. Run your tongue across your teeth now and you can feel it, a slippery, slimy coating.

Germs by the millions breed in that film And germs, with tartar, are a proved cause of pyorrhea. Film, too, fosters the bacteria which invite the acids of decay. Discolorations from food and smoking lodge in it; teeth look dingy and "off color." You must remove film TWICE daily, say leading dentists.

Pepsodent has largely changed the tooth-cleansing habits of the world. It removes the film completely—*thoroughly*, and in safety to enamel It acts to firm tender gums. It alkalizes the mouth's saliva to combat the acids of decay. It cleanses the teeth as no old brushing method has ever done.

(*Above*) "AGLORIOUS SURPRISE to find my smile so dazzling white," says Miss Jane Fenwick of New York. "Pepsodent is magical in keeping teeth lovely."

DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say That's why Pepsodent is recommended

Film removed scientifically

It meets your dentist will tell you — the dominant dental exactments of today, for whiter, healthier teeth and healthier gums — in nine important ways. In big tubes, wherever dentifrices are sold. Or write to nearest address for 10 days' supply.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto* 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE

a Million *barbers can't be* WRONG!

Stropping a razor blade can't be foolish— surely a *super-keen* blade must be preferable

YOU must know that after the first shave the cutting edge of the finest blade that can be made is a row of tiny jagged hooks—until it is stropped. Stropping smooths out and re-aligns these minute points. That's why barbers everywhere always strop before each shave. They've done it for 2,000 years.

And that's why shavers everywhere are eagerly adopting the famous new Valet AutoStrop Razor. Its automatic self-stropping device guarantees a perfect blade for each morning's shave. No trouble. A flip of the thumb—a few swift strokes—and the edge is as keen as can be. No need to remove blade to strop or clean it.

What's more, 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars have made this famous razor the most perfect shaving device ever offered. Recently introduced, the Million Dollar Valet AutoStrop Razor is already a nation-wide sensation. Even if you thought that the original Valet AutoStrop Razor could not be improved, get one of the new Million Dollar models today. Try it with the new Valetite-processed blades. Judge its betterments for yourself.

You'll say this Million Dollar Razor is worth all it cost to make—yet it costs you so little that you can't afford to be without it.

* * *

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

Also a New and Finer Shaving Cream
Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor

35c—TRY A TUBE

New million dollar VALET AutoStrop RAZOR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Inc., 656 First Avenue, New York City — In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto

LONDON . . . PARIS . . . RIO DE JANEIRO

(Continued from Page 82)

and tall though it was, could devise a chemistry for the transformation of his simple diet into tremendous powers is something that passes understanding. Boiled rice, milk, a few vegetables were about all that he would eat. Meat he did not take because he had discovered that it did not agree with him. Nevertheless on the scantiest of rations he was always a dynamo.

We speak admiringly today of mass production and super-management. Suppose William Booth had become an industrialist? Out of nothing but his own will he created an organization that has never stopped spreading, and its purpose now as then was the elimination of the waste of mankind. Once on a visit to the United States he saw great mounds of grain rotting in the fields of the Middle West. He was told that it was a glut on the market.

"Bread wasting in the fields here," he said, "and families starving over there. I must bring the two together."

Out of such a pattern of thoughts was born his scheme that was set forth in a book he wrote called In Darkest England and the Way Out. By that time he had succeeded in winning to his side many powerful friends. One of these was the great British journalist, W. T. Stead, editor of the Pall Mall Gazette. It was Stead who whipped into shape for publication the pages my distracted father wrote. He was distracted because during nearly two years my mother was dying agonizingly of cancer. But neither of them would permit even that situation to interfere with the work. So, while he kept his vigil at her bedside, he used his pen to aid the more than three millions in England who were constantly in a state of destitution and despair.

The rowdies harried him and they harried his followers, but he kept on. He had asked for the equivalent of $500,000. This was late in October, 1890. Within a few months he had received $540,000, and this was in spite of harsh criticism which suggested that he was not to be trusted. That generous giving of money is but one of the means for measuring the popularity that suddenly began to favor his work. People were realizing the utter unselfishness of him and the grandeur of his purpose.

One time when he was traveling from his home to an adjoining town a country squire got into his compartment. At once the blustery arrival demanded some information.

"General," he asked, "is it true that the Marquis of —— is giving you five thousand pounds? I am surprised that you should take this money from a gambler and a profligate."

"Of course I'll take it," retorted my father. "I'll wash it clean with the tears of widows and orphans and put it on the altar of humanity."

Keeping the Accounts Right

Long before that he had said: "You cannot hope to preach salvation to a man when his belly is empty." But the criticism of his autocratic control of his organization and of the funds that were intrusted to him was steadily dwindling as an obstacle. The best of business men had discovered that Salvation Army accounts were audited to the penny. Once in after years when he was a guest of President Roosevelt at the White House that splendid American complimented him genuinely. He said:

"General, I understood your religion better after I had inspected your American headquarters in Fourteenth Street, in New York. I went in company with Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, and never in our lives, we agreed, had we seen a bunch of workers more industrious. The judge concentrated his attention on the books and I want to tell you, general, that the stamp of system and clean figuring was on them."

My father was delighted, and gave the President the principle he applied to accountants and cashiers: "Make a mistake and you are forgiven. Repeat it and you are warned. A third time and you are fired—into another department."

"Good," approved Roosevelt. "Bully discipline." He was right, too, for there was a splendid discipline in the Salvation Army from the start. It was a discipline that reached into our home.

"I am the general first," he said one time to a son, "and a father afterward." Ah, but even his children were glad to accept the leadership of this general, with his flowing white hair and beard from which projected a nose that might have belonged to Elijah or Moses. Prayer from such a man had the ring of authority.

"Stead," he said one time to his editor friend, "you write beautifully, but do you ever pray over your copy?"

"I do pray, general," Stead admitted, "but I am in danger."

At that time a woman officer of the Salvation Army was undergoing one hundred days' imprisonment in Chillon Castle on the shore of Lake Geneva in Switzerland. Her crime was that she had preached in the streets of Geneva. Finally this woman, Captain Sterling, was released and sent home by my sister Catherine, whom we called the *maréchale* in recognition of the work she did as my father's subordinate in France and Switzerland.

Sincerity and Showmanship

Stead became interested in the unhappy experience of this girl officer. He talked with her at length after her return, and as a result London was shocked by a front-page story about the prisoner of Chillon. It had been written with the ecstasy that makes fine literature. It advanced our cause and won for us a better understanding everywhere on our frontiers.

Reading it the general's eyes glowed. "Stead," he pronounced, "you prayed over that article!"

General Booth prayed as naturally as a child appealing to its father. He was not self-conscious when he prayed. He never mumbled as so many do, but spoke out bravely whatever was in his heart. King Edward once boasted that he would rather have General Booth pray for him than any minister in his kingdom. It was his sincerity that conquered.

One time when the general was going down to Bristol a very charming lady stepped into the compartment. Her name was Margot Tennant, and this was at a time when social gossip was linking the name of that virile personage with rival gentlemen named Balfour and Asquith. The moment she saw the general she smiled and entered into conversation with him, and he, quick as a flash, said, "God bless you, Margot. May you make a wise choice."

She was full of questions. How did we reach the people who had never had contact with the churches? How great was the need of such an organization? As the general unfolded his story tears began to course down her cheeks.

The young society woman had to change trains at Swindon and arose to arrange her luggage. The general, rising also, placed his hand on her arm and gently said: "Before you go can we not have a little prayer?"

The two then knelt in the railway compartment and prayed. As they got to their feet and Margot prepared to leave she suddenly exclaimed:

"General, I see now the secret of your power. I know why you have myriads of followers. You believe in what you preach."

There was considerable insight in that remark. Sincereness was responsible for much, but the world has harbored many sincere people who never succeeded in capturing the imaginations of entire nations as my father did. There was still another element. Combined with his perfect faith was a showmanship that often approached genius. No officer wore his uniform so continuously as my father did. Everything he had or used had stamped upon it somewhere or woven into its fabric the crest of the Salvation Army.

It was showmanship that made him understand that drums would attract a crowd when tower bells would not. It was showmanship that made him know that popular tunes already in favor would capture the sympathy of the masses as more somber hymns would not. This is why the songs of praise you hear when you encounter a Salvation Army service on the street corner have a hauntingly familiar air. We can turn the music of Irving Berlin to our account as quickly as any theatrical producer. Two-four time is as good a measure to echo responses to God as it is to stir the blood at a country-club dance.

"Why," he asked, "should the devil have all the good tunes?"

When honors began to come to General Booth they came in a swift sequence, but not so swiftly as to turn his head. His preparations for a call at Buckingham Palace in response to a command to present himself before King Edward amounted to nothing more than laving his hands in a workman's pail. Of course he was touched by that honor as he was when notables of London gathered in Guildhall in 1904 to applaud him as he received the freedom of the City. By that time I think he had ceased to have any critics. He seemed, at least, to have only admirers. Oxford, in 1907, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. Among the others honored on that occasion was Mark Twain.

You might have gotten a peep at the wellspring of my father's showmanship on that occasion. The academic dress of the doctorate is a scarlet gown and a black velvet cap such as is painted on the portraits of Henry VIII. The general was in a great hurry to get back to London, but when his secretary suggested calling a cab to convey him to the station the general would have none of it.

"No," he said, "I'm going to walk." And walk he did, to the joy of the Oxford citizens and undergraduates. In his scarlet gown that he might never wear again he made too grand a sight to be hidden in the darkness of a cab. But if he was proud of himself that day you can be sure he repented before he arrived home. They could not spoil him.

A Program That Was Ignored

I have mentioned his temper. It burst out of bounds as he was waiting to go ashore in Bombay on one occasion. A luckless secretary handed him a program that had been arranged. All sorts of functions had been planned at which he was to meet the governors and other bigwigs of the British Raj, but there was not a single meeting on the list for the poor, for the natives whose plight was even worse than that of the people of London's slums.

"Have I come out here," he exclaimed stridently, "to feast at the king's tables? Look, you might as well go home." That night he addressed the natives.

A dozen times a day he would dismiss his secretary only to get him up in the middle of the night to take dictation and forgiveness in one stiff dose. Any of us who were around him worked like drudges but none of us ever could work quite so fiercely as the general.

Wherever he went after the tide had turned in his favor people of consequence were eager to meet him and to help him fight his war. If he went to South Africa, Cecil Rhodes opened his doors to him; when he came to America, Mark Hanna assembled a host of powerful people at a banquet where the general ate bread and milk. His influence had spread enormously. He had made poverty the lively concern of the people who were best fitted to abolish it. His army had gained powerful allies, and his constant preachment against liquor as an intolerable burden on women and children was bearing fruit. But he forced himself to greater and greater efforts as he grew older.

I think he brought ruin to his eyes because he insisted on writing while traveling across this continent. He would have a

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broad strap swung across his compartment in a train and standing before that ingenious desk he would sway with the train and write out his commands to his soldiers everywhere. At last the flaws in his vision were too great a handicap to be ignored. There were examinations by oculists. Their discovery was appalling. Cataracts had formed on his eyes.

The last time I was with him he had an address to deliver in Albert Hall, in London. Six feet one, he stood, and he was eighty-three. Those gray eagle eyes were unseeing, but they ranged from pit to gallery as if his will would force them to report to his brain. Clasped behind his straight back were his hands, lovely things molded so beautifully that sculptors hungered to copy them. The lights of the hall found a sheen in his white hair and beard, and I tried to watch that and forget his poor eyes.

"I am going into drydock for repairs," he told them.

We came home from Albert Hall and had some tea. He never took sugar. In fact, he had lived so abstemiously that his body then was less frail than it had been in his youth. He had perfect control of his appetites.

"Let me wait until after the operation," I begged.

"No, Eva, I am going to see better than in a score of years. You go back to your work in America."

He was in his dressing gown, on his knees, praying at his bed when I dropped down beside him and he snuggled me against him.

Something went wrong in the operation. An infection developed, and so he came to the end of his days in utter darkness. He wrote me a letter of farewell, forming his letters from memory. I've got that little bit of scribble now.

"I've done my best for God with eyes," he wrote. "Now I'll do it without eyes."

They tried to get him to take more nourishment. There was a strike in East London at the time.

"Poor women can't get milk to feed their babies," he railed, "and you bring me eggs!" Soon after that he died. That was in 1912.

No Compromise With Liquor

There were eight of us who called him father as well as general. All of us who live are carrying on in the work for which he trained us. Some drifted from the Salvation Army, but none failed in their devotion to the cause

Sometimes in this country I lose that temper which I inherited from my father. Most often this happens when someone suggests that I might favor a relaxation in the warfare against drink that was always chiefest among his enemies. The word they use is modification; but can anyone, knowing that it is Booth blood that flows in my veins, wonder that I stiffen at the suggestion? Beer? It was beer with which the people of East London used to make themselves sodden. They still do, but not in America

The greatest enemy of mankind in all the world is liquor. No other curse can be compared with it. It takes the ablest, the dearest and the best that is in humanity and works a complete destruction. We of the Salvation Army played no small part in having it outlawed. We are going to fight to keep it outlawed. That is a fight we have just begun. There is plenty of work left. In fact, there still remains everything to do. What my father did was to show us how.

People try to say conditions now are worse than before prohibition. I know they are not nearly so bad, but they are bad enough.

The Salvation Army lassie with her tambourine finally came to be tolerated in the saloons of America. Shall we have to send her and her sisters into the speak-easies? If necessary it shall be done, for their uniform has a wonderful power to awaken the conscience.

Glorifying Common Things

In America there are more than 150,000 soldiers in the army my father founded. There is a physical plant, including industrial homes, hotels, nurseries, social-service institutions and other machinery for the relief of distressed humanity, with a reproductive value of $37,000,000. How shall we who have inherited General Booth's task wield this mighty weapon that was forged out of his spirit?

There are 250,000 men and women confined in the prisons of the United States. General Booth would tell you that there was a spark of good in every one that, properly fanned, would flame into a true conversion. If we evangelists, Salvationists and others, can reach such people as my father did there will come a time when the word gangster will have only a historical meaning.

The Salvation Army has brought joy to the joyless, purpose to the aimless. It has glorified the common things of life. General Booth did not accomplish as much for the people who had reached depravity as he did in preventing others from becoming depraved. There are still in America, in spite of an extraordinary prosperity, a great mass of human beings with no greater aim in life than to keep alive and clothed. Those people need to be lifted a little to reach God. Not many of them will go to church. Therefore, as in London when my father began, the churches must go to them.

The next time you hear the beat of a drum on a dark street corner, hear singing voices and catch the blue of our uniforms, try to picture a young man in London long ago breaking away from his place in a pawnbroker's establishment so that he might do God's work. Do this, I say, and be pleased that the work is going on.

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MODEL 52 A. C. Combining electric receiver and speaker in satin-finished compact cabinet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 6 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, $117.

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We can't describe half the improvements in this short space, but you can see them for yourself at your hardware or sporting goods store. When you get your hands on this air rifle and throw it up to your shoulder, you'll know what you want this Christmas. We'll send you a circular telling all about it if you'll write us for one.

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TWO RED-HAIRED WOMEN

(Continued from Page 5

funeral I noticed this morning as I came past Westminster Abbey. They told me they was buryin' that part of the Duke of Norfolk from his collar down, and the part of him from his collar up is exposed to the wind and weather on Temple Bar; and between the two, where his neck ought to be, there's three companies of royal halberdiers. Separations like that must be painful, followin' a long engagement like yours and his was."

"He wasn't executed because he was engaged to me, Timothy. He was executed because of high treason. He went and proposed matrimony to that Mary Stuart, who calls herself quane of Scotland."

And when she mentioned Mary Stuart's name there came an expression on her face that made Tim more diplomatic than ever about getting himself engaged to her.

"And Scotland," he says, getting back to where they was, "is yours, Your Majisty, within two months after ye've evacuated Ireland."

She pushed him away from her, and she gave him a long look and she laughed.

"Ye trade too fast, Mr. O'Meara," she says. "The way of it will be this: Me troops will leave Ireland the day after I'm crowned quane of Scotland at Edinburgh, with Mary Stuart's head in a basket at me feet."

And move her from that decision he could not, neither with the power of reason nor with the blandishments of his magnetic and affectionate personality. For three days, off and on, they debated that point, while she entertained him royal at her palace, but at the end of that time she was just as firm and fixed as at the beginning: Ireland she would not give up to him till first he'd conquered Scotland for her. And on the morning of the fourth day he leaped on his horse and galloped north to scout the ground over alone.

Through sun and moon and rain he galloped, day and night, commandeerin' cattle in the quane's name as he needed them, up the middle of England and through them Cheviot Hills, keepin' his strategical eye peeled for military positions as he rode; and 'twas on an afternoon of blowin' wind and streaks of sunlight through the clouds he topped a ridge and looked across land and wather upon the tall town of Edinburgh, wavin' her plumes of smoke a dozen miles away.

And betwixt the sight of that and the reach of his mind there came the whistle of feathers and the scream of a bird, and right in the air forninst his station a falcon stooped with a whir of silver bells and struck all his blades into the red life of a heron. But no time had Timothy to think of thim rumpled feathers, for with a shout and a rattle of hoofs, a lady all in green stormed up the rise before him on a white palfrey, and a man, ridin' after her, bent from his saddle and snatchin' at her bridle.

"Ruthven!" she cried, and lashed out at him with her riding whip. And with that both reined their horses to a prancing stand.

"I have my Lord Murray's orders never to let ye ride alone," says the man, sullen and black.

"That for my Lord Murray's orders!" cries the woman, and with the word she gave her horse the spur and was on him like the spring of a wildcat. Twice she cut him on the face, while the air danced with the forefeet of horses and the man swayed in his saddle; and if it had been a blade instead of a whip 'twould have been the fellow's finish that instant. Back staggered his horse, and he caught his dropped reins again in one hand and laid the other on his dagger.

"Ruthven!" she cried again, and raised her whip once more. But me bold Tim spurred between them.

"Will ye draw steel on a lady!" he roared, whirlin' out his sword with the word.

The man let go the dagger and out with his own sword. Timothy O'Meara—me ancestor he was—was too distinguished a swordsman to trifle with a foe just for the mere pleasure of it, and now the blood of the ancient chiefs of Ireland was singin' through him, and with one neat backhand sweep he sent that fellow's head rollin' down the hill and his horse galloped off with the rest of him.

"'Twas a good blow," says the lady.

"I misdoubt," says Tim, lookin' after the horse, "but that I was a trifle hasty with him. But 'tis not in me character to see a man offer insult to a lady."

"'Tis no great matter," says the lady; "there's plenty more where he comes from—sons and fathers and cousins."

"Who was he?" says Tim.

"Wan of them Ruthvens," says she. "They're always in trouble. And who are ye, me bold knight?"

"I'm The O'Meara," says Tim, "from Ireland."

"I've heard of ye," says she, "as who in the world has not? I'm Mary Stuart," she says.

"The quane of Scotland?" he says.

"And France," says she. "And England, too, if I but had me rights."

"Be gosh," says Tim, rash and impulsive, and clean forgetful for the moment of all his diplomacy, "but I'll make ye quane of England the day ye say the word. And yes," he says, says he, "and on top of that, the quane of Ireland too."

For I had been lookin' hard at her, and her at me, and it had come over me with a rush

Mr. O'Meara suddenly checked himself, his bald head flushing, and gave his attention to his pipe but no notice at all to his two sons, who were grinning broadly and ironically at him. He cleaned his pipe with elaborate care, lighted it again and resumed.

Timothy O'Meara had been looking hard at her, as she at him, and it had come over him with a rush that if Ireland was to have a quane, this woman was the quane for Ireland. Red was her hair, and it was blowin' in the wind—a brown red the most of it, but with streaks of gold red twisted through it—and hazel was her eyes, but there was glints of gold in them, too, and through that quane's white skin ye could mark at times the leap and circlin' of her blood. A golden woman she was, and there was the sparkle of red wine in her, too, and there's been no language known to any bard could tell her beauty nor the wild intoxication from it - nor no harper to sing it, neither, since the old and ancient days when we chanted of the only woman that was ever more beautiful than she, and that was Deirdre herself, the Troubler of Ireland and the world.

"No man," says he, "could look at ye, Quane Mary, and not want to give ye all the kingdoms of the earth."

"Wan kingdom at a time," says she, and laughed; and if he had not been already hers that laughter would have finished him. And as for her—I will keep back no secrets from ye—he had upon her the usual and instantaneous effect that he had upon all mortal women everywhere and always. "From what I've heard of ye," says she, "and what I've seen myself, I think ye could make me quane of England in good earnest."

"There's but wan thing I ask of ye, Quane Mary," says Tim, all his diplomacy coming back to him again, "and 'tis that when ye're quane of England ye'll let Ireland go her own way, alone and free. And I think ye'd better sign a paper to that effect before I put ye on the throne."

"I'll sign it the day I'm crowned in London," says Mary, "and that's a good deal to give up to you, Mr. O'Meara, for the fact is that I'm quane of Ireland by rights now, and I'll have the double right when I'm quane of England."

"Now, now, now," says Tim, "don't talk to me like that, or I'll think there's more honey than wisdom on thim lips of yours. We can't deal on thim terms at all, at all," says he.

With that she give him a look out of her eye. "And isn't there anny other terms you and me could deal on, Timothy O'Meara?" says she. And with that look there went a smile.

Now Tim was wan of thim unfortunate men, as I've tried to show youse, who knew by instinct what wan of thim looks and wan of thim smiles called for—unfortunate, I say, because his impulses was forever gettin' into the way of his diplomacy. He slipped his arm around her and lifted her from her horse to his own.

"Moira," he says, "if anny woman in the world could make me forget me juty to Ireland, 'twould be yourself!" And with that he kissed her wance or twice. "But no woman could," says he. And with that he kissed her again. "Not aven you," says he. And what more was said and done in the next few minutes, he was always too much of a gentleman to tell annywan, and your father will lave it to your own imaginations.

"There's wan other thing I would dearly love to have, Timothy darlint," says she afther while, when she was back on her own horse again, "and that's me Cousin Elizabeth's head in a basket."

"We'll see about that, Moira," says Tim, aisy and tactful, not wishin' to commit himself to annything. And with that the rest of her huntin' party, which she had outridden and lost, came jinglin' up. 'Twas to Holyrood Castle they went, and there Quane Mary entertained him free and royal for three days. 'Twas on the second day the quane proposed marriage to him.

"I hear Your Majisty is married already," says Tim, diplomatic.

"Didn't ye hear that terrible explosion last night?" says Mary. "That was me husband getting himself blown up with gunpowder, out in the suburbs. He was always a clumsy fellow, that Darnley." And she stooped down and fixed wan of the rugs on the floor. "Mary Livingstone," she says to a lady in waitin', with a kind of mist in her eyes, "you girls have got no affection for your quane! I have always to be straightenin' out this rug for mesilf."

"Your Majesty knows we love you," says Mary Livingstone, with a curtsy, "but ye must remember we have not the same motive as yourself for rememberin' what that spot on the floor is. There's times when we forget just where it was Davy Rizzio was stabbed."

"Nobody loves me," says the quane, lookin' at Tim, "neither man nor woman."

If the whole court hadn't been there, Tim would have showed her that minute she was wrong, as who wouldn't? But he kept hold of his diplomacy.

"Your Majisty," says he, being careful to call her that in public, "I've heard some talk that the Earl of Bothwell would be your next husband."

"Why, I thought that the Earl of Bothwell had met with a fatal accident!" says the quane, looking surprised and speakin' to a group of them noblemen standin' about. "Lindsay," she says, "or Douglas, or some of you that's not too near related to him, won't you be so kind as to go and bring the quane the very latest news about the Earl of Bothwell?" And six of them bullies started out of the room at once, lickin' their chops. "Remember, now," she calls after them; "bring back to me nothin' but the very latest news of what poor Bothwell's fate has been!"

And with that she turned a dazzlin' smile on Tim, as if to say obstacles to their matrimony seemed to be eliminating themselves.

"And now," says she, lookin' around on the rest of the gentlemen, "is there anny wan else present I've promised to marry?"

"Your Majisty mentioned it to me wan day," says the Lord of the Isles, feelin'

(Continued on Page 90)

When Grant sold fuel from Hardscrabble Farm

ON winter evenings of 1855, a bearded man who was nine years later to be general-in-chief of the Union Armies, could have been seen along the streets of St. Louis, driving a pair of mules and delivering stove wood to the homes of the well-to-do.

Times and heating systems have changed much since then, but it is safe to say that if anyone in those days had assurance of warm houses, it was U. S. Grant's customers. For when he promised wood he delivered it; the outstanding characteristic of the man, that later made him victor of Vicksburg and Petersburg and President of the United States, was a dogged determination to do always what he set out to do.

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(Continued from Page 88)

unaisy of his neck, "but I got the idea Your Majisty was just havin' wan of your bursts of mirriment."

"What," says she; "is the man tellin' me he don't want to marry me? Speak up," she says; "do ye want to marry me or don't ye?"

"I'm willin' to let bygones be bygones, please Your Majisty, if you are," says the Lord of the Isles.

"Never in the world," says Mary, turning a bright and beautiful pink, "was such an insult offered to a quane before in broad daylight, and her sittin' on her throne. Don't," she says, covering her face with her hands—"don't anny of you gentlemen be too cruel with the man that uttered it, for 'tis plain he's not sane and accountable for his actions. And don't," she says, peeking through her fingers—"don't be too alow with him, neither!" And the wans that led him out wasn't.

"Timothy O'Meara," says she to him, "I'll have a word in private with ye," and gave him one of them looks and dismissed the court. Wan word in private between them two always led to another, and so on and on, in the way of love and logic. But at the end of two days' discourse betwixt thim of this and that, there was wan thing that Quane Mary was just as fixed and firm about as at the beginning. She would sign no paper givin' up Ireland to him till first he'd set her on the throne of England. And on the morning of the fourth day, wonderin' about manny things, Tim got on his horse and rode away.

And he hadn't rode many miles before it came to him like a flash that there was a good many diplomatic disadvantages in his situation along with the diplomatic advantages of it. "Suppose either wan of thim quanes should get the notion," says he to himself, "that I've been makin' love to the other wan, and each of thim after wanting the other's head that way?" An' he couldn't deny to himself that, although he'd been careful not to commit himself to nothing much, yet at the same time he'd given both of thim a bit of encouragement. "I'm betwixt love and honor," says Tim to himself, "and I've got to step aisy." But the main point of honor with him was which wan of thim would herself be doing the most honorable thing for Ireland. "They're both of thim kind o' foxy, too, thim quanes," says Tim to himself. 'Twas running through Tim's mind 'twould be the better stroke of diplomacy if he could but get the promise of both of thim regardin' Ireland before he handed another crown to either wan of thim.

If Ireland was out of the question he'd have married Mary in a minute, and be damned to Elizabeth, as annywan would. But thinkin' how much him and Mary was in love with each other made him sorry for Elizabeth, too, and the more he thought of it the more he pitied her, and he says to himself he'll have to be extra kind to her when he sees her, to make up to her for what she don't know about, and 'tis just this kind of tinder-heartedness that kept me in trouble all through me youth.

And 'twas thus he was revolvin' love and diplomacy around in his head when he rode into London early one mornin' and sent word in to Queen Elizabeth to get out of bed and slip somethin' on; he wanted to speak with her at wance.

"And how is Scotland, Timothy?" says Quane Elizabeth, sittin' on the side of her bed with a cup of morning tay in her hand, flappin' a pair of blue mules on her feet.

"'Tis still there," says Tim, diplomatic and noncommittal.

"I suppose you didn't see that Mary Stuart, now, did ye?" asked the quane.

"I did get a glimpse of her," says Tim, still tactful.

"Tell me, Timothy," says the quane very confidential; "what does the woman really look like?"

"There's but one woman in the known world, Elizabeth, who has any advantage on her in the way of looks," says Timothy, seein' that this was not wan of thim times when a diplomatist could afford to be entirely frank.

"And who may that woman be?" asks Elizabeth, cocking her intelligint eye at him over the top of the taycup.

"'Tis yourself," says Timothy O'Meara, telling the most outrageous and audacious lie that ever left the lips of mortal man. But he pardoned himself, for 'twas for the sake of Ireland.

"You're full of blarney," says she, giving him her hand to kiss; but she was not ill pleased, at that.

"They do be sayin' in Scotland," says Tim, throwin' out a feeler to see if any of her spies had been busy, "that she's in mournin' for a husband and planning to marry another wan."

"Be damned to the woman!" says Elizabeth suddenly, throwing her cup and saucer against the wall. "I don't like her! There's manny reasons why I don't like her, but one of the chief ones is she's always gettin' married! Marriage! Marriage! Marriage! What way is that for a quane to be conductin' herself? 'Tis not dignified! 'Tis a kind of a reflection on all us Maiden Quanes. A quane ought to be far and away above all that matrimonial nonsense!"

For days he discoursed with Elizabeth and debated, but he could get no further with her than the wan word. "Make me quane of Scotland first, and after that Ireland's free," and on top of that she was forever urging him to enter into wan of thim formal engagements she was so fond of. Back he rides to Edinburgh, and 'twas similar with Mary. "Make me quane of England first," she says, "and I'll see that Ireland's no more bothered", and on top of that she was continually suggestin' matrimony. And afther half a dozen of thim trips, commutin' back and forth, Tim says to himself: "I'm spendin' me life on horseback, but I'm not gettin' annywheres."

And then wan day the inspiration come to him that if he could get the two of them near together and let each wan of them get the idea he was maybe getting a little interested in the other, the jealousy arisin' out of that would lead to both of them offerin' better terms for Ireland, for the sake of holdin' onto himself. So he says to Elizabeth that he's concocted a scheme that will give her Scotland without great warfare, but there's a conference betwixt her and Mary necessary first. And he speaks similar to Mary.

And 'twas thus he arranged the most extraordinary meeting of royalties and nobilities for the purpose of negotiations the world has ever seen. Quane Elizabeth comes north with twinty thousand men, in pride and splendor, and pitches her tent in a valley in the Cheviot Hills, and Quane Mary comes south with twinty thousand men and camps on the other side of the valley, and Timothy, who was to be president of the conferences, seats himself on a mountain overlooking both of them.

And both them quanes brings all their courts and all their counselors and earls and dukes, and their ladies with them, and the tents and pavilions was all of silk and cloth of gold and there was feastin' and frolickin' and tournaments and dances and sports, and the blowin' of trumpets and the squeal of pipes, and cannon boomin' all day and all night long in royal salutes, and nobody but the two quanes and Timothy knew what 'twas all about, and only Timothy knew the rights of it, for 'twas long before anny of this nonsinse about open diplomacy began to be chattered about the world.

Tim, he wasn't in no hurry, and the feastin' and the parties went on and on for weeks before the negotiations started, and the word that there was something momentous doing in England spread all over Europe. And King Philip of Spain marches in wan day off his ships with ten thousand troops, and tells Elizabeth he's with her through thick and thin, and then takes the same word to Mary. And the next day there's a burst of French horns, and the Duke of Alençon arrives with ten thousand men and says his brother, the king of France, would like to be represented too. And the Emperor of Austria and the Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia was the next that come troopin' over the hills with their drums beatin' and their banners flyin'. And with every fresh arrival there'd be a shout from all that soldiery and the thunderin' clangor of ten thousand bung starters beatin' on casks as more wine was opened, and the smell of the barbecued oxen was wafted across the wathers as far as Norway and Sweden, and all thim Scandinavian kings and nobility sniffed it and came along too. And Tim O'Meara sat on the top of his mountain and looked down on the valleys round about him and rubbed his hands and he says, "By the saints," says he, "I believe I've started something!"

Ye talk about diplomacy! Never was there so much of it gathered together in wan spot, before nor since. And 'twas Timothy O'Meara was the man that had the key to it all. Everywan could see that he was in the confidence of both of thim quanes, though nobody but himself knew to what extent, and everybody courted him.

"Mr. O'Meara," says the Duke of Alençon to him wan day, "ye could do worse for yourself than be commander in chief of the armies of France, under command of an enterprisin' young king like meself. And if ye'd arrange a marriage betwixt the Maiden Queen and me, that's what I'd make ye."

"But 'tis your brother is King of France," says Timothy.

"He's not feelin' so well these days," says the duke, twistin' his mustache to hide a smile, "and the bettin' is three to wan he won't live out the year."

"Mr. O'Meara," says the King of Spain, "I've been engaged to Quane Elizabeth, off and on, for three years, but still she dodges the altar. The day you get her there for me Mexico is your own."

"I'll think it over, Philip, me lad," says The O'Meara.

And 'twas much the same with all of them kings and princes. Some of them wanted wan quane, and some of them the other, some of them this and some of them that, and sooner or later every wan of thim came to Tim. And thim two quanes kept him busier and busier. As yet, they hadn't met each other, but their jealousies was runnin' higher day by day, and aven hour by hour.

And the diplomacy kept gettin' thicker and thicker and thicker, with more and more of them monarchs puttin' their plans and combinations up to him, until he was himself, in his wan person, the repository for all the statecraft of Europe. And what with all that buzzin' in his head, and breakfast with Elizabeth, and lunch with Mary, and a drink or two with Spain and Austria, and tay with Elizabeth, and a drink or two with Norway and Sweden, and dinner with Mary, and card parties and dances, and late suppers with both thim quanes, and constant and continual love-makin', and new plans for Ireland formin' every day, the thoughts in Timothy O'Meara's head was whirlin' faster and faster.

Faster and faster spun the diplomacy, round and round, inside of him and outside, but no matter how fast it spun he kept himself the master of it, and he said: "There's wan thing that must not be! This diplomacy must not sink annywheres to the level of vulgar intrigue."

And then things took a turn that began to make him a little uneasy. Each of them quanes got the notion at the same time she ought to be provin' to him how he had the first place in her affections.

"Timothy, darlint," Mary would say to him, "why did ye not drop in to tay yesterday? I had the Duke of Hamilton executed just to please yourself, thinking maybe you'd heard the false rumor that he was to be married to me. Ye're neglectin' me, Tim; ye don't love me like ye did!"

"Mavourneen," Tim would say, "it's me that am plannin' statecraft for ye day and night, and ye say that to me!"

"And when will these conferences begin?" says she. "And when am I going to be quane of England?"

"Lave the diplomacy of it to me, darlint," says Tim.

And he'd be getting notes from Elizabeth that said: "Timothy dear, ye've been absent from me nearly twinty-four hours, and 'tis well I know politics is not all ye're talkin' to Mary Stuart these days. I've planned a party for your especial benefit tomorrow evening, and ye must not fail me. The Earl of Essex will be beheaded—him that was wance engaged to me—and afther that there will be dancing."

Tuesday it would be Essex to the block, and Wednesday it would be her old favorite, the Earl of Leicester, and Thursday it would be Sir Walter Raleigh. And Quane Mary runnin' through the Scotch nobility in the same way, beginnin' to work out of the earls in the Lowlands up through thim chiefs of the Highland clans.

For a while these executions was no great moment to Timothy in thimselves; he took thim philosophical, saying to himself "There's another Englishman gone, and that's that," or, "There's another Scotchman!" For the most of thim were no friends of Ireland. But as it went on and on he began to wonder if 'twasn't a bad habit thim two quanes was formin' for thimselves, and a habit that might lead to dangerous consequences for himself in the long run. The date set for that conference betwixt the two quanes, and their first meetin' with each other, was comin' nearer and nearer, and the nearer it came the less aisy was it for Timothy to know exactly what was the best thing to do with all thim diplomatic situations he'd made himself the master of.

'Twas on the day before the wan the conference was set for that Elizabeth said to him:

"Timothy, me love, I've got joyous news for ye."

They were sitting in her royal pavilion, and Tim was getting a bit unaisy, for 'twas in his mind that he was overdue on the other side of the valley at Mary's encampment.

"What's the news, Elizabeth, me life?" says Tim, kissin' her tenderly on the back of her neck and thinkin' of Mary all the time. And terrible sorry he felt for Elizabeth, too, and that was the occasion of his tenderness.

"'Tis just this, Timothy," says she: "I've decided to break me lifelong rule against matrimony—for wance annyhow—and marry ye!"

And with that she slipped a diamond ring onto his finger. Tim, the poor divil, he didn't dare to show his face for a minute, so he grabbed hold of her and squeezed her, and hung his countenance over her shoulder.

And pretty soon she says: "Ye don't say annything, Timothy."

"I'm speechless," says Tim—"speechless with delight." And then he says: "'Twill be just as well to keep it secret for a few days, darlint, till we get some of these diplomatic matters settled."

And he got away from there as quick as 'twas decently possible, for he wanted to think over all the implications and complications of this new matter. If he was to be king consort of England he could rule that country and assure Ireland a square deal, but his heart was sore in him at the thought of Mary Stuart and giving her up like that.

And he stepped into the long tent where the lads in their white jackets was busy, and put his foot on the brass rail, for 'twas there the royal boys hung out of an afternoon; and he called for a glass of usquebaugh with a drop of bitters in it.

"Ye look sad, Tim," says Philip of Spain, edgin' over toward him. "What's eatin' ye?"

"Ain't women the divil, Philip?" says Tim, diplomatic and noncommittal.

"More especially thim red-headed wans," says the Duke of Alençon, tactless and partially inebriated. And the Czar of Russia, who was wan of thim Asiatic savages with knowledge of no European language, so that he had to do his drinkin' through an

Continued on Page 95

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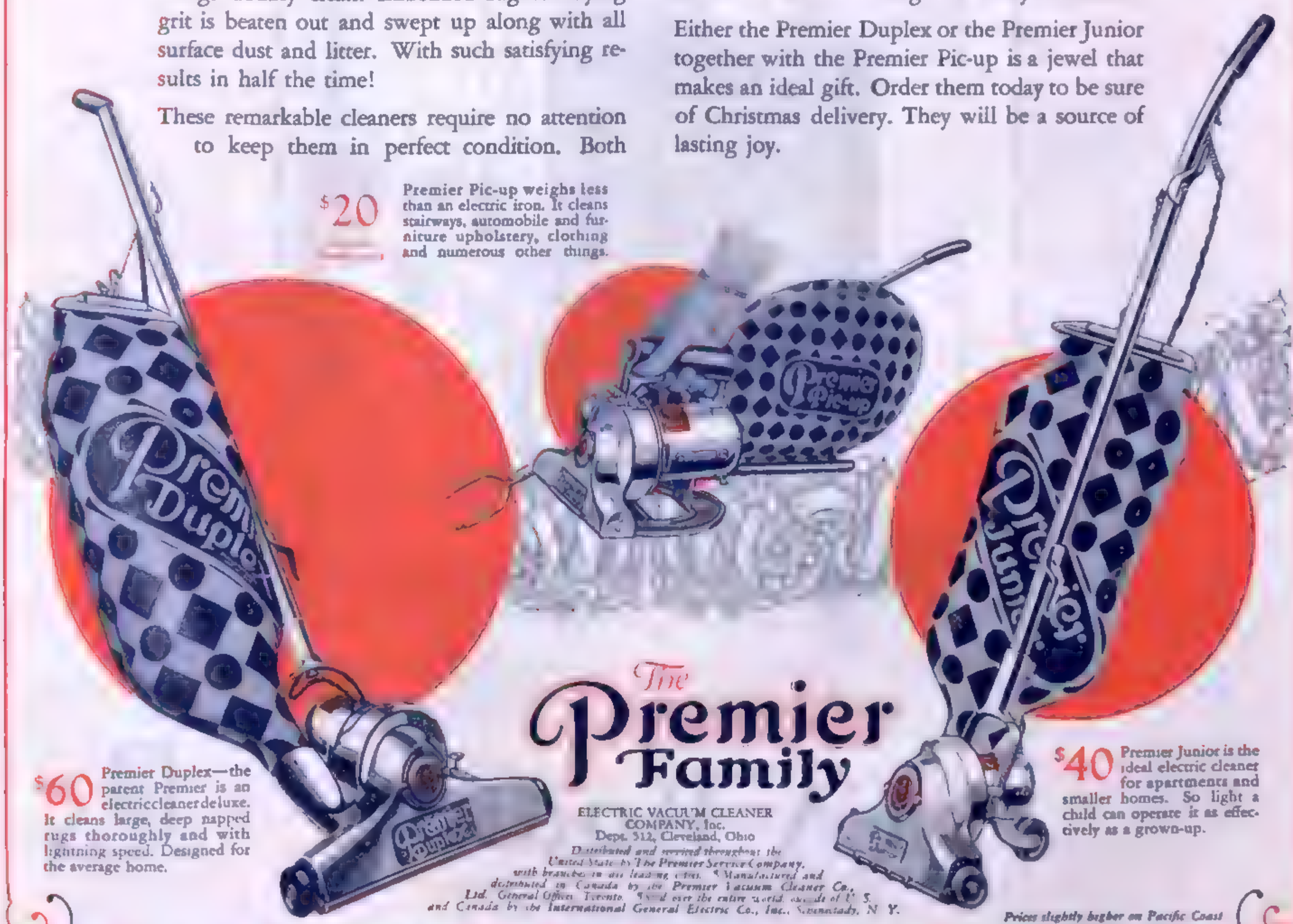

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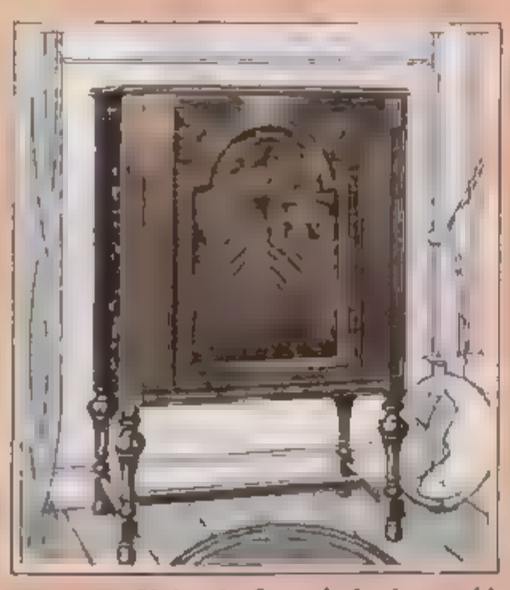

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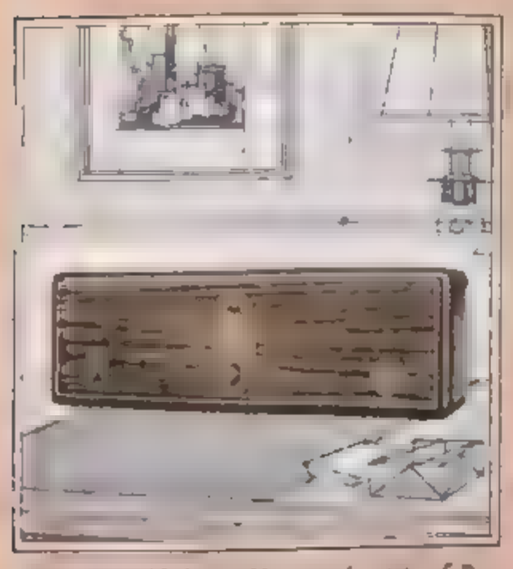

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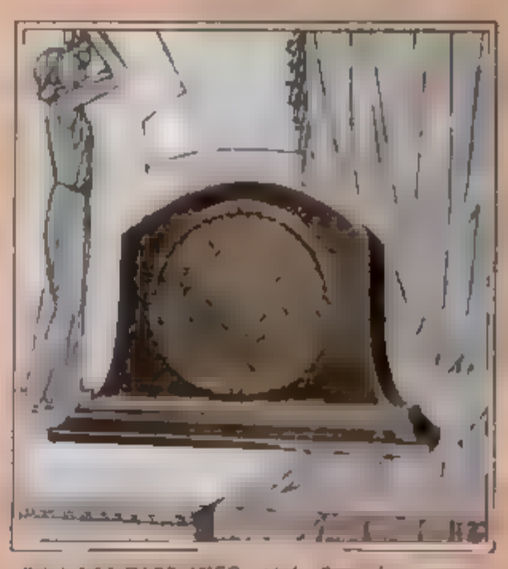

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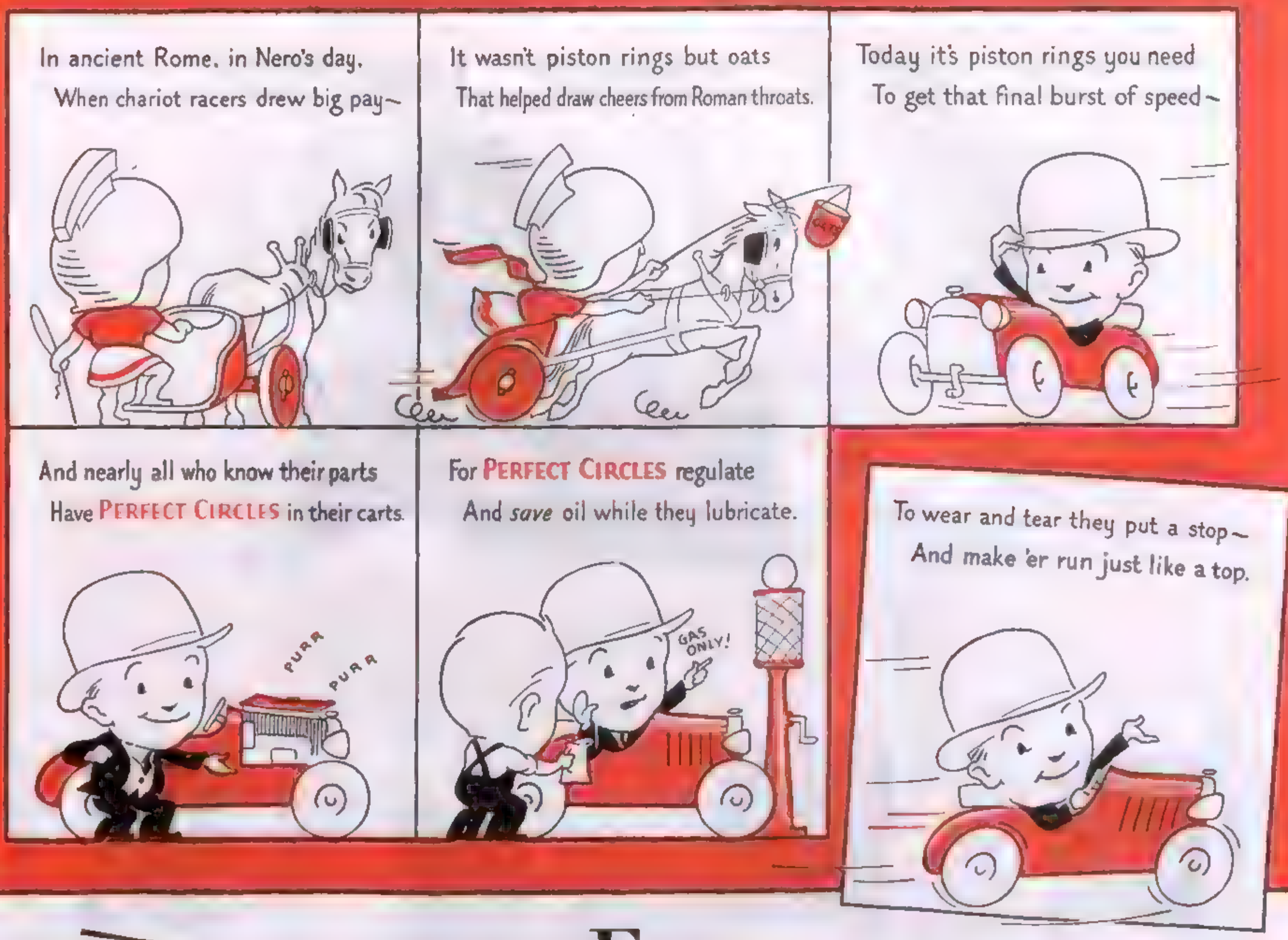
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(Continued from Page 90)

interpreter, came over and declared himself in. And in a minute there was a dozen of them clustered around Tim at the kings' end of the bar, and the mere dukes and earls down at the other end was edgin' up as near as etiquette would sanction, with their ears open.

And wan thing led to another, what with the latest anecdotes and everybody wantin' to buy, until inside of an hour there was less discretion among thim than ye would think possible in the case of such seasoned diplomats. And as for Tim himself, the poor lad, inside of him was wan big heartbreak at the thought of losin' Mary Stuart, and it kept getting worse and worse the more he tried to drown it; and yet, on top of everything there was swimmin' the thought that maybe 'twould be the best thing for Ireland did he become king of England and protect her.

"What's the jam ye're in, Timothy, me boy?" says Alençon. "Ye know damned well that I'm with youse, money, troops or annything else."

"I know ye are, Juke," says Tim, "but 'tis wan of thim cases where nayther money nor troops will suffice." And he sighed.

"'Tis women," says the King of Norway. And the King of Prussia nodded sympathetic, and they all had another wan.

"None of us would mention no names," says the King of Spain.

"Of course not," says Tim. "Ye're all gintlemen, aven if ye are kings."

And pretty soon Philip of Spain led him aside and says: "Tim, give me the low-down. What's due to break, in the way of diplomacy? Don't let me be caught unawares, Timothy."

"Things looks bad, Phil," says Tim, speakin' out of his heartbreak rather than his diplomacy.

"If hell pops annywheres, slip me the word quick, and I'll know what to do," says Philip. "I'll take no risks. I'll turn me guns onto the Frinch at wance. These peace conferences is always dangerous."

"I'll do that same," says Tim. And wan after another, every monarch present led him aside private and put substantially the same question to him, and got the same answer. "If hell pops," says Alençon, "I'll cut loose on the right flank of the English at wance." And so on, each naming his favorite enemy; and then they all went back to drinking with one another, the same as these modern peace conferences, and Tim sighed and went to see Mary.

Her being a female and feminine woman, it was natural the first thing she would notice would be the diamond ring on Tim's finger.

"Oh, Timothy, darlin'," she cries out, slippin' it off before he had time to resist her, "'tis the first thing ye ever gave me!" And with that she put her arms around him. "It's sweet, it is!" she says. "'Tis my engagement ring"

"Mary, me love," says Timothy, "'twas me own mother's wedding ring"—and he was about to say that for that reason he couldn't give it to anyone, not aven to her, but before he could get that far with it, Mary says, says she: "Oh, Timothy, that makes it all the sweeter."

So Tim thinks to himself that he will get it away from her again pretty soon with some pretext or another. But talking about this, that, or the other thing, political and personal, it clean slipped away from his mind, and when he left there late that night it was still out of his mind. The trouble was there was so many political complications in Tim's mind at this time that he had very little room there for anything else, and with both of them girls he had most desperately tried to postpone this conference that was coming tomorrow until he should get the opportunity to meditate more profoundly on the situation. But nayther one of them was willing for any more postponement. Each one of them wanted that other crown as soon as possible and each one of them wanted Tim united with her in the holy bonds of matrimony.

And the next afternoon Tim sat alone at the table in the conference tent before nayther one of thim arrived, with considerable apprehension on the inside of him. One of thim came in through one door and one of them came in through the other, and both of thim had their crowns on, and aich of thim had a tea-party smile on her face, but what was underneath that smile Timothy trembled to think of.

They bowed formal to each other, with that smile, and Elizabeth was the first to speak. "You're Mary Stuart," says she.

"And you're Elizabeth Tudor," says the other wan. "I've often heard Mr. O'Meara speak of ye."

"Girls," says Tim, "sit down. And we'll be getting on with our statecraft."

But, as ill luck would have it, the first thing that Elizabeth noticed was that ring.

"Statecraft be damned!" she cried out, pointing to it. "Mary Stuart, where did ye get that diamond ye're wearin'?"

"'Tis wan of the crown jewels of Scotland," says Mary.

"Ye lie!" says Elizabeth.

Mary drew herself up proud and regal. "Ye speak to me like the daughter of Anne Boleyn, that everywan knows was never married legal to your father, the king"

"Ye answer me like David Rizzio's mistress," says Elizabeth, "that everywan knows was wance married legal to me Cousin Darnley." And with that they stood and looked at aich other in such a way as ye could feel the silk walls of that tent crackin' and snappin' with electricity, whilst they themselves turned every color of the rainbow.

"Now then, ladies ——" Tim says.

But they both turned on him. "As for you, Tim O'Meara ——" says Elizabeth, and choked with rage. "As for you ——" says Mary. 'Twas in that instant that the red hair of Tim O'Meara began to show streaks of gray. And slowly they turned back toward each other.

And 'twas then that Timothy O'Meara caught the sudden inspiration which was wan of the greatest strokes of diplomacy the world has ever seen. With thim two red-headed queens still locked in that terrible look, each strugglin' for the word that would say her feelin's, Tim backed quietly out of that tent and in a minute was standing at the door of the barroom.

"Boys," he cried out to all them royalties and notabilities, "hell has popped!"

Startled, they dropped their glasses, and as they turned their faces toward him the thing he saw plainest and always remembered was twenty pairs of eyes sticking out like the eyes of snails.

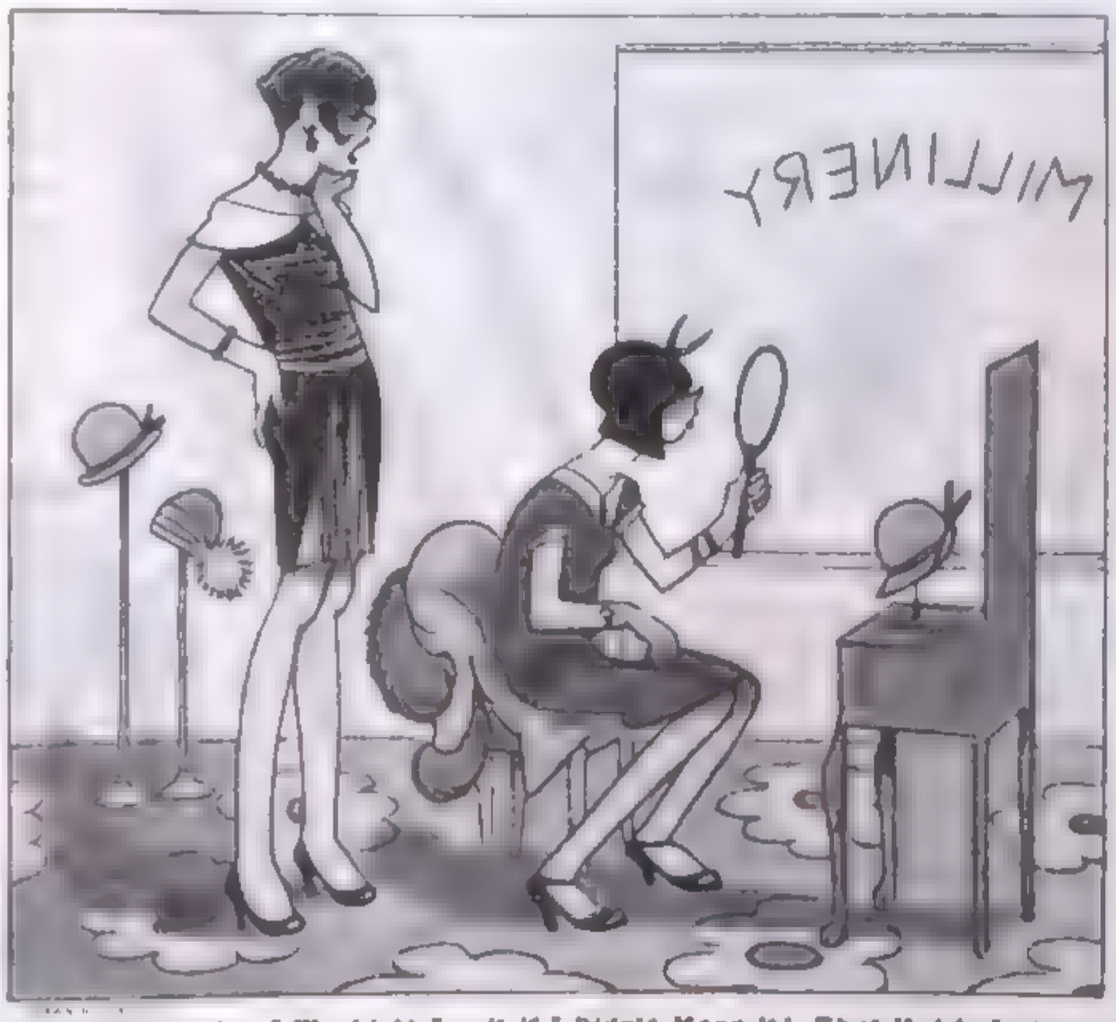
"Hell's popped!" he says again, and was out of there and took his way to his mountain. And he was scarcely there before he heard the drums beatin' and the trumpets blowin', and in a minute more the rattle and crash of musketry, and then began the roar of cannon. And in all the valleys and slopes beneath him there was the flash of steel and rollin' billows of fire and the reek of smoke and the shoutin' of men and the thunder of hoof beats. "The world's at war," says Tim—"all but Ireland!"

And for three days he set on his mountain, lookin' down upon that strife, while reenforcements swarmed in from all sides, from all over the world, thinkin' to himself with every charge and every volley that there went another hundred foreigners who would never trouble the freedom of Ireland. For 'twas the crown and glory of his great stroke of diplomacy that while the rest of the earth was at war and too busy to think of Ireland, out of that turmoil he would snatch the freedom of his native land.

And on the fourth day he took his way back home with the news that Ireland was free. And whilst he was organizing a stable government there, he died in camp. But before he died he got a note from Elizabeth in which she said: "Timothy, I have conquered Scotland and am now queen of the same, and I would sind ye the red head of that Mary Stuart by this same messenger, if I did not know that ye are more interested in auburn hair like me own than in plain red. A great manny of me counselors are urging me, now that Scotland and Mary Stuart are out of me way, to go after Ireland and Tim O'Meara, and go afther thim hard. But old frindships is not so easy forgot as all that, and if it was in your mind to come over to London and visit the Maiden Quane, I have no doubt that somethin' could be fixed up satisfactory to England, Ireland, yoursilf and me. Think it over, Timothy, me dear."

And Timothy wrote an answer in which he says: "My dear Elizabeth, Ireland and me will stay whare we are." And the shame and sorrow of it all was that with his death the fruits of all his diplomacy was dissipated because his successors was lunkheads, and the Sassenach came back again with fire and sword.

But there's nothin' can take away the fame of his merits, and if I ever hear either wan of you whisperin' again that Ireland never had a diplomatist, I'll take both av youse across me knees and larrup ye well, as I am still able to do, praise God!



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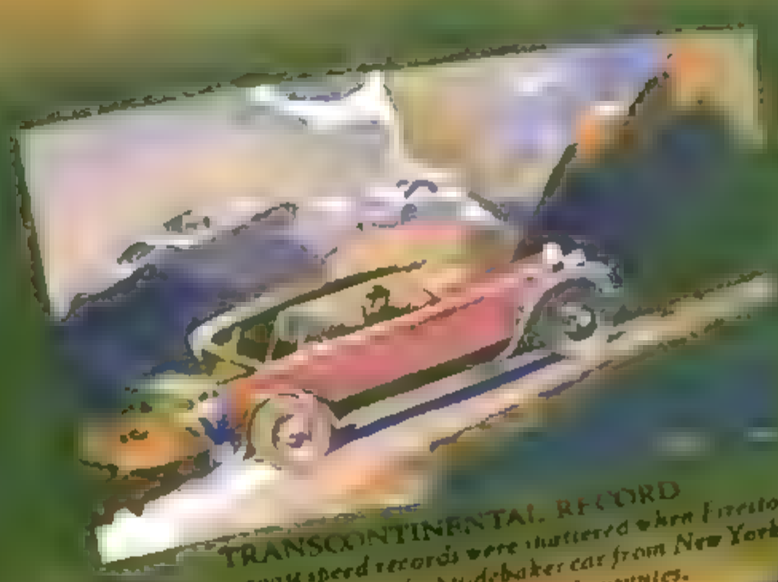
To be really comfortable on wet, chilly days, put on a Tower's Fish Brand Slicker or Work Suit—"The Rainy Day Pal" that all America wears. For sale everywhere. A. J. Tower Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND TRADE MARK

All Tire Endu
Recor

RACE RECORDS

Every International 500 mile race at Indianapolis and every National Championship race for the past nine years and the world's speed record of 207.5 miles have been won on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. (A. A. A. Official record)



TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD

All coast-to-coast speed records were shattered when Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires carried a Studebaker car from New York to San Francisco in 77 hours 40 minutes.

CAR OWN

53,586 miles in Chicago—57,00
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The Mark of Quality

The world's greatest records of ca
Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. •
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Firest

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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RS RECORDS
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king mileage.

ENDURANCE RECORD
The world endurance record of 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes at Atlantic City by Studebaker President Eights was made on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. (A. A. A. Official record)

TRUCK RECORD
124,000 miles on a 2½-ton truck was the astounding record which Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires made for Sarade Brothers of Millville, New Jersey.

The Mark of Quality

r, truck or bus have been made on
• They are the outstanding choice
st safety for high speeds, supreme
ice and utmost economy in cost per
Firestone process that saturates and
rd with rubber, combined with the
ead—produces the greatest security,
ssible to build into a tire. • • Insist
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and serve you better.

Gum-Dipped Balloon

Firestone

PER DOLLAR

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 11)

after passing through those secret feminine rites which had rendered her lawfully marriageable, She-who-would-be-Mother had remained without even a lover, scornfully rejecting every proposal, involving her mother Red Doe in many shrill-tongued quarrels with suitors indignantly demanding the return of their proffered bride gifts. Now—ho-ho!—this frigid virgin—had she perhaps been bewitched by some hostile tribe?—could not help but choose a husband!

Star of Dawn glanced haughtily over those young men who the most noisily thrust themselves in the forefront of the crowd, claiming her attention, jostling one another back. Foolish young braggarts were they all—she had known and despised them from childhood—Big Snake, Antlered Stag, Rock Goat, River Rat and the rest. Not yet had her blood been stirred by any man's caress, thanks to the vague but formidable dangerousness of her sanctity, awesomely protecting her unless she herself should make the first advance.

Now an invincible repugnance rose up in her, reenforcing that proudly conserved cold chastity which, in a vivid and almost mystic sense of her hereditary sacredness, lifting her disdainfully superior to the common folk, had so conspicuously kept her uniquely a maid in that primitive community to which virtue was a matter of observing traditional taboos and celibacy was all but unthinkable. Some day, of course, she must choose a husband, must perpetuate her vitally necessary race. But not such as these was that never-yet-seen splendid wooer who should be worthy of her divine partnership. For all their clamor, not one of these foolish youths would she exalt by her choice to be chief over this her people! Customary though it was for Her-who-was-Mother to take a mate, it was not compulsory. Nothing there was that could compel her holiness. Her will was supreme.

She spoke clearly, authoritatively, holding up her hand for silence:

"Listen, O ye who are my children!" Oddly natural came to her that formula she had so often heard Red Doe pronounce: "Not now will I make choice of husband. Time enough there is, for young am I yet. But here among ye see I none for whom I will unfasten the knot of my girdle. Lo, I have said!"

She flushed a little with the emphasis of her words. A chorus of protests answered her. "No, no! Choose, O mother, choose! Choose! Choose from among us a husband who shall be chief! Choose, as is the custom!"

She looked across to wizened old Snow Weasel, his face grimly enigmatic as he leaned on his staff, his crafty old eyes blinking at her in the bright sunlight.

"Speak, O wise one!" she cried to him. "Must I now choose a husband at the will of these brawlers? Who shall compel Her-who-is-Mother?"

Old Snow Weasel spoke in his cracked senile voice, his eyes shrewd upon her:

"None, O holy one! None is there who may command Her-who-is-Mother. Free art thou to choose a husband or not as thou wilt!"

There was a silence, and then a murmur, half awed, half angry, from the throng. One voice alone dared to be distinctly audible:

"What man then shall be chief over us?"

Before she could reply, the youth Antlered Stag had sprung forward. Much of late had he hung around her, giving her sheepish lovesick glances, unrepelled by her disdain.

"I will be chief!" he shouted, as though intoxicated with his own presumptuous audacity. "I will be chief! Lo, I claim husbandship with Her-who-is-Mother, for I loose the knot of her girdle!" With the words, he leaped upon her, snatched at the symbolical knot.

She recoiled in a shock of revulsion at the outrage, flung him off with an unsuspected strength, so that he sprawled upon the ground. The knot was still intact.

"Stand away from him, O children!" she cried in a passionate vehemence, a vengeance suddenly lucid to her, exulting in her power. "He is accursed! Some of the danger that is in me has passed into him! Drive him from among ye, lest death come to ye from his presence, lest all perish! Away with him! Away with him! Let him die alone in the forest with the death I have put upon him!"

The wretched youth shrieked, groveling upon the ground. There was a many-voiced shout of anger and of fear:

"Away with him! Away with him!"

Women ran to snatch up stones from the adjacent shore of the river. The hunters brandished their spears, fitted arrows to their bows. Only too probable to them was the death that might contagiously come to the entire group from him, as contagiously he had received it from that girlish representative of the Great Mother, mistress of life and death.

The youth shrieked again, scrambled to his feet, dashed like one demented into the forest. They could hear those panic shrieks getting fainter and fainter as he disappeared into its recesses.

There was once more silence in the awe-stricken throng. Star of Dawn looked disdainfully upon them.

"Thus befalls the impious fool that lays hand upon me!" she said harshly, so that they shivered in that evidence of her divine power. "A maid I am, and a maid I will rule over ye until I choose otherwise! But since there must be a chief among the hunters, my brother Red Head shall have authority over ye until I take a husband to my hut and make him chief in his stead." She turned to old Snow Weasel: "Is that the custom, O wise one?"

He nodded his white head sagaciously, his crafty old eyes fixed upon her in sardonic approval.

"The custom it is, holy one. So long as She-who-is-Mother is a maid, her brother rules as chief. Thus has it been from the beginning. The wisdom of the Great Mother is in thee, O daughter of my sister's daughter, and surely prosperous will be thy people!"

They stood aside awedly from her, as, haughty in her proved untouchableness, she went to the new hut, decked with the mother-goddess emblems, that was henceforth hers.

It was the season of the gathering of seeds. Frightening into the air the flocks of greedy birds, singing a song to placate the spirit of the seed grass—had not everything its indwelling spirit?—Star of Dawn waded with the girls and women of the group into the savanna of waist-high heavy-headed wild barley.

"Be not angry with us, O grass!" they sang, as they plucked off the bearded spikes, threw them into the woven baskets slung from their necks. "For our brave hunters who snare the birds that plunder thee, take we but a little food. For our children, the innocent ones, take we but a little food. Grow again, O grass, speedily and in strength! Lo, the Great Mother, the sacred one, shall make thee ever fertile with many seeds!"

That was the ritual, from time immemorial handed down among the women's songs of magic. When they returned to the encampment at the edge of the adjacent forest, the grain would be shaken from the ear, would be pulverized between smooth stones, made into a stiff mash with water and cooked into cakes among the glowing ashes of the fires—a summertime delicacy on which they would at least gluttonously

The third season was this that Star of Dawn had led the womenfolk to the first grain gathering of the seeds, the third year that she by her magics and by her fertility-compelling divinity had insured subsistence for her people, and still—clasping the leopard's pelt skirtlike below her nude torso adorned with the necklace of mother-goddess cowrie shells—her girdle was yet knotted.

Wooers in plenty had offered themselves, hunters from other tribes who came with gifts, strutting in masculine vanity before her, boasting of their prowess, posturing magnificently to win that favor which might not be forced—far and wide had spread the awesome story of the presumptuous Antlered Stag, found dead in the forest a few days later, his features convulsed as though in the agony with which the divine maid had smitten him. She had mocked at them all, her emotions untouched, her eyes scornfully quick to penetrate their swaggering pretensions, to perceive the pettiness of their worth; had become cruelly expert in inventing humiliations for them. Even, amusing herself by making patent to all her derisive independence of the mere male, she had formed a band of young girls, had taught them to use bow and spear, had led them into the forest to hunt the game, startlingly usurping the age-old monopoly of the men.

Through all the tribes were carried wonder-evoking legends of this sacredly celibate incarnation of the Great Mother who followed the chase and could bring down a galloping deer with a single arrow—legends such as those which, thousands of years later, would take classic shape in the myths of the divine huntress Artemis, anciently also a mother goddess of the primeval wild, and of the chaste Diana. So, austerely proud in her inviolable maidenhood, consulting the crafty old Snow Weasel as Red Doe had consulted him, she ruled unwed over her people that now boasted of her, her brother Red Head temporarily chief among the hunters, as custom demanded, herself leading the women to the specific tasks indicated by her divinations in the appropriate seasons.

Joyous above all seasons was this of the seed gathering, a season of intertribal visiting and feasting and matchmaking, when the game was at its midsummer plenty and all the roving groups of the vicinity came down to the savannas of wild barley to share in the natural harvest. Now was it incumbent on the unmarried girls, and on Star of Dawn with them, to sing to the seed grass to bring them wooers:

"A lover send me, O grass! A hunter, young and tall and skilled with spear and bow, send to woo me from my mother, to make gifts for me! A husband send me, O grass, in this the time of marrying!" It was the great annual opportunity for the young men and women to find mates of a totem stock other than their own, and the girls sang eagerly that invocation as they pressed through the long stalks, filling their baskets with the bearded ears. "A lover send me, O grass! A husband send me in this time of wooing! Grow again, O grass, speedily and in strength! And when again thou art heavy with seed, may I be proud with my child!"

Star of Dawn's basket was full. She returned through the browsy yellow grain to the edge of the forest, put down her burden, picked up one of the empty baskets piled in readiness.

The other women were now far across the field, half hidden in the luxuriant growth. She moved in a direction away from them, to a part where the barley grass grew thick and high and yet untouched, sang another stanza of the ritual song.

"Give of thy seeds, O grass! Let not thy spirit be angry with us. We take but little where the birds take much. On the birds send thy vengeance, O grass, for they indeed deserve thy wrath. They it is who take from thee all thy heavy-headed ears!" So would the spirit of the seed grass be deceived, and they be immune from the supernatural reprisals otherwise logically to be expected.

Even as she sang that hypocritical disculpation, a quail whirred aloft from the stalks in front of her. Simultaneously, a bowstring twanged and the bird fell with a thud at her feet. She glanced up, startled, saw a tall handsome young hunter, erect, with bow in hand, his hair adorned with a plume of barley stalks that had disguised his crouching passage through the grain. He was not of her people, was unknown to her.

Her heart seemed to stop in the shock of that utterly unexpected apparition. Surely—appallingly—this stranger was, in living reality, the very spirit of the seed grass! Were not the stalks visibly sprouting from his head? Did he not—even as she had adjured him to do—slay the birds that plundered him? So—alarm leaped to panic in her—would he certainly slay her also! For all that she was of the mother-goddess blood, she was yet human also, liable to death, and mortally dangerous was it to meet any of the spirits of the wild—numberless were the old wives' tales that testified to it.

She turned and fled through the barley, her panic intensified by the cry that bade her stay, becoming an anguish of terror as she heard the stalks swishing behind her in his rapid pursuit. She ran with all her strength, in a paroxysm that clutched her heart, feeling annihilation close upon her. Fleet-footed as she was, his feet were swifter. A hand horror—clutched her bare shoulder. She shrieked and fell. This was the end.

Strangely, she was yet alive. She was conscious of that being standing over her, looking down upon her. Perhaps he might yet be placated. Far from her was the fierce disdain with which she would have turned upon a human pursuer, blasting him with her sacredness. This was, beyond all question, a spirit. She nerved herself for a supplicatory glance at him in this extremity.

"Slay me not, O great one of the seed grass!" she gasped, half hiding her face with her hand. "Slay me not! But as the other maids and women did was I doing. Only a little of thy seeds have I taken. Slay me not!"

He laughed frighteningly. She half saw him crouch beside her. A strong grip forced her hand from her face. He laughed again, contemplating her with bright handsome eyes that sent a peculiar thrill through her. She quivered abjectly, despairing of mercy from this authentic spirit of the wild who laughed in triumph, threw himself upon her.

Even as she went dizzy with the crush of his strong hairy arms pressing painfully the sacred cowrie shells into her chest, she was suddenly aware of a clamor of shouts and angry cries approaching them. Alarmed by her shriek, the other women were rushing through the grass to her rescue. From farther off she could hear the voices of some of the hunters, mingling with that feminine vociferation. Wife capture was common and, indeed, in a measure allowable, but nevertheless—and emphatically in this case—to be resisted by the entire strength of the tribal group. She was pierced with apprehension at the thought of the massacre that must ensue when they burst upon this death-potent spirit.

He also heard that approaching clamor, half released her as he lifted his head to listen to it. She felt as though her life were ebbing from her. There was a roaring in her ears. Her eyes closed, shutting out a world that raced vertiginously around her weakness. Surely she was dying. In that poignant awful certainty she felt herself snatched up from the ground, felt herself borne rapidly, irresistibly, through the seed grass, away—swiftly away—from those furiously yelling people whose sole hope she was. She thrilled deliciously, relaxed

(Continued on Page 103)

If you are a home owner or plan to be one

Upson Board is fittingly adapted for the large home or the modest cottage

Read what *users* actually say about UPSON BOARD

What can Upson Board mean to you?

EVERY month we receive the answer to that question in the form of hundreds of unsolicited testimonials

Letters from actual Upson Board users to our Decorative Department! Facts from people who know!

Read the actual statements of these satisfied Upson users (names on request).

Alluring color for bath or kitchen

"Our bathroom is beautiful. I am for Upson Board all through our house of fourteen rooms...." Susquehanna, Pa.

• •

"Our kitchen, like lots of others, needed attention. Through your Upson Board and suggestions we turned it into one of the most cheerful rooms in the house ...." Easton, Pa.

• •

"I am prouder of my bathroom than I have ever been since its completion over a year ago . . . it represents the only part of my remodeling scheme which has become real...." Penn Yan, N. Y.

Nothing better for ceilings

"We were spending a great deal of money in hand-painting and decorating and were considering for our ceiling panels of hardwood, but after seeing Upson Board we decided that was the material to use. We moved in during July, 1925, and are pleased to say that our ceiling today, after two years, is without a blemish of any kind . . . ." Beverly Hills, Calif.

• •

"This ceiling of Upson Board was installed three years ago. It is as sturdy today as when it was put in. Furthermore, it has saved otherwise necessary repairs by its protection from leaks in the roof . . . ." Butte, Montana.

Help from Upson decorative service

"I am certainly pleased with the many color schemes and layouts you give to help with your installations...." North Aurora, Ill.

• •

"I am attaching a blueprint of our room which we thought might look well with a relief ceiling. If you have any suggestions to offer I will appreciate them and would like this information as soon as possible...." Cleveland, Ohio.

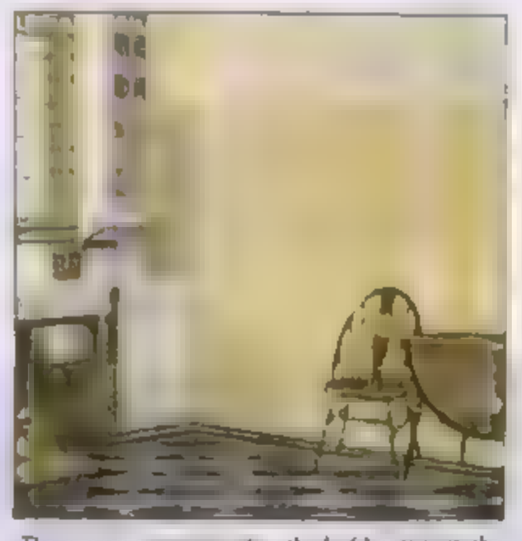
Nothing better than Upson Board for re-covering cracked ceilings. Characterful—crackproof—SAFE—Upson Board does not add dangerous weight

Upson Board in Relief Treatments like this will give your living room all the aristocratic beauty of hand-modeled plaster—at a fraction the cost

Your home is you. It gives everyone a good or bad [illegible] Sprawling, crawling plaster cracks are so unnecessary anywhere. Upson-ize—today

Your dining room can be made as bright and attractive as this—with Upson Board laid right over the old plaster—or in a new home, direct to studs and joists

Transform that oft-neglected bath or laundry. Upson Fibre-Tile is quick and easy to install—smart—washable—easily finished in any color scheme you choose



The average woman spends a third of her time in the kitchen. Transform and modernize it with Upson Fibre-Tile—at about 1/10th the cost of ceramic tiling

What about your home?

Why tolerate sprawling, crawling plaster cracks *anywhere?* Have big panels of Upson Board or Upson-Fibre Tile laid right over the old plaster surface, or in new buildings direct to studs and joists

Then your home is *permanently* beautified! More than a billion feet of Upson Board have been sold and used—with less than one complaint to every 8,000,000 feet!

Certified tests prove genuine *Blue*-Center Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars, blows, heat, cold, moisture, even ordinary leaks—as compared with heavy brittle boards.

Try Upson Board for just one ceiling, or for making that dull and dingy kitchen new and colorful

Our Decorative Department will tell you about the new Upson Relief Treatments that give all the beauty of expensive hand-modeled plaster—at a fraction the cost.

Contractors endorse Upson Products

Not only home owners, but contractors, endorse the vogue of Upson Board.

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"We consider Upson Board one of the essential materials in our construction and are happy to recommend it to those desiring a product that will lend itself to the finest finishes, meet every requirement of durability, and save money over other boards...." San Antonio, Texas

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"I have compared Upson Board with others and find your product so much better that yours is first choice...." Livermore, Calif.

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LUMBER DEALERS ENDORSE THEM

Alert contractors use Upson Products. Discriminating lumber dealers sell them. If you are a lumber dealer and do not stock both Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile, write us today for full details of our interesting proposition to dealers

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Please send me your booklet on Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile, literature describing the new Upson Relief Ceiling Treatments [illegible] besides colorful kitchens and baths

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☐ New Ceilings ☐ Office use ☐ Kitchen or Bath

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UPSON PRODUCTS

From wing-shaped bow to Romanesque numerals the beautiful "Stephen Girard" model is created specially for the man who looks for a dash of modernity in his watch. It may be had at any fine jeweler's in extra-heavy 14k green or white gold, with dial shown, from $137 to $197.

An ultra-modern strap watch is this "Piping Rock," styled by designers of international prominence. The numerals of gold, set in enamel, are a part of the case, not the dial. Available only in solid 14k yellow or white gold, with 19-jewel Hamilton movement, $125.

LIVING GIFTS that go on living!

ONCE in a blue moon of Christmases a gift of gifts is placed under the big tree in your home.

That Christmas forever after is remembered as the Christmas when Father or Brother or Bob or Jim got his Hamilton.

For a fine watch like the Hamilton is really a living gift that goes on living. Year after year it ticks confidently away, marking the passage of time with almost uncanny accuracy.

The longer you carry a Hamilton, the more you regard it as something greater than a mere miracle of workmanship. A human meaning—an affection—attaches itself to this gift.

Here is a companion to consult many times every day of your life, a companion ready to serve with such tireless constancy that you accept its word as you do an old friend's.

Your Hamilton, in fine, *is* a friend. A living, beautiful friend that will go *on* living just as long as you gently impart strength to its tiny ticking heart.

Let us send you our helpful guide for gift selections—"The Timekeeper," a booklet describing all Hamilton models.

Hamilton

THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy

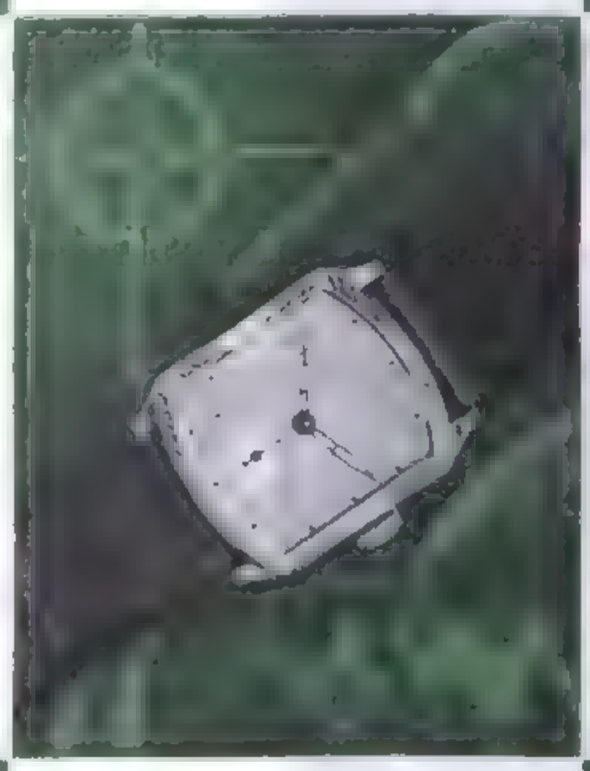
HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY · LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Left—Simple, dignified, rich in appearance—this most beautiful Hamilton is the "Masterpiece," in platinum, $685. *Right*—beautifully proportioned and masculine is the "Hastings" strap model. In 14k and filled yellow or white gold, $55 and $85.

Below—Individuality marks the "Tonneau"—one of the smartest Hamilton strap models, designed for the sportsman and the man of business. This unusually popular timekeeper may be had in either filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, $55 to $87.

Below—Accuracy is built into every Hamilton model, and the reasonably priced "Rittenhouse" is no exception. A sturdy, thin pocket watch—a gift sure to please any man. Available only in 14k filled green or white gold, with dial shown, from $70 to $120.

Above—Men who bare their good left wrists at golf or other sports will rejoice in the possession of this smart "Meadowbrook" model. This very beautiful timekeeper may be had in platinum or 14k yellow or white gold, from $100 to $360. An ideal Christmas gift.



Above—The charm of sheer simplicity marks this beautifully designed "Ramsay" with its Romanesque numerals and octagonal bow. In 14k yellow or white gold, with dial shown, this rich-appearing model may be had at prices ranging from $100 to $160.

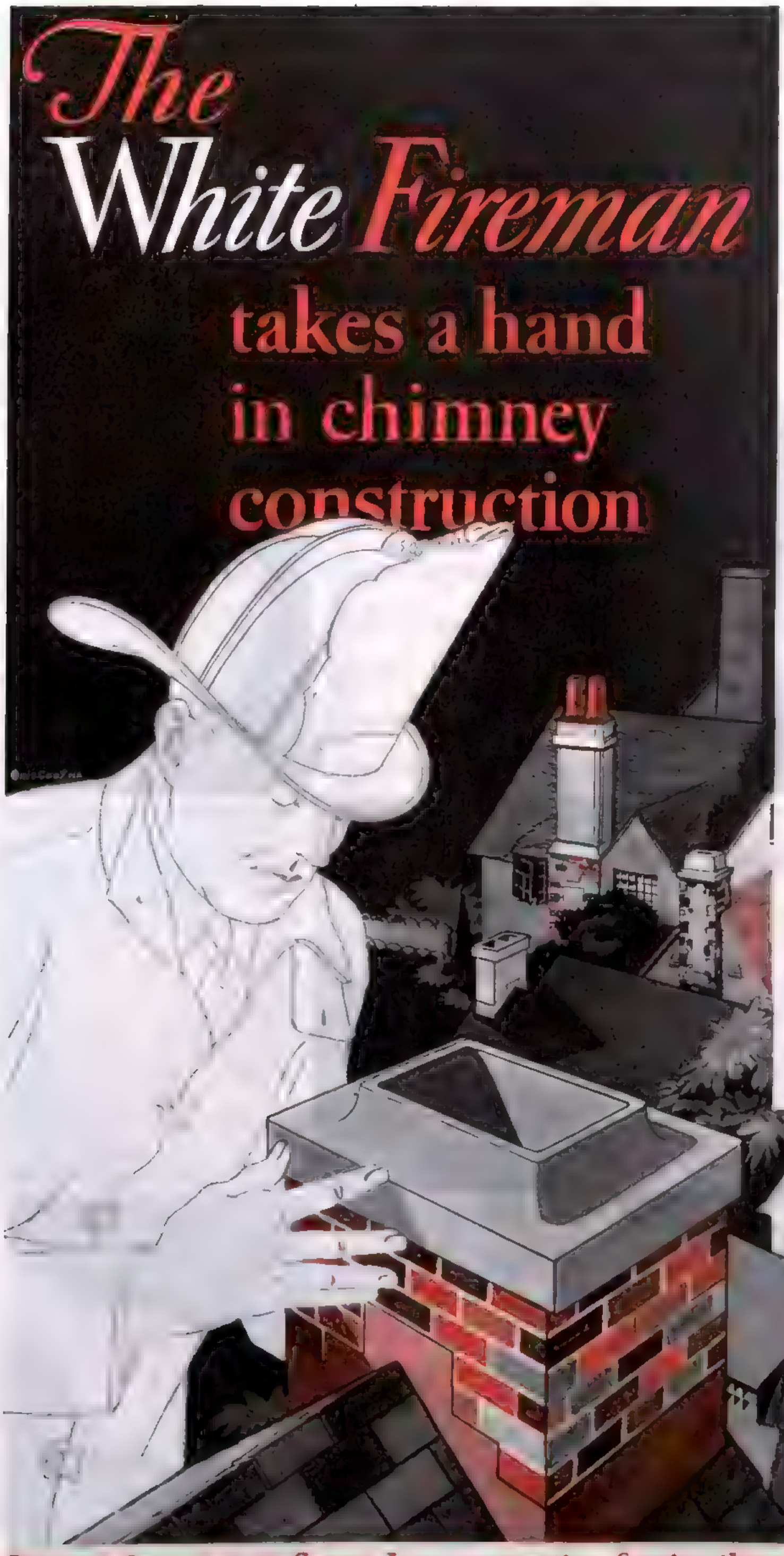
Above—What gift for $50 could make a man happier than this harmoniously designed "Jefferson" model? In filled green or white gold, at every point from its unusual bow to its racy numerals it combines a modern dash with exquisite simplicity and grace.

Below—Created with an eye to tomorrow and quite individual in contour is the "Robert Morris"—distinctive and almost uncannily accurate. You may make a gift of this watch in 14k filled green or white gold, with dial shown, for as little as $55.

Below—Gracious in line, with a welcome yet simple richness of appearance, is the beautiful Hamilton "Cushion" strap model. Your jeweler can show you this in filled or 14k green or white gold. Plain at $50 and $75. Engraved (as shown) at $52 and $77.

Above—Here's what $55 will buy for the man who appreciates that rare combination of accuracy and smartness—the popular "Barrel" model. In increasing vogue among men of taste. In filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, $55 upward to $87.

The White Fireman takes a hand in chimney construction



THE interest at 5% on a half-billion dollars is the amount that faulty chimneys and flues add to America's annual fire loss.

Knowing this loss to be strictly preventable, the White Fireman set about to find a remedy for the condition. Years of research work enabled him to prepare a practical ordinance for chimney construction, suitable for cities and towns of any size. After securing the general approval of architects, heating engineers and building material manufacturers he started his efforts to have his ordinance adopted by city governments.

The White Fireman's work is being justified by the daily increase in the number of municipalities which are writing the ordinance upon their statute books. It appears certain that his principles of chimney construction will become generally accepted throughout the United States. Thus, this one phase of the White Fireman's loss-prevention work will be instrumental in wiping out one of the greatest causes of preventable fire loss.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Loss-Prevention Service supported by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation on proposed structures, that they may be as fire-safe as possible. Inspection of property, with recommendations for the reduction of fire-hazards. Maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials. Various other kinds of technical assistance for the furtherance of property conservation. The North America Agent will tell you how to secure this valuable service.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

(Continued from Page 98)

limply in those divinely brutal arms, as though this were what all her life she had been waiting for.

The golden moon rose above the tumbled rocks dark against the luminous sky, filled with pale light this ravine where they sat by the fire which she had kindled. She gazed at him fixedly with large troubled eyes, contemplating his boldly handsome features, as he sat staring into the flames in a frowning meditation of his own. Still an ear of the wild barley clung to his long matted hair. Was he, indeed, the awesome spirit of the seed grass? Or was he but some far-wandering hunter of another tribe? To her superstition-saturated mind, primitively still in a twilit borderland where fact was not readily distinguishable from fancy, the supernatural was the more probable. Far surpassing that of any human wife stealer had been the strength with which he had carried her, the agility and skill with which—now splashing along a watercourse, now scrambling over rocks which retained no footprints—he had baffled the hunters yelling upon the trail.

And now, unrecognizable to herself, she waited submissively, apprehensively, for what he next might say in that dialect it was so difficult for her to understand. Within her, a prayer to the Great Mother shaped itself—a prayer that this divine being might not suddenly vanish, as assuredly he might, or elusively again transform himself into a heavy-headed stalk of the seed grass that was his proper self. Strange was it to her that she should be still alive, that she should be thinking these thoughts—she who had never had anything but scorn for any lover. She remembered Antlered Stag, lovesick for her, mad with desire, whose presumption she had blasted with death. Was that divine potency gone from her? She sighed as she turned her head from him, picked up from the ground the girdle whose knot was broken.

He lifted his head, looked at her strangely. It was her opportunity. She spoke rapidly, eagerly, humbly:

"Stay with me, O great one! Depart not from me. See!"—she showed him the cowrie shells upon her bosom—"a wife worthy of thee am I, for I am of the mother-goddess blood. She-who-is-Mother to my people am I!"

As she spoke, she was transfixed by a poignant thought of that now surely distracted clan, disastrously deprived of their all-essential incarnation of the Great Mother, responsibility for whose welfare was by heredity and training the unescapable purpose of her life. She must get back to them—speedily—speedily—ere they perish! In an acute anguish, that anxiety mingled with the dread of losing this supernatural lover who had snatched her from them:

"Return with me, O great one, to my people! Dwell among us in thy human form! Chief shalt thou be—the husband of Her-who-is-Mother—the husband of her to whom thou art the first as thou shalt be the last—for what man lover may come after thee, O great one?"

She threw herself before him, clasped his knees, in an abasement that would have been incredible to her erstwhile cold arrogance, in an agonized intensity of appeal.

Plainly puzzling at the exact meaning of her words, he half shrank suddenly from that contact, jerked as though to start to his feet, subsided again with a strange look in the eyes that gazed into her own by the light of the fire. He spoke slowly, distinctly, in his alien dialect she could understand only with an effort:

"Thou art then the sacred one—the maid-who-brings-death?" he asked, a horror in his voice, repelling her with his strong hands.

His use of the awesome title by which through all the tribes she was known, the title that had flattered her divine maidenhood, sent again a memory of the hapless Antlered Stag sharply through her. Had this formidable spirit of the seed grass perhaps been friendly to that love-mad youth slain by her angry scorn? It was possible. All things were possible to her naïvely childlike primitive mind, now in tumult with that novel overmastering emotion sweeping through her like a storm in the forest, annihilating all her pride, making her blind to everything save the necessity of retaining this godlike lover.

"Not to thee can I bring death, O great one!" she cried. "Only upon mortal men who impiously would force themselves to husbandship with me did that which is divine in me, the sacredness of the Great Mother, send death! But thou, O great one, art not such as they! Even for thee did I wait, a maid, scorning all others until thou shouldst come to snatch me with thy strength which may not be resisted. Take now the chieftainship of my people, O great one, dwelling among us as a man, chief among the hunters!"

Still puzzled were his eyes as they looked into hers. Difficult perhaps was it for him to understand her speech.

"What man can avoid death, O thou who art mother of thy people?" he asked slowly. "Sacred thou art and death comes to him who touches thee. So, far and wide, men speak of thee."

A fear shot through her. True was it that even spirits might be mortal so long as they walked as men—and haply now, once she had exercised her divine death-dealing power had that attribute asserted itself automatically in permanence, functioning whether she would or not, fatally dooming him who should presume to intimacy with her. She shuddered. Agony to her was that thought. It should not be! Was he not a spirit, all-powerful? Had she not magics—ancient magics learned from her mother Red Doe—potent to reënforce the vital principle in him?

"No, no!" she cried again. "Not for thee is death, O great one! Forever shalt thou live! Great magics will I make for thee—the magics of the Great Mother, mistress over life and death—keeping thee always a hunter young and strong. With my heart's blood will I make those magics, O great one, so that thou dwellest with us in husbandship with me!"

He continued to stare at her, that strange expression still in his eyes, answered nothing. She rose to her feet, stood illumined by the moon that cast fantastic shadows into the ravine, illumined by the fire into which suddenly she cast a handful of dry twigs.

"See, O great one!" she cried, in a vehemence that transformed her. "Am I not fair? Look upon me!" The leopard's pelt dropped from her. She stood like some primitive goddess, as old as the world and yet forever divinely young, mysteriously exalted above mere human womanhood. "Look upon me as no mortal man has looked upon me! Fair am I as no woman of all the tribes is fair! Fair am I whom all the hunters have sighed to possess, but dared not lest they die! For in me is the power of the Great Mother, the eternal one, giver of all life, dangerous with death—and I am filled with magics older than the light of sun and moon!" She laughed, recklessly triumphant. "Even thou, O great one, art subject to my magic! For, alone in the forest, in the sacred place where none might venture near, a great secret magic did I make that thou, whom often I did see in dreams, shouldst come and seize me with strong arms, heeding not my maiden cries! And lo, thou didst come! Lo, we are here together! And now, O great one, my people wait for thee to be their chief! Hast thou fear to be my husband, O thou whom my spells did summon?" She laughed again, wildly, tauntingly, triumphantly.

He also had risen, stood trembling, held fascinated. Then he snatched her in a close embrace.

"Though thou bringst death, yet will I go with thee!" he said in a strange voice. "I know not what spell thou hast put upon me, but without thee may I not live! With tomorrow's sun will I go with thee to thy people, O sacred one!"

Thereafter they sat for a long time, watching the moon climb above the ravine into the pale sky, holding each other with intertwined arms and murmuring words of love in uncouth speech, and it seemed to Star of Dawn, happy as never before she had been happy, that they were alone in all the world, that clan to which they must return remote and unreal to her.

The sun was already past its meridian when, hand in hand, they reached the camp on the edge of the seed-grass savanna. An old woman, drearily pounding grain between two flat stones, glanced up at them, leaped to her feet, uttered a wild shout of incredulous joy, threw herself to embrace the knees of this returned divinity.

"She has come back!" she cried. "The mother has come back!" She glanced at Star of Dawn's girdle, glanced at the tall handsome hunter standing hand in hand with her. "With a husband has the mother come back!" The women and girls gathering the seed grass heard her, came running to the camp in a clamor of excited voices, swarmed around her in wild delight.

"The mother has come back! The mother has come back!" They exulted in a reaction from despair, from the misery of yesterday's desolated camp, when they had wailed and beaten their breasts, when the men had sat glum and spiritless, in the appalling disaster which had befallen them. Now the menace of famine, of a break-up of their familiar group, was gloriously dissipated. "The mother has come back! With a husband has the mother come back!" It was doubly joyous, that vociferous welcome. Henceforth was assured the perpetuity of the divine mother-goddess race among them.

Old Snow Weasel crawled out of his squalid skin shelter, decorated with mystic symbols. He took his staff and swaggered through them in an importance they acclaimed as he approached Star of Dawn and her companion. "Hail to thee, O Thou-who-art-Mother!" he said, in his cracked senile voice, blinking at her with his crafty eyes. "Well I knew thou wouldst return, for potent was the magic I made last night under the moon when all slept. And"—he glanced at the hunter silent by her side, at him who to her was still the spirit of the seed grass in human shape—"with a husband, as my spell commanded, hast thou come back to preserve the life of thy people."

"Even so, O wise one," replied Star of Dawn, outwardly her calm authoritative self, though inwardly she thrilled with an ecstatic happiness. "With my husband, to be chief over the hunters, have I returned. Foolish-witted were those who doubted it. Now sound the drums, calling all the people together, men and women, that I may speak my will to them, making known to them this their chief."

In eager obedience, the women commenced to beat sonorously, in staccato variation of note, upon the signal drums which were long hollow logs of wood carved with an acoustic aperture midway in their length. From many miles away might their summons be heard.

Proudly, Star of Dawn led her new husband to sit, in unmistakable significance, side by side with her outside her hut adorned with the emblems of the mother goddess. Few were yet the words they could speak easily together, but she held his hand and admired the keen flashing of his handsome eyes as his glance roved over this camp where he would henceforth be chief, as his glance returned to her in an ardency of desire at which she thrilled. A chief, indeed, would be this spirit of the seed grass, manifesting himself among men to be her chosen husband. Many would be the years they would dwell together, ruling over this folk whose prosperity they would so puissantly assure, this folk to whom her life was sacredly dedicate. Around them, the naked pot-bellied children clustered in awe-stricken curiosity, oblivious to the shrill cries of their mothers bidding them come and assist in the preparation of the great feast that should celebrate this auspicious event.

In twos and threes, the savage skin-clad hunters emerged from the forest, came into the camp, stared reverently at Star of Dawn, stared appraisingly at this unknown hunter who at first glance was recognizably to be chief over them, squatted in dignified silence. No time was this for gossip and boasting. With the last of them came in Red Head, Star of Dawn's brother. He scowled bad-temperedly at sight of the stranger seated by his sister. Quite agreeable to him would it have been that she should indefinitely remain unwedded, scorning all wooers. Very pleasant, carrying many privileges, had been that chieftainship from which he was now automatically deposed. He joined himself to the other hunters, sat himself down without a word.

Star of Dawn rose to her feet, turned to old Snow Weasel. "Gather the people, O wise one!" she said, in her divine dignity. "Gather the folk that I may show them this my husband who shall be chief over the hunters!"

The old wizard raised his staff, cried the prescribed formula which gathered all the group together. They assembled in a sudden chatter of excitement, men and women and children mingled in the throng.

Star of Dawn signed to her new mate to stand up by her side. "Listen, O ye who are my children!" she cried. "Much have ye murmured that I took no husband, that of the race of the Great Mother there were no little girl children to be mothers to ye in the time to come. I waited but until I should find that husband, glorious among hunters, who had been revealed to me in a vision. Now have I found him, and bring him to my people to be chief over the men. His name is ——" She hesitated. She had asked not his name. To her he was the spirit of the seed grass, bearing no human appellation. Remembering the quail that had fallen slain at her feet, she invented boldly: never in fact was a person's real name revealed in public lest hostile magic should be made with it. "His name is Bird Killer. Do homage to him, O ye hunters, accepting him as your chief, even as is the custom!"

The hunters pressed forward, laid for an instant their weapons at his feet in symbolical submission, picked them up, passed on again. The youth Red Head had been the last to perform that ceremony. He stood now in front of his sister.

"O Thou-who-art-Mother," he said, "we obey the custom. I obey it who was chief and am chief no longer. This thy husband accept we as chief over us, though he comes from afar and no man knows him. Doubtless of great prowess is he," he added spitefully, "since he bears so mighty a name. Let him therefore now obey the custom and prove himself a greater hunter than all the hunters. Lo!" He swung round to the seed-grass savanna over which a hawk hung poised, a bird he or his totem stock might not kill, but which might of course be freely slain by any man not owning it as an ancestor. "Since Bird Killer he is named, let him with an arrow slay that hawk which hovers! So shall he prove his skill—and fitting is it that he who is not of the ancestry should slay a hawk, since alone of all men he has hit the fluttering heart of this Hawk maiden!"

A murmur of voices applauded this proposal, not too loudly lest the bird should be scared away. Fitting, indeed, was it that he should prove his prowess by bringing down a hawk in the air, ancestor of her who had yielded herself to be his wife.

Star of Dawn smiled at him encouragingly, picked up the bow he had left upon the ground.

"Take thy bow, O husband," she said, pointing to the bird, "and show these boasters that thy aim is straight and deadly!"

He seemed only to have half understood the words spoken in this unfamiliar dialect, but as she thrust the bow into his grasp he glanced toward the quarry she indicated

(Continued on Page 106)

MODERN GIFTS

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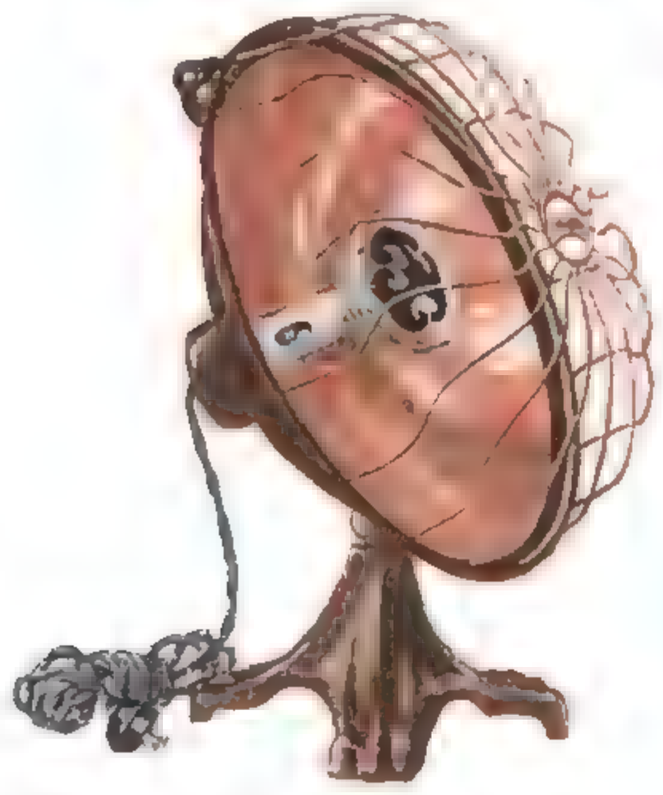

New Barcelona Hedlite Heater, with the marvelous "Focalipse" heating element

This new-type Hedlite heater gives over 60% more heat. The patented "Focalipse" element, together with the specially designed reflector, spreads the comforting warmth more evenly and over a wider area. It is a revelation in convenient "sunshine" warmth for cool mornings and evenings. Finished in mahogany brown to harmonize with any furnishings. Price $10.00. Other Hedlite heaters from $5.00.

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Bakes wonderful golden-brown waffles without turning. No grease, no odor, no trouble. In addition to waffles, many delicious dainties and desserts can be made on the Hotpoint waffle iron: cookies, shortcake, corn bread, chocolate waffles, etc. A recipe book comes with every waffle iron. Equipped with patented CALROD heating element, which is more efficient and practically indestructible. Finished in highly polished nickel. Price $15.00. Other Hotpoint waffle irons from $10.50.

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"What Mother Really Wants." This modern Super-Automatic electric range will mean better cooking with less time in the kitchen. Mother will have more time for rest and recreation—more time to spend with her family and friends. This marvelous new range represents the last word in modern range construction and has been especially designed to make an ideal Christmas present, with many special de luxe features included as regular equipment. The automatic controls permit scientifically accurate cooking whether mother is home or miles away.

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with her outstretched hand. Startlingly incredibly he recoiled, flung the bow upon the ground with a strange cry whose significance was unmistakable. He also was of the Hawk ancestry!

To Star of Dawn it was as if the sky had suddenly gone black, the sunlight vanished. She stared, appalled, at him who was her husband—at him who was now revealed, in their rigid primitive conception of relationship, as her brother—with whom she had committed the most unforgivable, the most unthinkably sacrilegious of crimes, by their action blasting the fertility of the world! She knew the only thing that could avert this universal catastrophe. He knew it, standing there blanched and quivering, making no movement to escape. They all knew it.

It was Red Head who broke that dreadful silence. He turned to Snow Weasel and his lips trembled with superstitious horror as he spoke:

"Speak the doom, O wise one! Speak the doom quickly, that the death of all befall not!"

Old Snow Weasel looked at the guilty pair, looked round that hushed and shuddering throng. Old as he was, he seemed suddenly to have become more old, aged and broken by this incredible happening, by the duty now inexorable upon him. Annulled was the divine virtue of Her-who-had-been-Mother, annihilated by the enormity of her crime that violated disastrously the most fundamental of all sacred laws. He alone, the wise one, oldest of the mother-goddess blood, had authority in this awful moment. Star of Dawn, poignantly watching his shriveled old face, had no word of protest. No protest was possible. Already perhaps was the foliage beginning to wither up around them. He lifted his staff, spoke in his cracked quavering voice while the throng gasped:

"The doom I speak—the law from of old, given by the Great Mother to her children when the world began! Not slain may be She-who-was-Mother, for not lawful is it to shed the mother-goddess blood, but away from the tribes of men shall she be driven as one accursed, to live or die as the Great Mother wills! So falls the doom upon her! But the hunter, Bird Killer—he who impiously wedded his own sister in the Hawk kindred, bringing calamity upon the whole earth—him shall ye now slay as the law bids, rending him in pieces that, being no longer in the shape of man, he may not be born again lest again he commit the sin. So shall the doom be averted from us all!"

There was a confused approval from the throng, pitiless in its ghastly fear. Red Head sprang forward, brandishing his flint-bladed spear.

"I slay the guilty one! Even I, Red Head, I who am his brother in the Hawk kindred, as the law prescribes!" He poised his weapon for the fatal thrust at the man who stood as if paralyzed, making no attempt to defend himself.

A wild shriek checked him. It burst from Star of Dawn. Frantically, she had flung herself between her brother and his victim.

"No, no!" she screamed. "He shall not be slain! He shall not be slain! No man is he, but a spirit! The spirit of the seed grass is he, and accursed shall be those who shed his divine blood! Harm him not! Harm him not! We will go forth from among ye, wanderers without tribe, so that no guilt clings to ye! Upon us alone shall be the curse!" She was like one demented in that agonized appeal.

Old Snow Weasel spoke sternly, seized her in a strong bony clutch:

"Shall all the world perish because thou art crazed with guilty madness, O Thou-who-wast-Mother? Smite, men of the Hawk folk, smite and slay this brother who has broken the sacred law!"

The youth Red Head laughed malignantly, raised his spear again. "Now shall it be proved whether thou art man or spirit!" he cried. "Yet of the Hawk folk art thou, and the forbidden thing hast thou committed, O thou who didst wed thy sister and mine! Thus do I obey the law that makes us guiltless!"

Writhing in old Snow Weasel's grip, Star of Dawn saw the flashing streak of the spear. She sank to the ground, moaning, hiding her face—kept her face hidden in that hideous yelling tumult which ensued.

In superstitious dread, the tribe had left that now accursed camping place as quickly as their belongings could be gathered up. One woman alone moved in and out of the trees on the edge of the seed-grass savanna—the woman they had pelted with sticks and stones, though careful to shed no blood, a woman who wept and wailed in a solitary task. With her woman's digging stick she had delved a grave at the very spot where but yesterday she had been carried off by him who was no more. Now, lamenting, crazed still in a passion of grief, she searched among the trees for the fragments of his body, dismembered in ferocious obedience to the ancient law. Here a leg, there an arm, she found them, carried them to the grave, watered them with tears, interred them, singing pitifully the while the song to the spirit of the seed grass:

"Grow again, O grass! Speedily and in strength! Lo, the Great Mother, the sacred one, shall make thee ever fertile with many seeds!" Patiently, she continued her weeping search, retrieved all those torn and bleeding fragments, buried them in the shallow grave. "As a lover thou didst come to me, O grass, a hunter tall and strong and skilled with bow and spear, a lover in this the time of wooing! A husband thou wert to me, O grass, in this the time of marrying! Grow again speedily, O grass! Grow again in strength! And when again thou art heavy with seed may I be proud with my child!" She sang it chokingly, through her sobs.

When at last the grave was filled in with earth, she sprinkled piously over it handfuls of those wild seeds of which that tragic husband was yet to her authentically the spirit.

Then to a stake thrust into the ground she tied that girdle whose knot was broken.

It was again the season of the gathering of seeds. Dreadful had been the months that had intervened. It seemed that those had spoken truth who in the tribe had muttered that the sacrifice had been insufficient, that She-who-had-been-Mother should have been slain also with sticks and stones, shedding no blood. The summer had broken up with torrential storms, and all through the winter and the spring those rains had continued, rotting in the ground the roots that the women sought. Then a sickness had come upon all the tribes, and terrifyingly they had died of it in numbers, and the hunters had become too weak to pursue the game.

Clear had it become to the survivors that only by the death of that criminal holy one could the wrath of the outraged Great Mother be appeased. Therefore, from all the tribes, had they gone in search of her, piously determined to slay her, bloodlessly and guiltlessly, that again the earth might be a dwelling place for men. She had fled from them, cunningly using all her forest craft, had hidden herself among the reeds of the river, not because she cared to live but because of the life that was stirring within her, the legacy from that divine husband whom they had killed and dismembered, whom still she bewept.

Now, weak, emaciated, with an infant carried in the fold of her pelt, she made her way under a blazingly hot sun into the savanna of wild barley. At a little distance from her she could see a few women gathering the ears. She recognized them as the remnant of her own people. Heeding them not, she went toward the well-remembered grave where that one divine love of her life lay buried. She found the spot—stood stricken with superstitious awe. There, growing tall above the stake where still hung her tattered girdle, waved stalks

(Continued on Page 109)

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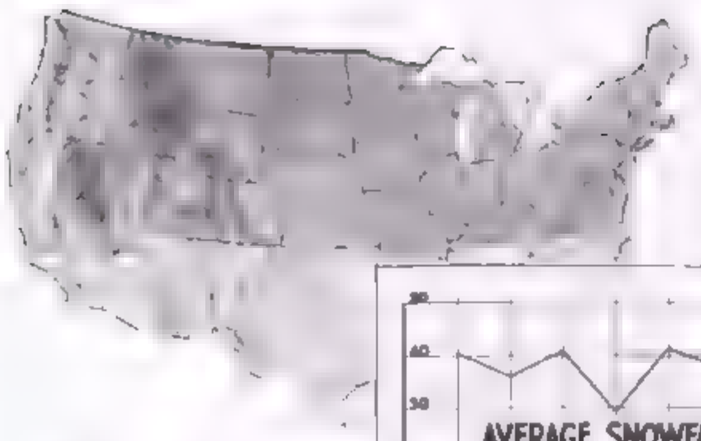

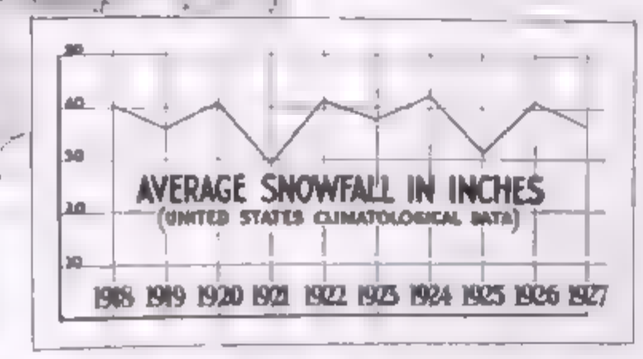

The chart at right is compiled from the climatological data covering the states shaded in the map above.

This chart shows the average snowfall for the last ten years. This is proof by the United States Weather Bureau that modern winters are just like the old fashioned kind. It may snow before the next issue of this publication.

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(Continued from Page 106)

strong and heavy headed as she had never seen them grow. Thrillingly, overwhelmingly, the certitude flooded into her. Verily had he been the spirit of the seed grass! Did he not grow again, luxuriant, as never seed grass grew, in visible sign of his resuscitation? She signaled and cried wildly to those women plucking the grain across the field.

They recognized her, came reluctantly, diffidently, toward her who was accursed—came at last close, yielding to the curiosity to see this marvel she proclaimed, stood around her.

She-who-had-been-Mother turned upon them in passionate vehemence.

"Did I not say truth?" she cried. "Was he whom ye slew not verily the spirit of the seed grass? Because ye slew him who was divine did calamity come upon all the earth! Now has he grown again in strength where I laid his human body! Were ever such ears of seed, great and heavy headed!"

Incontestable was it. The women murmured in awe to one another, murmured that with such a yield of seed, if but all the savanna were similar, might they have food for a whole year. Assuredly this was the body of the spirit of the seed grass, springing again into divine life as asserted she who had been his sacred spouse, she who to them had been mother!

Their hearts smote them for the wickedness they had committed in slaying him, smote them that they had driven her forth, her who had acted but for their prosperity. Harshly had they been punished in the lack of her fertility-compelling sacredness.

Few now survived of the tribe, and without a representative of the mother goddess to bring good fortune, surely would all soon perish! They cast themselves on their knees in repentance around her, besought her mercifully to be once again to them She-who-was-Mother.

She might not refuse. Still were they her people, to whom her life was sacredly dedicate. She looked sternly upon them with burningly feverish eyes.

"If again ye are my people," she said harshly, "then here always shall ye dwell, for no other husband have I than this great one of the seed grass and ever shall he be chief while I live."

"Thy will is the will of the mother, O holy one!" they murmured submissively. "Thy bidding will we do as formerly we did, staying or going as thou commandest!"

She pondered a moment, her fevered primitive mind obscurely perceiving a connection between the luxuriance of this growth and the rite of burial that she had performed, a luxuriance that could perhaps be extended.

"Hear then my will," she said. "In this place shall we dwell, gathering now this grass seed that is the bounty of my husband, the great one. When all is gathered, shall ye make a blood sacrifice that his life be anew strengthened with the blood, and then with lamentations as I lamented shall ye bury seeds in the ground that shall be sacred to them, allowing no other thing to grow upon it. Large shall be the grave we make, that again he, the great one, may rise again yet larger with the next season of the seed grass!"

"As thou sayest, O Thou-who-art-Mother, shall it be!" they answered her, in awed reverence for the wisdom of her sanctity. "So, for our men, the hunters who are absent, do we promise also!"

So, on a day that She-who-was-Mother designated, having gathered the seed grass in a quantity that, kept in baskets, would long maintain their diminished numbers in this expiatory renunciation of their nomad life, did they perform the solemn rite that she commanded. She herself had pointed to the victim whose blood should revivify the spirit of the seed grass. It was Red Head, who himself had slain him. Then, dismembered as the great one had been dismembered, with their digging sticks the women had buried those fragments not in one place but wide over the field, throwing upon them the seeds which were to rise again. Weeping and wailing, they had buried them, lamenting that great one who had been slain, singing the song of the seed grass, bidding him grow again in strength, tall and heavy headed, fertile with many seeds.

Piously through the winter months, while the men hunted, the women had tended that sacred ground, rooting up all alien weeds that encroached upon it, reserving it for the seed grass that surely would be born again, while She-who-was-Mother made potent magics over it for the resurrection of her divine spouse.

When the summer again came to make the earth joyous, behold, the grain grew high and luxuriant as never had man or woman seen it growing!

And wandering groups of savages, hearing of this marvel, came to wonder at it, came to learn that great awesome magic—even the miming of the death and weeping burial of the great one—that alone could produce it.

With some such primitive tragedy of love and death, now not clearly to be discerned in the mists of time, came into the world that novelty of the sowing of crops which was to revolutionize the hitherto unchanging life of man, compelling him to remain stationary, permitting a never-before-dreamed-of multiplication of his species, beginning—with an utterly unsuspected value in the ownership of land, with wealth, with hitherto unimagined needs and leisure to satisfy them—that chapter of his social life which not yet is ended. Far back through the ages we glimpse those first rude tillers of the soil everywhere as they sowed lamenting him who was slain, whose dismembered body was once buried with tears and wailing by her, the mother, who was his wife and sister—Isis, who in terror of her life hid among the reeds with the infant Horus the Hawk, weeping for Osiris her husband and brother, slain by his brother Typhon the Red-Headed and rent in pieces she had piously collected; Isis who—bright in the sky as the dawn star Sothis—taught the primitive Egyptians to sow and reap his divine body.

Even as Osiris in Egypt was Tammuz bewailed in the land of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and Adonis in the land of Syria; and in Europe, until the most recent times, the last of the reapers was wrapped up in the last sheaf and symbolically slain in memory of that ancient time when the corn god was in fact slain, and buried with tears for a mystery of resurrection. Still, in Europe to this day, the corn mother rides home on the last wagon, an effigy of cornstalks, mystically guaranteeing fertility to the farm.

Who can doubt that, in some long-distant past, when woman was—as perhaps she is again becoming—the dominant sex, Isis really lived and really mourned in some tragically terminated idyl? In that broken-hearted mourning, unconsciously she sowed, with the seed she piously spread upon her husband-brother's grave, the germ of our world of today.

THE MIDDLEMAN

(Continued from Page 34)

I realized the truth of this statement a little later. A novelty came on the market in shape of a muzzle to protect the noses of work horses from flies, made of strips of leather and wire netting and to be strapped to the bridle. I ordered half a gross of the muzzles, which retailed for a quarter apiece. The day after they arrived they were put on one of the tables at the front of the store. This had scarcely been done when a farmer happened in and was so impressed by the utility of the novelty that he bought the entire stock. I telegraphed for a gross more, and these went almost as quickly. When Higgins came in for his daily visit I told him of the results and said I believed I would order twenty gross to be placed on sale in the three stores. Higgins shook his head.

"I'd go easy on that novelty," he remarked. "Better keep on ordering in single gross lots for a while." I asked him why. "Because you're going against human nature," he answered. He picked up a sample that was lying on my desk and asked casually, "Do you know how long it takes to fasten one of these on a horse's bridle?"

I said I had not gone into that.

"It's worth finding out before you invest a great deal of money," Higgins suggested. "There are some teams out in front of the store. Let's experiment."

At the curb he pulled out his watch and timed me while I strapped the fly protector to the bridle of one of a pair of Percheron horses that stood at the hitching post. Due to my inexperience and the natural resentment of the animal at being so accosted by a perfect stranger, my time was four minutes flat. Higgins snapped his watch shut.

"An ordinary hired man would do it in about half the time," he remarked. "Let's say two minutes. All right. Now imagine yourself a hired man getting ready to go out in the field with a four-horse team at five o'clock in the morning. Can you see yourself spending two minutes extra on each horse to fasten on a fly protector?"

"I would if my boss told me to," I ventured.

"Probably you would for a day or two," Higgins said. "Then you'd manage to forget it. And you'd forget it so often the farmer would get tired of reminding you. After a while the fly protectors would go into the discard."

He slowly unstrapped the device from the nose of the indignant Percheron.

"That's what I meant about going against human nature," he concluded. "For a thing to become a big and steady seller, it's got to be a labor saver. This article makes more labor. Its novelty makes it sell at first, but the natural laziness of the human race will kill it in the end."

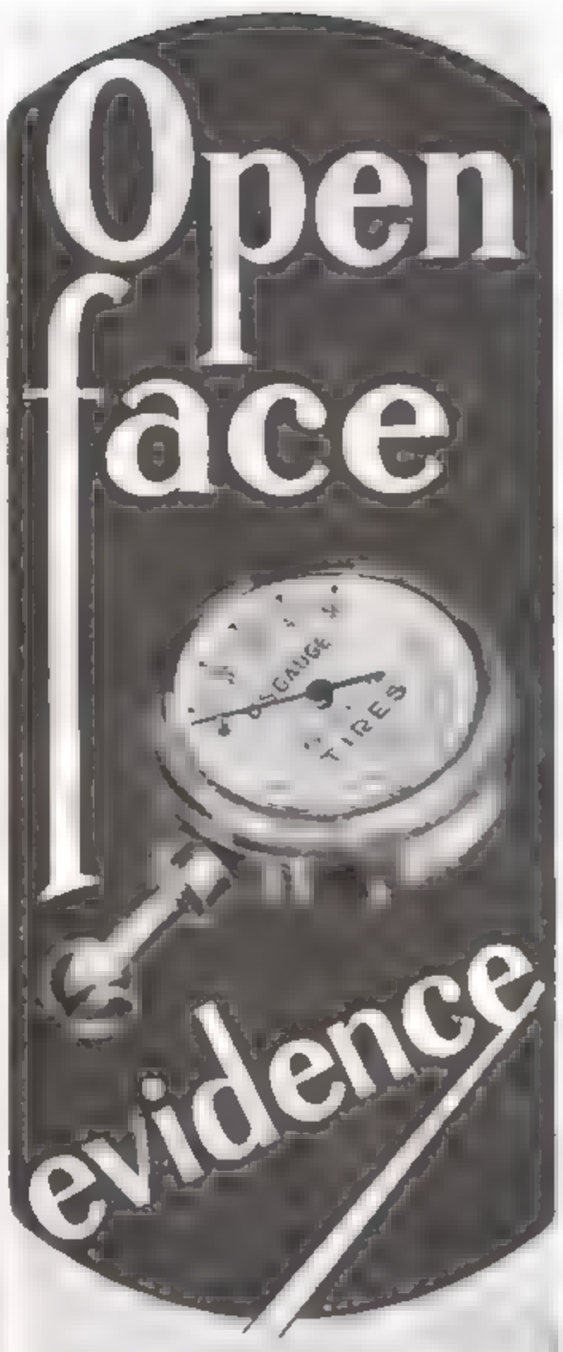
I am obliged to say that Higgins' prediction was correct. There was practically no repeat business on the protector, and by the next season it was off the market altogether.

It was tremendously exhilarating—this constant guessing what people would want to buy. During the first year my headquarters store in Wainwright turned its entire stock on an average of once a month. Saturday was the big buying day, and it was no unusual thing to sell out an entire purchase of some popular article in an hour's time. Skillful guessing is the crux of the chain-store business. Not only does one have to guess what people will want but also when they will want it.

I had an example of this during my first summer in Wainwright. In June and early July we sold several thousand fly swatters, and supposing the demand was satisfied for the season when the sales fell off in midsummer, I did not replenish the stock. But about the first of September the demand for swatters began again.

September is a cold month in the Northwest, and flies that have been content to stay outdoors during the hot weather begin to seek comfort in the houses. But by that time the swatters purchased earlier in the season are worn out or lost, and on this occasion the few I had left in stock sold out in a day or so. I could, I suppose, have sold a couple of thousand more if I had had them.

When I told my friend Higgins about this he voiced a bit of constructive philosophy



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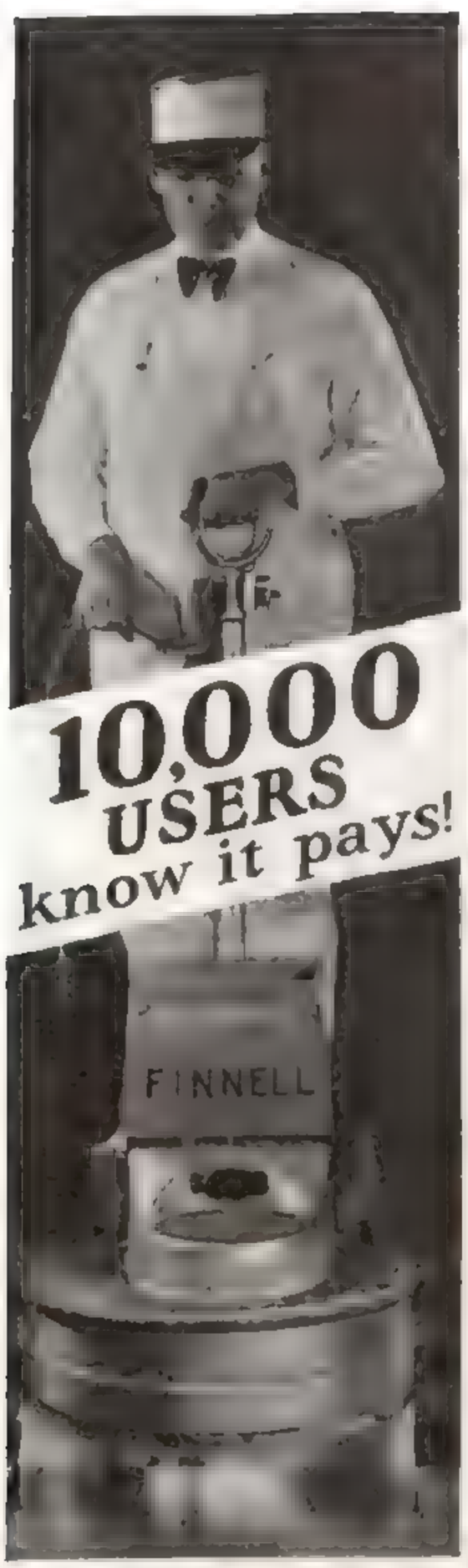

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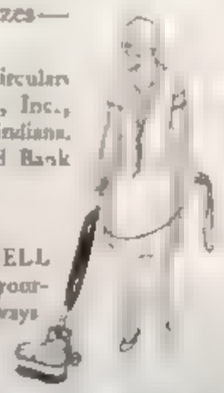

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that has always seemed to me vastly illuminating.

"The management of a big chain-store organization would never have made such a mistake," he said, "because it keeps records from one year to another that show just what is liable to sell at any given time. If the big chains ever drive the small merchants out of business, it will be largely because the average small merchant is either too lazy to keep detailed records or he doesn't think it important enough to bother with. And when a small merchant has disappointed his public a few times the idea gets abroad that he isn't to be depended on; so the tendency is to pass him up and go to the big chain store that can be depended on."

When December of that year rolled around I had another lesson on the value of preparedness. I thought I had bought liberally enough to meet the demands of holiday buying for the three stores, basing my judgment on the amount of business Rigsby had done the previous year. But I did not take into account the fact that the previous year's wheat crop had been below average, while this season it was considerably above average. The management of a big chain would have studied the crop reports and prepared itself accordingly. The weather was fine during the whole of December, and from the first of the month the store in Wainwright was crowded with willing buyers. The two other stores were doing an equally brisk business, and every day Hitchcock and Fred Carter sent in requisitions for additional merchandise.

A week before Christmas I had practically nothing to send them, for the reserve stocks were exhausted, the stuff on my sales floor was running uncomfortably low, and it was too late then to get anything from supply houses in the Twin Cities or Chicago. It looked as though the Western Racket Stores would have nothing to sell but tables and showcases by Christmas Eve.

There was a wholesale grocery house in town—Fredericks & Olsen—and one morning I went there to see if I could pick up anything in the way of Christmas goods. The only thing they had remotely resembling gift wares was about a carload of tin and enamel ware kitchen articles, bread boxes, tea canisters, and the like. I think their buyers must have slipped up in purchasing such an amount, for when I asked John Olsen what he would take for the entire stock, he grinned and answered that if I was inclined to plunge he would sell me the stuff for exactly what it had cost him, plus 5 per cent. I told him I would take it and instructed him to deliver one half to the Wainwright store at once and ship the balance to the stores at Tilden and Rexford. I could see he was highly pleased at thus getting rid of his big stock, though he said nothing until I was ready to go.

Then he remarked in a puzzled way, "It's none of my business, neighbor, but what in the world are you going to do with it all?"

I told him to come down to my place next morning and see for himself. The merchandise was delivered during the afternoon and put in the basement. I sent around to the department stores and bought all the Christmas tags that were to be had and engaged a dozen high-school boys and girls to fasten the tags to my tinware. That night after closing it was brought upstairs and placed on the shelves and tables.

When we opened next morning the place looked like a forest of Christmas trees There were pyramids of bread boxes, tea canisters, salt cans, sugar and flour containers, every article decorated with a big fancy tag on which was stamped a sprig of holly or a poinsettia blossom, along with a Christmas motto. When John Olsen came in at about ten o'clock I handed him a check for my purchase and asked him how he liked our holiday display. He had a habit of reverting to a Swedish dialect in moments of emotion.

"There ban different ways to skin a cat," he said earnestly, "and I guess you invented a new one."

From a business standpoint the thing worked out satisfactorily. Holiday buying is different from that of other seasons in that people seldom set out to buy with any fixed objective. Gifts are sought, not articles for personal use, and anything in the way of a suggestion is gratefully received. Because the Western Racket Stores displayed such a huge quantity of kitchen wares, it seemed quite the natural thing to purchase kitchen wares for gifts. In spite of my running short of regular holiday goods, the Wainwright December business ran far ahead of that done by Rigsby the year before, and the two other stores did proportionately well.

There is no place like a small city, particularly a small Western city, in which to learn the real essentials of business. Wainwright had only ten thousand people; but it was the undisputed metropolis of a wide territory, and among the business men there was a curious mixture of city sophistication and rural simplicity. Everyone knew his neighbors' ways. Whenever a man made an outstanding success or an outstanding failure, you knew the reasons, for you saw all the wheels turning.

I have always believed that good financing is the basis of every business success, and the ups and downs of the men who composed the business world of Wainwright confirmed me in this belief. For example, when I went there in the summer of 1912 there were three prominent department-store merchants, all apparently having everything necessary for permanent success. One is still there—a rich man as fortunes go in that section. The two others are gone and their places taken by newcomers. So far as merchandising skill went, I believe the two who failed were superior to their successful competitor. What they lacked was talent for financing.

One of the latter was a man named Lewis J. Buxton, who was located diagonally across the street from my establishment in a handsome three-story brick building. When I knew him he was about forty years old, a nervous, energetic man, and intensely ambitious. He was originally from Indiana and had been in the Northwest about ten years.

There are as many kinds of poor financing as there are people, and Buxton's took the form of freezing up his capital unnecessarily. He was a great believer in quantity buying and never hesitated to plunge on any item if he could get a low price thereby. On quiet days he often dropped in on me to talk about what he called the science of merchandising. It was one of his theories that a merchant should never buy from a wholesale house but should go direct to the source. In my own business, even after I had got to operating a chain of nine stores, I bought a good many items in single-case lots from jobbers in Minneapolis or Chicago on the theory that it was advisable to pay a little higher price rather than to tie up capital in quantities of goods that might take a long time to sell. Buxton used to argue eloquently against this practice of mine. He was inclined to be a bit vain, and I always had the feeling that his arguments were intended to impress me with his superior wisdom.

"You'll never make any money so long as you pay tribute to the jobbers," he would say. "Now look at me. I own my goods cheaper than any other merchant in the state. I've already made a profit when the stuff is laid down in my store."

Once I ventured to ask him if there wasn't danger he might get loaded up with more goods than he could dispose of; for after all, Wainwright was a small city and there was a limit to the amount of merchandise it could absorb.

"That's the least of my worries," he answered confidently. "I've got it all figured out; and if the time ever comes where I have an overstock of anything, I'll simply go out and sell the surplus to other retail merchants. I'm buying cheap enough so I can do that and probably make a little profit besides."

This plan of Buxton's seemed entirely logical; and if his fellow human beings had only been willing to act as it seemed reasonable to him to believe that they would act, all would have been well.

One day he came in and told me he had made a remarkable deal. It seems a San Francisco importer of Oriental goods came along and offered him needles made in Japan at an unheard-of price if he would order a certain

(Continued on Page 112)

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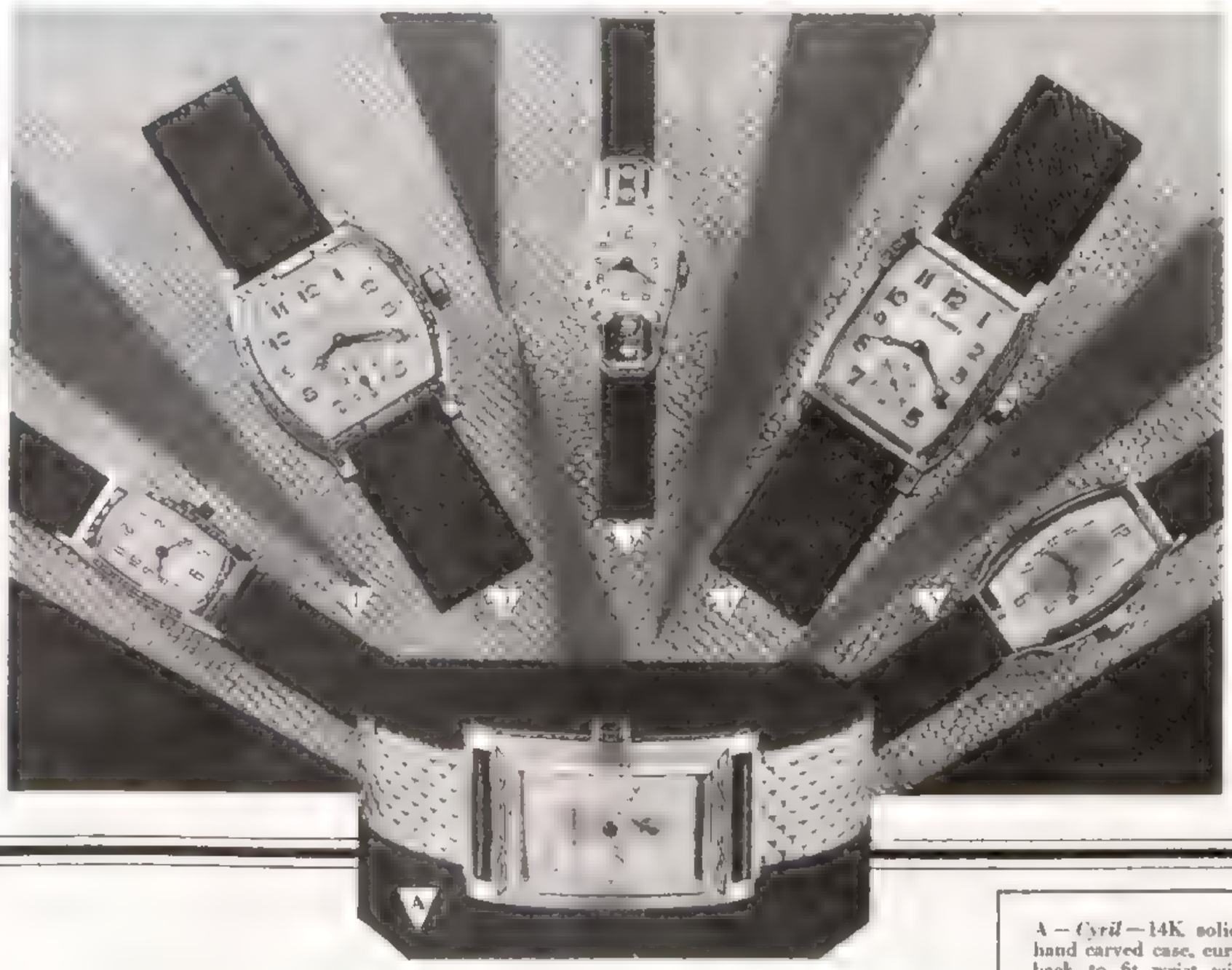

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(Continued from Page 110)

quantity. I don't know the exact figures, but the purchase ran into thousands of dollars—enough to have supplied his ordinary trade for twenty years.

This was in the summer and the needles arrived the following February. By that time Buxton began to feel the effects of overstock in different lines and was cramped for ready cash, so he prepared to put into effect his scheme for unloading his surplus stock on other retailers in the territory. He engaged a traveling man and sent him out with samples. He counted on his needles as a bait to induce buying, for he had bought them at about half the jobbing price and could sell them well below regular figures and still make a profit.

But here, unfortunately, human nature showed up in all its perversity to upset logic. Buxton's fellow merchants refused to buy. Those in Wainwright refused because of policy.

As one said to me afterward: "I'd be a dub to buy from Buxton, who is my competitor right here in town. The first thing he'd do would be to tell everybody he is such a big merchant that the rest of us buy our goods from him. When that news got around, what chance would we have to convince the public that our prices aren't higher than this?"

I have no idea Buxton would have taken this unfair advantage, but that was the attitude of the local merchants, and he could sell nothing in the city. Merchants in the small towns had a slightly different reason, but were none the less hostile. They were jealous of Wainwright because it was the largest town in the territory. They had a hard enough time, anyhow, to keep their customers from going to Wainwright to spend money, and naturally would do nothing to enhance the importance of the city that was already too much of a menace. Buxton's salesman was a fellow named Slimmon, who afterward worked for me as manager of one of my branch stores, and he told me that on a two weeks' trip he sold less than one hundred dollars' worth. The small-town merchants either laughed at his pretensions when he offered to sell them or refused to talk with him at all. One pugnacious dealer put him out of his store by force.

Buxton lasted only about a year after this, and when the receiver took charge it was found that practically all his assets were in half a dozen lines of goods where he had bought in quantities to secure price concessions. One-sixth of the inventory value was in Japanese-made needles.

One might say Buxton's downfall came about from poor judgment in buying. It was that; but back of the buying was the more important matter of financing. He tied his capital up in merchandise; and no matter how cheaply merchandise is bought, it pays no store rent, clerk hire or advertising bills so long as it stays on the shelves.

The other general-store failure to which I have alluded was that of the Emporium, owned by Elbert Young, a Canadian. There was considerable real-estate activity in Wainwright, and one of the results was a gradual pulling away from the original four corners that had always been the business center. Wilcox & Hanford, the oldest department-store firm in town, moved from the four corners to a new building that they put on East Commerce Street, nearly three blocks away. Elbert Young's Emporium was on the side street next to my place, and the logical thing for him to have done was to take the old Wilcox & Hanford Building, which was offered him at a reasonable rental. But he was possessed with the idea that he must also have specially built quarters in the newer section, and, like Buxton, he made plans that on paper appeared thoroughly sound and foolproof. He had been in business six or seven years and had done unusually well, having his stock pretty well paid for and a few thousand dollars besides. His profits were running about fifteen thousand dollars a year.

He bought property in the new business section and put up a building at a cost of eighty-five thousand dollars, paying ten thousand dollars in cash. The balance of seventy-five thousand dollars he arranged to pay in five years; so all he had to do was to apply his profits to the paying of this debt and it would automatically be wiped out, leaving him with a splendid building and a prosperous business.

At least that was the way Elbert Young calculated. But his calculations didn't allow for the fact that just about the most risky thing in the world is to take all the cash profits out of a business and put them into outside investments. I suppose Young, like hundreds of other business men I have known, didn't consider his new building an outside investment, because he occupied it himself. But it was an outside investment just the same, because it tied up capital that he needed in his business. In spite of all figures to the contrary, it is cheaper to pay rent than to own your own building unless you are so well financed that the locked-up capital can make no possible difference.

In Young's case trouble developed almost immediately. People are slow to change their buying habits, and he didn't do quite so much business in his new location as he had done formerly. He didn't earn his expected fifteen thousand dollars the first year, so he had to pull money out of his store to make the payment on his building. This left him so cramped for cash that he missed taking his discounts on purchases of merchandise and was never in position to pick up the bargains that are always being offered prompt-paying merchants.

The rest will be understood by anyone who has ever been in merchandising. He had more and more to buy from houses that specialized in extra-long credit and charged for their goods accordingly. As the saying is, he bought terms instead of merchandise. Because his credit was shaky, there was frequent delay in shipment and he was often out of things his customers called for; and people don't go back many times to a place where they have been disappointed. In a little less than three years Young's building broke him.

In my own business, during the time I was in the Northwest, I never considered buying the buildings in which any of my stores were located. I might have done so if I had continued in the chain-store business; but as it was, I had constant use for all my capital in opening new stores. At the end of two years I had nine stores in as many communities, all within a radius of about one hundred miles. I made my headquarters in Wainwright, spending about half my time there and the balance in going about from one branch store to the other.

I was always impressed by the fact that the public invariably reacted in the same manner to any given circumstance, regardless of location. In February, 1914, for example, the entire Northwest was swept by a severe blizzard, accompanied by intensely cold weather. One day in Wainwright the snow was drifted to a depth of forty feet in places and the mercury dropped to forty-eight below zero. The business done that day showed the most peculiar tendencies. We took in less than twenty dollars, and all of it was in three lines—namely, playing cards, candy and twenty-five-cent works of fiction. Having nothing in particular to do, people naturally sought means of amusement. Lawyers and other professional men bought cards, salesgirls in near-by stores bought candy, and the few homekeepers who struggled into the business district bought light literature. I was enough interested to ask for detailed reports from all my branch stores, and all but one, which took in no money at all, reported precisely the same sort of business.

My career as a chain-store magnate came to an end as a result of the European war. By midsummer of 1914 I was doing business at the rate of about a quarter of a million dollars annually. Nearly $100,000 of this was done by the main store in Wainwright. But with the outbreak of hostilities business simply stopped. During August and September the Wainwright store averaged receipts of less than one hundred dollars a week and the small-town branches fell off in proportion. By the beginning of 1915 things picked up a little, but not enough to offset the losses. The Wainwright store began to show a profit again, as did the store at Tilden, which was run by George Hitchcock, who still owned a half interest. But the seven others steadily ran behind.

In February of that year Thaddeus Carpenter unexpectedly paid me a visit. Bee and I had stopped in Statesburg two or three times when on trips East, and I had exchanged letters with him occasionally ever since leaving the Empire Wholesale Company. On this occasion Mr. Carpenter and his wife were on their way to California and stopped a week with us in Wainwright. I told him a good deal about my chain-store enterprise, which appeared to interest him greatly.

One evening we were sitting at home, when he suddenly asked, "How'd you like to come back to Statesburg as general manager of the Empire Wholesale Company?"

Thinking he was joking, I laughed and said I wasn't so near bankruptcy as to be looking for a job.

"I know you don't need a job," he answered, "and I guess you aren't going bankrupt. But if you'll pardon me for the criticism, I'd say you've got to do some reorganizing before you get yourself on a real sound basis. Sometimes an outsider sees things clearer than the man who is on the inside."

I told him to go ahead with his criticism.

"I'd say your set-up isn't just exactly right," he remarked. "For a man to make a success of the chain-store business, he's got to do one of two things: He's got to operate a few stores in a territory small enough so he can visit each one of them every day or so, or he's got to operate a great many stores, enough to support a staff of supervisors, window-display experts, traveling auditors and all that.

"It's against reason to suppose a branch manager can run a business profitably without constant supervision and help from headquarters. But the way you're organized now, you can't give your managers this help. Your stores are too far apart. If you visited them as often as they ought to be visited, you'd spend all your time on the road. And so, as I see it, your only chance is to operate a lot of stores—at least fifty I'd say—and organize a force of specialists to look after them."

I knew Thaddeus Carpenter was right. My stores were too far from headquarters for me to give them close personal supervision, and there was no way to remedy this, because in the Northwest the towns of any consequence were widely separated. Before the outbreak of the war I had made money; but I knew it was only a question of time before I would have the competition of some of the big nation-wide chains, and unless I was organized as efficiently as they, I would some day be crowded out of business. Thaddeus Carpenter smiled in his whimsical way.

"I guess you've got sense enough to be a chain-store king if you really want to be one," he remarked, "but maybe you'd get more out of life by coming back to the Empire Wholesale Company. I'll make it worth your while."

Before Mr. Carpenter left for California I had half decided to accept his offer, and a month later wrote him my definite acceptance. I put on special sales in all the branch stores, running the stocks down to a minimum, and shipped the balance in to Wainwright. George Hitchcock bought my interest in the branch at Tilden. When I had reduced the investment in merchandise to about twenty thousand dollars I sold the Wainwright store to a man from Des Moines at forty cents on the dollar. It took me the better part of six months to do these things, and in September of that year Bee and I took up our residence in Statesburg

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Oil and gasolene which meet these tests *will meet those of Cold Weather*

Now, more than at any other season of the year, the smoothness of operation of your car depends upon the quality of oil and gasolene you use.

The extra strain which heavy roads and cold put upon your motor means an almost incessant blast of white heat. This heat calls for oil that will screen the vital parts of your car from its searing action.

And, too, cold weather means that your motor must have rich, nourishing fuel of unblemished purity.

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The oil and gasolene you buy at the Cities Service filling stations are identical with the *multi-tested* products which Cities Service produces for its own use. Finer, sturdier, purer oil and gas cannot be had at any price.

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resists threshold wear!

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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

AT THE threshold, is where "61" Floor Varnish shows its capacity to withstand rough treatment. Here is where ordinary floor finishes quickly go to pieces and call for continuous care and refinishing.

"61" Floor Varnish *resists* threshold wear. It possesses the hardness, elasticity and innate stamina to give satisfactory service, not only under the rug but also on those household highways and intersections that bear the brunt of foot traffic.

With just *one* purpose in mind was "61" Floor Varnish developed and that was for use on *floors*. It withstands the daily grind of many heels, the playing of children, household accidents and even abuse. "61" is heelproof, marproof and waterproof. Spilled liquids, hot or cold, do not harm it.

Floors finished with "61" require no care or treatment other than the use of a dry mop, damp cloth or as much washing with soap and water as you care to give them.

The qualities that have made "61" Floor Varnish so enduring on floors make it even longer lived on furniture, woodwork and general household work. A coat of "61" on linoleum makes it easier to clean, brings out the color and pattern and if occasionally applied, the linoleum will last indefinitely.

If you like a high luster finish on your floors, furniture or woodwork use "61" Floor Varnish Clear Gloss; a last coat of Dull Finish for a rich semi-luster; and one of the attractive woodstain colors for a combined stain and varnish effect.

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Save the surface and you save all

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

BULL TAVERN

Continued from Page 25

"Then it simply couldn't have been important," declared Laurie.

"Of course it was. A thing don't stand between two families, father to son and son to grandson, without its having been important."

"When did it happen?"

"I don't know, and I never did know. All I know is my father used to act up the way I did last night; and when I die, if I ever do die, you'll find your father will start throwing fits every time anybody says Dunstan. It's one of those things has got to be done by somebody if the Bulls are going to keep on holding up their heads like they always have. So if anybody's been steering you up against any Dunstans, you'll know what to do the next time you see one."

Laurie sank into a chair weakly and began to laugh, and the longer she laughed the weaker she got. Jasper frowned and made desperate signals to her by tapping his finger on his pursed lips, but she controlled herself only because she had more questions to ask and realized she would never have a better opportunity.

"Who are these Dunstans anyway?"

"Sh-h-h! There you go!"

"It's all right, grandfather. Nobody can hear us. Are they no-account?"

"If they was, do you think we would ever have bothered about 'em? No; they ain't no-account. Other people have come and gone, started and got finished except for a clump of tombstones, but the Bulls and the Dunstans have been here always, and I guess they always will be."

"Where do they live?"

"That's the only thing I know positive against them—they're marsh people. They live in Oak House, on what would be an island a mile out if the marsh was water. It's a sort of a hill as round as a cart wheel and only a little bigger, but it's covered with oaks that looks as high as heaven from the thing they call a road down the fur side of Stow Creek."

"Is the house made of oak?"

"No, ma'am! It's built of brick, with cellars made of granite blocks that come over as ballast in ships from England. The house is all right."

"How do you know so much about it?"

"Eh?"

"You heard me."

"The Dunstans are queer, Laurie; they come and go, but somehow they never quite die out. You hear Oak House is shut up and you don't see no smoke from the chimney for two or three years on end, and you think the world is rid of them at last—only it ain't. Some fine morning there's the smoke again, blue against a hazy sky, and you know the Dunstans are up to their old trick of coming to life. So that's how I know about the inside of the house."

"But how? You haven't told me a thing!"

"It was when I was a boy, sixty-five years ago if it's a day. My brother Will put me up to it. He said the house had been closed so long he wouldn't wonder if it would fall down before we could have a look. So we struck off across the marsh and pretty soon we had to take off our shoes and stockings and roll up our pants. Then it grew worse; we took off all our clothes and swam a bit. Anyway, we got to the house, but the thing was to get in. We tried a lot of windows. The shutters were open and we could peek in, but we couldn't see much."

"Was the house furnished?"

"I'm telling you. So Will said to have a go at the front door. That seemed kind of foolish to me, but when we turned the knob the door opened so easy we were scared half out of our muddy skins. We thought somebody must be in there, after all, and it was quite some time before we could get up the nerve to investigate further. Whoever had gone away hadn't done much packing. It was like as if they'd just went out for a walk and forgot to come back. There was dirty dishes standing on the dining-room table, and a folded newspaper. There was a letter, too, and it hadn't been opened."

"Not even opened?" asked Laurie wonderingly.

"No, sir, not even opened. It was addressed to Hugh Dunstan, Esquire. What do you think of that? Esquire!"

"But it couldn't have been!" gasped Laurie. "Not sixty-five years ago!"

"What do you know about it?" asked Jasper irascibly. "Were you there looking at it, or was it Will and me?"

"I suppose it might have been another Hugh Dunstan from the one there is now."

"There's always been a Hugh Dunstan." The old man looked at her curiously, but after a long pause he continued: "So then we went all over the house downstairs and into the cellar. You never saw such a cellar, big and dry and paved with bricks. The granite walls was pointed with mortar as pretty as one of these new-fangled picture puzzles. When we come up Will said to let's go upstairs, but I said what fun it would be to take the letter and mail it again, because perhaps somebody would come with it to Oak House. So we went back and got the letter—and just then we heard a noise."

"In the house?"

"No; if it had been in the house we would of died right there. It was outside, and it sounded the way an oar hitting on a gunwale does; or a boat thumping against a wharf. So we run to a window, and sure enough there was a sloop with its sails slatting and a lady with a little boy already standing on the jetty while a couple of men were getting out her trunk."

"Then you were scared, I'll bet!"

"Yes, we were scared, all right, but mostly because we didn't have nothing on but mud. We tried to open one of the windows at the back, but it stuck, and when we looked out again, there was the lady starting up the brick walk to the house. That finished us. We threw open the front door and run like all-possessed."

"What did she do?"

"Nothing. All my life I been wondering what she thought to see two naked boys scampering through the trees and taking a header into the marsh grass. We crawled on our hands and knees the hull way to our clothes, and through it all I never left go my holt on the letter. Don't you tell nobody, Laurie, but I've got it yet."

"Oh, grandfather! You never mailed it?"

"I didn't dast. It was crumpled and covered with mud. If I'd took it up to the post office they would of sure noticed it and remembered who brung it, and then the lady would have found out who we was."

"Where is it now?"

"In my box. Some day when everybody's out or dead but you and me I'll let you have a look at it."

"And nobody's ever opened it!" breathed Laurie.

"Of course not. What do you take me for? I wouldn't read it if it should open of itself and ask me to. If it had been new, I'd naturally have found some manner to post it; but seeing the way it had been laying around, it didn't seem so terrible hurried. But it's caused me considerable worry off and on, Laurie. Every few years I think about it like today. I know it ain't mine and it's the only thing I ever held that isn't, but I don't know what to do about it."

"I know what you can do."

"What?"

"Give it to me. Sometime when I go away with Young I can mail it from Trenton or Newark or—or Hoboken—without his knowing anything about it."

"Well, that's something to think over. I sure would be glad to get shut of the peaky thing before somebody chisels open my box and tries to make out Jasper Bull was a thief on account of not liking them Dunstans."

"Better get it for me now," said Laurie, "because there's no telling when Young will come to take me away, and perhaps I won't be back for a long time. You'll never get a better chance, grandfather—and I might change my mind. Perhaps I oughtn't to get mixed up in it anyway."

"Why not?"

"It's terrible to meddle with the mails. It's a crime with a regular punishment, and I wouldn't want to be locked up for a thing like that."

"I didn't meddle with no mails."

"Yes, you did. As long as a letter hasn't been opened by the person it's addressed to it's under the protection of the Government."

Jasper let down the hickory slabs quietly, squirmed free of the arms of the chair and gradually got to his feet. Laurie knew better than to offer to help. She watched him stub across, with the aid of a cane twice as old as she, into his bedroom, which was on the downstairs floor on the other side of the hallway. It had been the private parlor in the tavern's halcyon days and was still so called. He came back after a considerable absence and planted himself before her. "Anybody been around?"

"Not a soul."

He hung his stick on the edge of the table, slowly unbuttoned his jacket, took the letter from a breast pocket and handed it to her. "Hide it quick." She thrust it down the front of her frock. "That was pretty quick, all right, but mind you don't forget when you undress and leave it lay on the floor."

"I won't."

"Anyway, I'm shut of it and I don't want ever to know nothing more about it. All I got to do if anybody finds it is to look dumb, so you'd better look out, Laurie."

"I'm not afraid. I'll take care of it. I think I'll go lock it up right away."

He proceeded to resettle himself in his chair. "You can do what you like. It's up to you now."

She went into the hallway, closing the door behind her, but instead of going upstairs, she ran out to have a look at her ramshackle car. Owing to her absence on such an important mission, it had been shown unusual consideration and room had been made for it temporarily inside the wagon shed. The sight of it was too much for her. She made sure there was enough gas, started it, and a moment later was whirring down the Buckhorn.

When she struck the Canton road she jogged to the right and then turned left into a modest lane which veered until it was heading due south, with Stow Creek on the east and glimpses of the Lower Alloways marshes on her right. She crossed a long bridge and apparently was coming to a dead end at a farmhouse. Thus far she had been before, but today she was determined to go farther.

The lane took a sharp angle at the farmhouse and soon collided with a road which seemed reasonably well traveled to the right but almost abandoned to the left. She turned to the left and drove bumping along, until suddenly the great marshes opened up on both sides and ahead of her in a breath-taking sweep of endless brown, green and yellow overhung by a low purple haze. But still there was a house before her and she persevered until she had left it well behind. With her eye on a plank ditch crossing, half buried in mud, which would permit her to turn around if she exercised sufficient care, she stopped the car.

Never had she felt more completely alone, not even in the heart of the Barrens. As far as the eye could see, except in one direction, there seemed to be no cover that would top a man's head. But the reeds and grass were deceptive. They lay flat to the eye as a quiet sea, hiding vast cavities and endless meandering waterways—Muddy Deep and Mad Horse Creeks, Terrapin Gut and Turner Fork. An unknown world, but she had a feeling it was there as surely as one senses an unseen presence.

Due east rose the one exception—a mound round as a cart wheel but certainly much bigger. It was covered with a domed tower of noble trees, and even from that distance she could make out a deeper shadow within their shadows—the solid block of an upstanding house. Even so, she would never have caught the meaning of the reddish glint of a patch of mellowed brick, struck by reflected light, had not Jasper Bull given her a cue.

She looked rebelliously along the ruts of the road, which faded out in the next few yards into a churned pudding of mud. Beyond that point wagons might go to bring out salt hay when tides were low and the weather fine, but no car—not even a flivver. She would have liked to catch at least a glimpse of some other side of the house; better than that, she would have given a lot to approach it while she herself remained hidden; but it stood secure in its isolation against anything less than a boat with a knowing pilot.

How extraordinary life was and what strange things happened! How interesting to look upon a spot where you could see a woman standing with a little child and yet know that that woman was probably dead and gone, the child not only grown but a father—perhaps a grandfather. What had the lady thought when she saw two naked boys streaking across under the trees never to appear again? How easy for a legend to have sprung from that madcap prank, and how absurd to think of huge round Grandfather Bull as a source of a slim-legged pixy lore!

She could hear the terrapin man's voice, like a bodiless echo: "Say Dunstan to your fat old grandfather."

She caught her hand to her breast and felt the oblong of the letter, until that moment half forgotten. She took it out and studied it. It was rather thick and heavy. The paper was mottled, the wax fallen away, the ink brown with age, but the handwriting, though faint, was as precise as copperplate. The quaint r's, e's and s's would have made it hard to read had not the superscription been so simple: "Hugh Dunstan, Esq're, Oak House, Arnold Point, by way of Salem in West Jersey."

She longed with an actual pain to open the letter, so long sealed, and read it. What possible harm could it do to anyone now living? The edges were so frayed that by only a little teasing one end would come quite open. She looked across to the dome of trees to see if any spiral of smoke arose above their heads, as if that would make a difference. She saw it—a thin aspiring hazy tendril against the sky—and it did make a difference. She thrust the letter deep inside her frock.

The sense of defeat she had felt when last she had visited the marshes came over her with an added force. Why had she come here? What did she care where the present Hugh Dunstan lived or what his house looked like? Was she chasing him the way she despised girls for chasing Young? She decided she hated him as much as ever, but could never be happy until she had learned about a lot of things. It was all right to have your own line, to be original, but why was he so completely different? Why had the Bulls and the Dunstans quarreled? Why was Oak House periodically abandoned? Why had the letter never been read and what could the woman have thought when she saw ——? But that was foolish. She managed to make a turn, sped homeward and locked the letter away at the bottom of her cedar chest.

V

YOUNG came at last. He had the photographs with him and he spread them out on the bare end of the big table before he would let anyone have a look.

Continued on Page 118

Give him a new

Every well dressed man should have

4 Belts

Belt of Genuine Pin Seal with Calf Lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Set complete $9.00. Belt and Buckle . . . $6.00

Belt of Hickok "Live Leather", Java Lizard grain. Buckle and Beltogram of Master Silver Plate. Set complete $5.00. Belt and Buckle . . . $3.50

2 for business

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YOU will agree that the Belt shown above is handsome—but that is only half the story. It is an amazing Belt—it S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S. But is it a Leather Belt? Yes, genuine leather. You are sure to give him a real thrill with this Belt—he has never seen one like it before.

HICKOK Belt-Set

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Set complete $3.50. $2.50
Belt and Buckle . . .

Belt of Genuine Seal Skin, Wild Boar grain Calf Lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver.
Set complete $7.00. $5.00
Belt and Buckle . . .

1 for sportwear

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1 for formal wear

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Continued from Page 115

First, Jasper hobbled his way along, taking his time; then came Aunt Laura, and after her in a close knot all her brothers and the two boys, pushing one another rudely and craning their necks. The men murmured over some of the pictures, commended them all, but gasped at one or two.

Her aunt touched the edge of one of the squares with a trembling, hesitant finger. "Why, Laurie, what—what did you have on?"

Her tone was full of a concern tinted with horror. The men, including old Jasper, listened eagerly for the answer, but there was a difference in their eagerness. George frowned, but Young and Laurie burst into laughter.

"What do you think, auntie? I had everything on. I only pushed the dress and my straps off my shoulders."

"It's the camera makes it look that way," explained Young. "It looks as if you could see what you can't see. Show them, Laurie."

She loosed a button and with a quick movement pulled her shoulders bare, her tightened frock cutting across just above her breasts in a straight line. She turned on her grandfather with frank and smiling eyes, and then toward her aunt.

"Was that all?" asked Uncle Warren peevishly.

"Sure it was all," said Young with a flash of anger. "What do you think? Say, what's the matter with this crowd, anyway?"

"Enough, Young," said Jasper. "The pictures are lovely—most as lovely as Laurie."

"I should say they are!" exclaimed Young, gathering them up. "The photographer went nutty over them. He says they'd pass for tests anywheres. He says any of the movie companies would jump at a shot at a girl that could screen like it looks Laurie can."

After that evening Laurie was whirled into action so swiftly and so constantly that life seemed to become divided as by a high fence. On one side was Bull Tavern and all her childhood, on the other was a new and distracting world. She found herself alone with Young in Philadelphia, where they met the Donovan boys at the most expensive shop in town for frocks, stockings, slippers and lingerie. A tentative choice made, she would disappear into sanctums of privacy from which she would presently emerge to where Young, Rex and Berry sat patiently waiting to pass final judgment.

She pushed Young off into a corner. "I don't see why we should have to have Rex and Berry hanging around, Young. I'd rather it had been Aunt Laura."

"I'll tell you why—they're your backers, that's why. Everybody has to have a backer to get started, even the biggest opera singers. As for Aunt Laura, what does she know about how girls dress nowadays? Berry could teach her more with his eyes shut than she could learn in six months in a clothes factory. Besides, these no-account togs don't mean anything, Laurie."

"No-account?" she gasped, wide-eyed.

"That's what I said. They're nothing but fish bait to catch a baby shark, and when you've landed that, it will only be more bait on your hook to nail a whale."

"Anyway, Aunt Laura knows when I look nice and I wish she was here. Rex gives me the creeps with his owl eyes, and Berry can't look at a woman without asking for a slapping."

"You leave those two birds to me," said Young confidently. "I'm not afraid of them."

"Did you think I was?" asked Laurie, her lip curling.

"Now don't get so far upstage you can't find your way back," warned Young. "We're not through with the Donovan boys by a long shot, and you'll find it out when it comes to any kind of dickering. When a girl hasn't a cent, people can talk to her in nickels; but if she's throwing a wide front and riding around in an eight-thousand-dollar limousine, the whole band has to start in with a different tune."

"I don't want to ride around in their stuffy old hearse; I'd rather go in your roadster."

"Would you now? We're starting in earnest tomorrow, and where will we put Aunt Laura? In the rumble seat?"

"Is she going too?"

"Is she? Say, once we're really off, she can't ever leave you, any more than an oyster leaves its shell or a barnacle the bottom of an old scow. That's part of the game, and before it's finished, I guess perhaps you'll have enough of Aunt Laura to last you a while. You'll wish you could have Berry or even Rex for a change."

"I guess I can, any time I want them."

"Not alone, Laurie. From then on you can't chase around by yourself, and if you're ever seen gadding without auntie in the offing, good night! Those newspaper guys would jump at the chance to sling a handful of mud."

"If Aunt Laura is coming along, what is she going to wear?"

"Gee! I never thought of that!"

He went into consultation with the Donovans and presently Laurie was called upon to pick out a modest outfit for her aunt, to be supplemented later by the lady herself as occasion and need arose.

"We don't want to gamble too strong right off the bat," explained Berry. "It ain't the money I care about, but the bad luck. When you get the idea you're playing a sure thing, that's when you're about to step into a facer. Buy the old dame one of each and let it go at that."

When they started for home it was raining and it was Young himself who suggested that Laurie go with Rex in the closed car, letting Berry take her place in the roadster. She refused shortly, and Young drew her aside.

"Aw, cut out the antics, Laurie. Let me tell you Rex has been sort of soured on this whole proposition from the start. If you can't step soft for a change, and win him over, a fine chance you'll have trying to make the public eat you up."

"I don't want them to eat me up."

"All right then. If you're going to be a squealing quitter, now is the time to find it out. We'll drop everything right now. We'll take back the duds, get a credit on them and kiss Miss Hoboken and the rest of the beauty show good-by."

She looked on him with unfrightened, quizzical eyes.

"Try that on somebody else," she said evenly. "Nobody can tell me when to quit—I'll tell myself."

She started to say impulsively that as between the two Donovans she would prefer Berry, but stopped herself when she saw that Rex had already taken his place at the driving wheel of the big car. After all, what difference did it make? She turned quickly and climbed into the seat beside him.

She felt nervous, almost surly, and if he had spoken during the next five minutes she would have snapped at him like a fire cracker. Seeming to sense danger, he was silent through all the traffic of Camden, Westville and the villages beyond; but when they took the right fork at Mullica Hill and opened up mile upon mile of the cement ribbon which waves over one undulating rise after another toward Salem, he gave the car its head and at the same time began to talk.

"You haven't much use for me, have you?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Laurie, bringing herself back from far away. Her nervousness had been lulled by his long silence and hazily she had been thinking that life, which had been so simple, had suddenly become as complicated as a plum pudding. Bull Tavern and the Barrens had been plain food, easily digested, but take a pinch of Hoboken, two of Dunstan and one each of Rex and Berry, and you had a puzzling and not altogether pleasant mixture.

"Yes, you do: and you needn't pull any soft-pedal stuff. I'm not made of anything that will melt away under a punch."

"All right," said Laurie evenly. "I don't like you."

"Why not?"

"Nobody knows why they like anybody. They do or they just don't."

"Sure, nobody knows why they like, but I've always noticed they've got an idea why they don't," observed Rex shrewdly. "What's the matter with me? What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid?" laughed Laurie. "You're crazy."

"I don't mean just this minute, with Young looking through the back window," said Rex slowly and with a frown. "I mean if we were alone and I laid a finger on you, you'd be scared stiff. Wouldn't you?"

She stared at him, puzzled, and then answered too quickly: "I'm no more afraid of you than I am of a—a black pot."

She saw his face flush and his lips tighten. "That's it," he muttered. "You think the black would come off on your hands!"

All her nervousness returned. She had a feeling that she had started on the wrong tack and now found herself with scarcely room enough to jib.

"I thought this car had some speed," she murmured, hoping to shift the direction of his thoughts.

The floor boards seemed to move forward from under her feet as the motor picked up swiftly and steadily, driving the speedometer from sixty to seventy, from seventy to eighty and then to eighty-five—the top figure on the dial. Even then the needle kept tapping at the limit as if it wanted to break through.

She had driven fast before, but never so fast as this, and presently she began to note a vital difference from Young's method of speeding. It was true that Young was always taking a chance, but it was invariably based on shrewd calculation and a power for instant decisions. There were reasons why he believed he could get through even if the margin was sometimes reduced to a hairbreadth.

With Rex the process was fundamentally different. He seemed to group all chances into one and consequently had to make only the single decision to travel as fast as the car could move. If somebody else popped out from an intersection during the fraction of a second he required to pass it, that was hard luck and he lost. If all the crossroads happened to be empty and the way clear around a blind curve or over a rise, that was good luck and he won.

The proportion of true gamblers to the rest of humanity is about one in a million, which makes it difficult for the majority to understand those rare individuals who take pleasure in risking everything they possess on the turn of a card. As long as Laurie was convinced that Rex was merely showing off, it was easy for her to sit back in her corner with a scornful expression in her steady eyes. Only when he spoke did a first doubt assail her.

"Take a look back," he suggested quietly. "Any signs of that fast-traveling brother of yours?"

She glanced at him curiously, amazed at the unmistakable coolness of his tone. As surely as she had believed a moment before that he was giving an exhibition of bravado, she was now persuaded that if she could take his pulse she would find its beat subnormal. From that moment all her known standards of courage began to crumble. When you came up against something Young wouldn't dare do, she reasoned, you were simply face to face with the incredible.

As they had one narrow escape and then another, she felt every muscle in her body tauten until her arms and legs began to ache. The blood seemed to flow down out of her veins and leave them cold. Her throat swelled and her mouth grew so dry it hurt her to move her tongue. Suddenly there came a screech of brakes as thin as the cry of a frightened rabbit, and just beside her she caught the flash of faces, petrified with terror. *(Continued on Page 123)*

WHEN WINTER REALLY SETS IN –

15°

.. *thermometer down around* 15 *change to*

QUAKER STATE COLD TEST OIL

The minute the thermometer gets around 15° F. above zero, that's your warning to change to Quaker State *Cold Test* Oil. An occasional warmer winter day need give you no concern when using it.

Rid yourself of winter motoring annoyances by using this oil which in its manufacture has been chilled way below zero and then, under tremendous pressure, has been filtered free of those elements which make oils congeal.

Quaker State *Cold Test* makes winter starting easy, protects against battery-drain, starter-strain, burned-out bearings, and scored cylinders and pistons.

Refined with the greatest care from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude, it holds its body remarkably under heavy service and will not thin out and fail when your engine warms up. Buy it where you see the green-and-white Quaker State sidewalk sign.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., OIL CITY, PA.

35c per quart . . . . *Higher in the West and Southwest*

Other Pure Pennsylvania Oils Are: QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL · QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL · QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OIL · QUAKER STATE AERO OIL

I pricked up my ears my wife

"I HOPE Henry gets me something *rational* for Christmas," she was telling Mrs. Smith, "especially one of those lovely Sunbeam Flat Toasters that Edith Brown used for serving Toasted Sandwiches at her bridge party.

"The filling can't fall out of the Sandwiches while they're toasting because in the Sunbeam they lie perfectly flat directly over the heat. Plain toast and toasted crackers are made the same way in it—and it makes the toast twice as quick because the bread doesn't stand on edge alongside of the heating element, but gets the direct heat as it rises.

"Really, Edith's Sunbeam makes the most delicious golden toast I've ever tasted, not to mention the number of people it serves by toasting so fast.

"And it has the most perfect plug I've ever seen—absolutely Non-Breakable and Trouble-Proof."

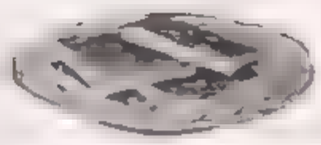
Sunbeam Flat Toaster with Turn-Over Rack and Non-Breakable Trouble Proof Plug, $0.

RISING HEAT

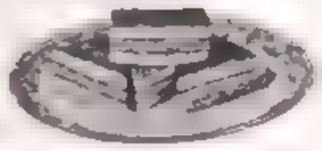
Toasts twice as quick
because it toasts flat directly *over* rising heat instead of depending on side heat or reflected heat, as in upright toasting

The only one that toasts these 6 popular dishes

Toasted Coffee Cake



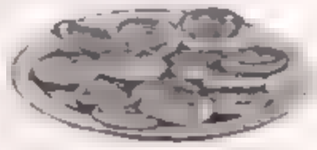
Cinnamon Toast



Toasted Sandwiches

Toasted Cheese on Crackers or Bread

Toasted Halved Rolls or Gems



Toasted Hors-d oeuvres

and found why preferred THESE

Sunbeam to Help You with Any Cooking Needs and Not Be Over Priced. Heating Pad, $6.50. In the West, for Wet-Proof Heating Pad, $1 more

It was the family physician who told us that the Sunbeam WET-Proof Heating Pad was the only electric pad possible to use on wet packs to keep them hot.

There is one right now on Bobbie's infected foot, and now my wife is getting her sleep at night instead of having to hop out of bed every hour to wring out a fresh pack in scalding water.

We like the Sunbeam's slip cover, too, because it keeps the pack clean. And the heat controls—High, Medium and Low—enable us to heat the pack to just the desired temperature.

* * * *

These Service Advantages are Exclusive to Sunbeam

Ask your dealer or Public Service Company to show you these fine Sunbeam Electric Gifts. And remember no other kind has Sunbeam's exclusive service advantages. So decline to accept some second choice, and send direct to us if necessary, to obtain what you want.

Made and Guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
39 Years Making Quality Products
5542 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago 349 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Can.
136 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2, England
129 Sussex Street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia
Calle 25 de Mayo 375, Buenos Aires, Argentina

"You'll be just as enthusiastic about the Sunbeam Iron," said Mrs. Smith when my wife had surrendered the floor.

"My dealer prevailed on me to get one instead of having my other iron repaired again. He called it the 30-Year Sunbeam because it was shown in engineering tests that the Sunbeam would not burn out in more than 30 years' home use.

"He said that its All-Over Heating Unit covers the entire bottom, and I've noticed that even the edges get hot quickly and *stay* hot, the same as the center. I suppose that's why my Sunbeam holds its heat from the very first piece I iron until the whole ironing is done.

"I've never before been able to finish so quickly. With it I save at least an hour, and more than that when the washings are large.

"And I simply can't tell you how comfortable I find its Air-Cooled Handle—just see how soft it keeps my hands.

"It not only has exactly the same Trouble-Proof Plug as the Sunbeam Toaster, but also an Art-Steel Fire-Proof Case into which I put my hot iron the moment I've finished with it. So I don't have to let it stand around in the way to cool."

"Well," replied my wife with a longing sigh, "if Henry doesn't get me a Sunbeam Iron, too, at least I'm going to give one to Edith for Christmas."

Sunbeam WET Proof Electric Pad with High, Medium and Low Heat Controls, $6.50.

Sunbeam

THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

To the real Santa Claus —
My Husband

I wonder if you realize how proud I am of our home. I want so to keep it lovely always, yet I want to be rested and cheerful when you come home. How can I do both? You have helped me with two of my biggest tasks by giving me a vacuum cleaner and washing machine. But there is another, equally hard—the floors. It seems that either they must look terrible or I must be a drudge . . . unless (do you want to make me very happy this Christmas?) . . . unless you give me one of those wonderful new machines that will wax-polish them all electrically. Please.

Your Wife

This Gift has delighted 200,000 *other* wives

Shabby floors depart, a weary back and reddened hands leave, the day this miracle-machine enters your home.

It wax-polishes *all* your floors to a satiny sheen, replacing "elbow grease" with electricity, weight with speed. Snap the switch; that's all the work there is to do after the wax is lightly applied with the long-handled mop. The Johnson Electric Polisher needs only guiding with a finger touch as it skims over the floors by itself. No kneeling or bending; no pushing or bearing down; no soiled hands.

In the wake of its whirling brush, there is far more than new beauty. There is a protecting film, so tough that feet do not touch the floor beneath it, so hard that dirt cannot grind in, so smooth that dust glides away. Wood floors, whatever their finish, stop growing older; linoleum or tile never need to be scrubbed again.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, *Racine, Wisconsin*
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)
Waxes • Varnishes • Enamels • Wood Dyes • Fillers • Wall Finishes

JOHNSON'S WAX
Electric FLOOR POLISHER

Great production (more than 200,000 happy women now own or rent it) has cut the price $13 on the Johnson Polisher. From $42.50, it is now reduced to only $29.50, complete with applying mop and one half gallon of Johnson's Liquid Wax in an attractive package. Sold by grocery, hardware, electric, furniture, department, and paint stores . . .

$29.50
(was $42.50)

(Continued from Page 118)

Rex had swerved as sharply as he dared, going at that speed. He cleared the bumper of the other car but the bounce of his own rear end caught a mud guard and snatched it off with the sharp twang of a broken fiddlestring. It floated in the air for a moment like a torn bit of tar paper, and Laurie, turning her head automatically, saw it settle to the ground silently, so far had they gone in the intervening second of time.

"Stop!" she gasped hoarsely. "Stop!"

"Sure," said Rex, genuinely unmoved. "But wait till we get around the curve. We didn't hurt them any, so why give them time to come to and take our number?"

"Stop!" she whispered, trying to scream.

"Oh, all right."

They were already out of sight of the damaged machine, which had not budged, even at the moment of impact, and looked as if it would never care to move again. He slowed down gradually, brought the car to a standstill and faced her. She was all in, as if she had run an exhausting race. Her body was completely relaxed in awkward angles, her head hung to one side and her eyes were glazed with more than the mist of a passing fright.

It seemed as if an age, a lifetime, stood between this Laurie and the Laurie of only half an hour before. Like most young people, she had always thought of fear as being one and indivisible. It had never occurred to her—nor did it now—that fear is the most complex of all the emotions and has as many categories as an octopus has tentacles.

Nevertheless, she sensed distinctly that she had been filled with something quite different from that common variety of fear which shrinks from danger in the shape of bodily or personal injury. She was afraid of Rex, not in his quality as an individual, but because he did not recognize certain limits which she, and everyone else she had heretofore known, looked upon as immutably fixed. He leaned over, closed his fingers around her wrist and she was powerless to move. She began to tremble violently.

"Learned something you didn't know?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Afraid of me, aren't you?"

"Yes."

She felt divided, spirit from body. She could see herself like a cowardly cur, lying on its back with all four paws in the air. She despised herself, but at the same time a new quality of fear assailed her and declared itself in her terrified eyes.

"Hell!" gasped Rex, suddenly releasing her and drawing back; then he laughed shortly. "Get some sense in your head," he continued. "If I wanted you that way, what do you think could stop me from running you from here to midnight and over the hurdles?"

He started the car and ran along at a reasonable rate of speed for several miles without speaking; then he continued on quite another key: "I been trying to tell you something for a long time, and if I had to sort of beat you up to make you listen, don't blame it on me. You'd better get this straight at the start. I wouldn't hurt you, Laurie, no more'n I'd pound my own finger with a hammer."

She came to life slowly, like one waking from sleep, and looked at him curiously. She had a feeling of further enlightenment, as though having but recently discovered a second Rex she had never imagined to exist, she was now confronted with a third and no less surprising individuality.

"Is that what you've been trying to tell me?" she asked.

"No," he answered, without taking his eyes from the road. "What I got to say is this: You don't have to make a beauty show of yourself any longer than you feel like it. Don't let Berry and Young peddle you around for a piece of cheese. While I'm in the picture, what you want you can have, and that goes whether you happen to take me with it or not."

This was her first proposal, and it moved her, even though it left her with a cold empty feeling around her heart. She was confused by such a conflict of impulses as she had never known before. Life had been so straightforward that all decisions had been made easy, like somebody offering you a glass of water. If you were thirsty, you took it; if you weren't, you said, "No, thank you." But here was a situation that called for more than a stark statement of her own desire.

She was sure she would not want to take Rex on any terms. There was as yet no doubt on that score, but on the other hand, ever since he had released her passive wrist, she had been flooded with nothing less than a surge of gratitude, the sort of thing one might imagine a lamb feeling at being spared by the butcher. Now his words, hall-marked with his own rough brand of kindness and sincerity, added to the debt so that she would have gone to foolish extremes rather than hurt him.

Not knowing what to say, she did the next best thing and said nothing. Since he had put no direct question, silence was at least neutral, and he seemed as content as she to leave matters for the time being on that basis. They skirted around Salem and out the pike to Quinton. As they left the hamlet, Rex's eye fell on a straight gravel road, slanting off to the right.

"Where does that go?"

"In a bee line to Bull Tavern," she answered, and added quickly as the car swerved: "but don't take it, Rex. It's the old stage road and nothing on wheels can get through."

"Who told you?"

"All right. You'll bog within half a mile of the house and I can walk home. The mud will come about to the top of the driving wheel."

"Mud!" snorted Rex, as he threw the car back on the cement road. "Why didn't you tell me there was mud?"

The roadster had shot past them and they followed it home by way of Marlboro Church and a rectangular detour. The evening proved one of unusual excitement to the cloistered inmates of Bull Tavern. A languid Laurie, naturally tired out by the day's excursion, tried on all her purchases, one after the other, and Aunt Laura was persuaded to appear dressed in a smart traveling suit. Except for her self-conscious diffidence, she looked like a new person.

Laurie excused herself immediately after the dress parade, but Young caught her on the platform halfway up the stairs.

"What's the matter, Laurie?"

"Nothing," she said without hesitation. "I'm tired and I'm going to bed."

Young was not altogether satisfied. "You've been acting kind of funny ever since we got home. Did Rex try to pull any soft stuff?"

"No."

"Why did he run away from me then? You must have been doing better than eighty for about ten miles."

"He wanted to scare me."

Young laughed. "I guess he picked on the wrong baby."

"No, he didn't," said Laurie soberly. "Nobody has ever been scared worse than I was and lived to tell about it. Did you see anything of a little car with one mud guard gone at the Portertown crossroads?"

"Sure," said Young, his face brightening with interest. "It was standing there like it was rooted to the ground and the man holding the steering wheel as if he thought he was driving along at a fair clip."

"I guess perhaps he knows about how scared I was. We took off his mud guard as we passed in front of him, and it was on my side."

Young nodded his head soberly. "That's Rex all over. You're right—you'd better get to bed, Laurie."

The next morning saw them off to an early start. George and his father had delayed going to the fields and the three uncles had gathered for the send-off. Jasper Bull stumped out to stand under the portico with all the dignity mingled with cheerfulness with which in days gone by he had administered the rite of the stirrup cup. Even Fonda came to the front door to gaze in wonder upon the amazing departure. Aunt Laura and Laurie took their places in the tonneau of the fine car and Young started toward his roadster, but Rex stopped him.

"You drive the big car, Berry, and take Young along with you. I'll bring the roadster."

It was by no means a request but a command, and Laurie listened curiously for what Young would have to say. She was scarcely surprised when he said nothing.

The ride was uneventful save for its effect on Aunt Laura; it was forty years since she had been farther away from Bull Tavern than to Philadelphia. However, upon their arrival and installation at the Donovan residence, she seemed more adaptable than Laurie. Had it not been for the naturalness with which she accepted both Mr. Donovan and his cheerless home, Laurie would have felt inclined to run away and hide, or even to throw herself down the cliff from the back window.

She was oppressed by the carpetless rooms, the pomposity of the furniture, the glaze on the plentiful but new unlaundered towels, and the air of desolation which pervades a house in which men have not yet learned how to get along without a woman. It was as though the father and his two sons were transients in life as well as in this tomblike abode, uneasy where ease stood for all or nothing, where ordinarily it would have been a *sine qua non* of existence.

Neither she nor her aunt felt what would have been a natural feminine impulse to pitch in and put things right. The case was too hopeless; it lacked the very foundations upon which pity could build. At the start one would have had to destroy all that existed, perhaps even make a pilgrimage in search of the virgin soil which would nurture a new species of pioneer, rolling in money but otherwise empty-handed.

Laurie was saved from a moment of panic by her aunt, who took vivid delight in the astonishing view from the window of their bedroom and found immediate pleasure in the jovial company of Mr. Donovan. Absorbed by these two interests, she could not only ignore all else but could lead others along the same easy path. Only at the theater on the crucial evening of the contest did she seem to falter.

The dressing rooms, reeking with the passage of how many bygone *coryphées* and odorous with the actual presence of the cohorts of contenders for the beauty crown, made Laurie wince and caused Aunt Laura's delicate nostrils to flutter and apparently close so that one wondered how she could breathe. Owing to the crowded quarters, the girls seemed much more numerous than they were, and watching them jockeying for positions at the grease-stained dressing tables or before the mildewed mirrors, Laurie felt herself defeated there and then, not by rival beauty but by ugliness.

She withdrew into the wings with her aunt and they would have fled could they have found the way to the stage door. They sat on two empty cases and waited for deliverance in the hopeless manner of stalled motorists praying for a kindly passer-by. In the meantime the show was on. The judges, with certain privileged persons, sat in the front rows, while behind them the house was packed with the belligerent claques gathered to the support of each of the contestants.

Strange sounds began to come from out front—the raucous voice of the honorary director calling out names, a flurry of quick steps as a girl brushed through the wings, and then bunched clapping from one direction, smothered by shrill cries and caterwauling from the rest of the partisan house. The judges growled and called for order; the temporary manager bawled at the top of his voice, "Order! Order out there or I'll clear the house!" But nobody paid the slightest attention to the futile warning.

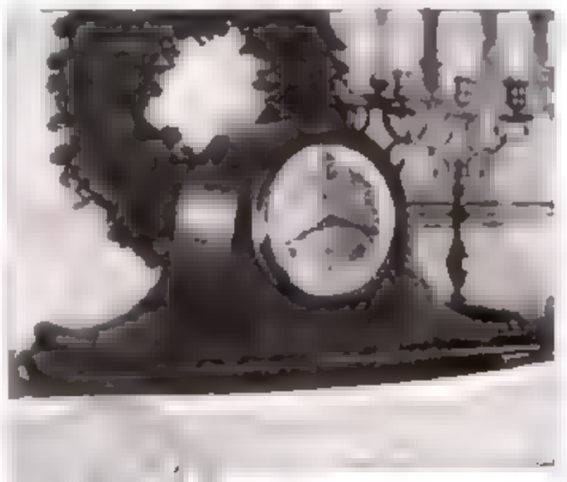
At last, from a cavern of emptiness out of which all other sounds were miraculously excluded, came a round full tone: "Laurentha Bull! Laurentha Bull!" Laurie felt as

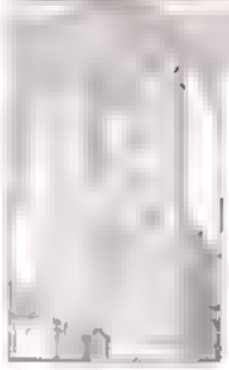
(Continued on Page 126)

Sample this quaint

CHRISTMAS GIFT

by radio





Would you give peace to the tired nerves of your dearest friend? Would you give cheery melody? An atmosphere of old-world charm? An exquisite mantel clock that every quarter-hour calls anew your Christmas sentiment with chimes of old Westminster?

The famous old Westminster Chimes have been faithfully reproduced after many years of trying, and placed within the cabinet of this astonishing new inexpensive Sessions Clock.

You are skeptical. It has been difficult to convince people that this is really possible. So we've placed a Sessions Westminster Chime clock before the microphones of eleven great radio broadcasting stations. Until you have actually heard the rich lingering notes from within the clock itself, you cannot know what magic Sessions craftsmen have wrought. Tune in this week, to the station nearest you. See list below. Then go to any good store where clocks are sold. See them. Hear them once again. Select your favorite design. You will be pleasantly amazed to learn their cost. Twenty-nine to thirty-seven dollars. Slightly higher in Canada and Far West. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

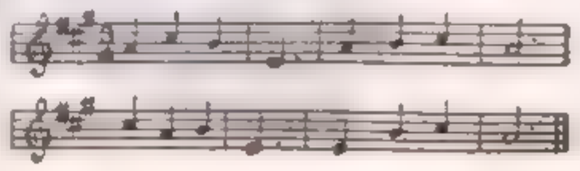
Send today for a Free copy of the new fascinating booklet, "Chimes That Cast a Spell of Old-World Witchery." The Sessions Clock Company, Factories, Forestville, Connecticut. Offices, 233 Broadway, New York, and 5 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Tune in on Sessions Westminster Chimes from any of these stations:

WOR, Newark N. J. — KDKA, Pittsburg
KMOX St. Louis — KFOA, Seattle
WRVA, Richmond — KGO, Oakland
WHAM, Rochester — KOA, Denver
WBZA, Boston — KYW, Chicago
WBZ, Springfield, Mass.

SESSIONS CLOCKS

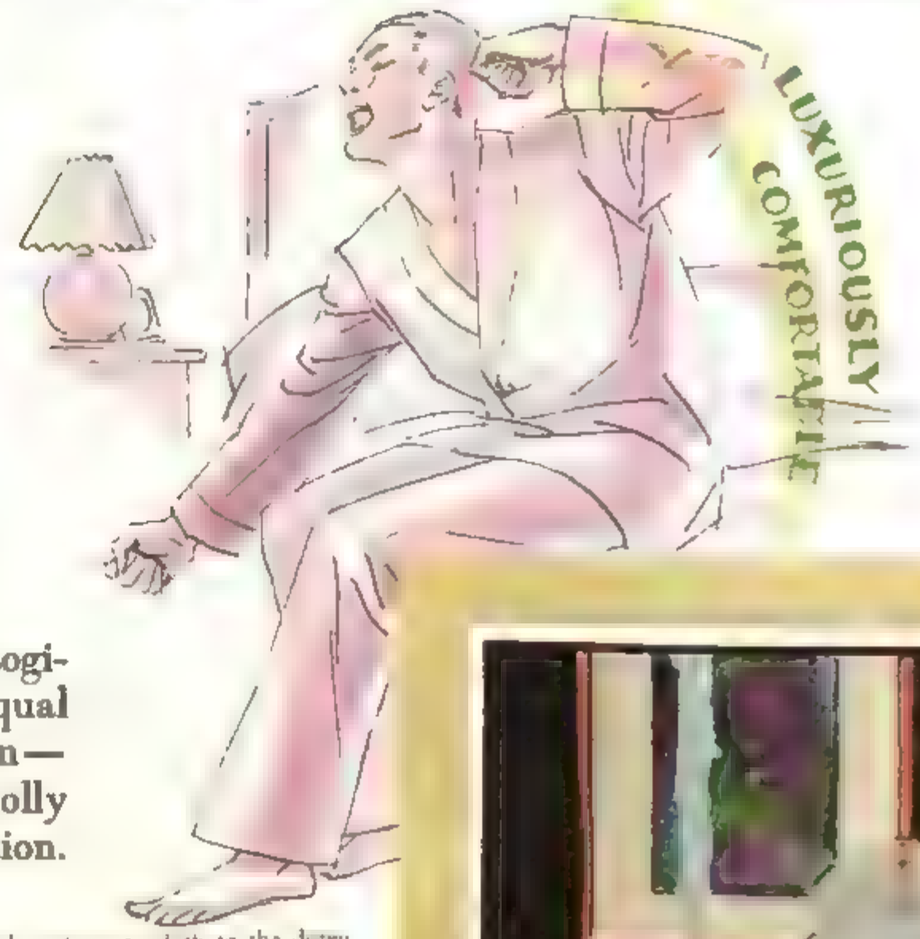
WESTMINSTER CHIMES



An Advertisement to MEN and

Adjusto-band
(*It s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s*)

Originator of side-ties to replace the drawstring waist, Glover now presents the perfection of this idea in the Adjusto-band. An amazing improvement—unlike any other. Combines elastic sides of ventilated webbing with six-inch take-up adjustment at back on every size. Gives as you breathe. Prevents twisting. Permanently elastic. Exclusive with Glover.



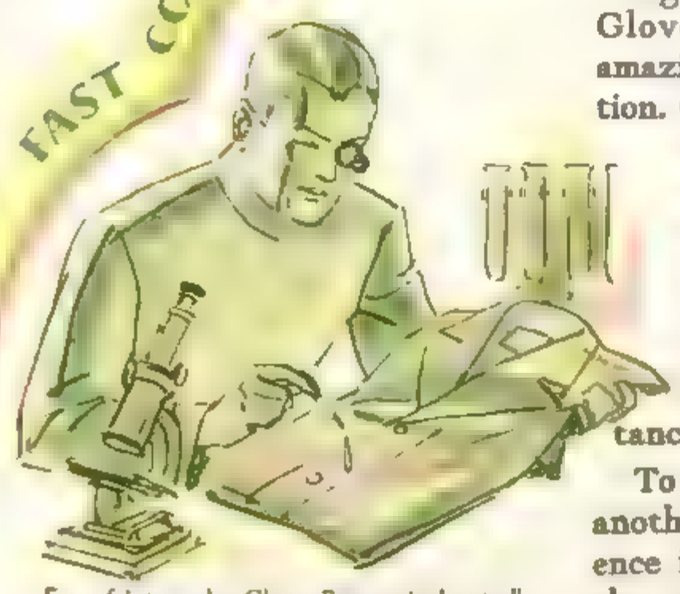
This is an unusual advertisement. Logically addressed to men. Yet of equal interest to women—who buy for men—especially at this holiday season. It tells of the most wholly satisfying development in men's clothes of this generation.

This fast-moving age has brought to men a stimulating new experience. A clothes-thrill like none you've ever known before. A perfect release for your pent-up color-hunger. A new refreshing comfort. A luxurious ease.

Pajamas by Glover—worn for lounging as well as sleep. Europe, where the little niceties and comforts of life are an art, originated the idea. Sponsored by Glover, it has swept America. Men, young and old, welcome it eagerly. Wives approve enthusiastically. Wives who now, for the first time, see their husbands as attractively clothed as themselves in the privacy of the boudoir.

It is a different sort of Pajamas that has made this possible! For Glover master stylists and craftsmen have developed Pajama suits as smart as your day clothes—and far more comfortable. Combining rare beauty of color and pattern with dashing European style. Tailored in the distinguished Glover manner.

Now, you see these Pajamas by Glover everywhere. In the home—around the radio, beside the fire-place. In exclusive clubs, hotels, college dormitories. On crack trains. Wherever you find well dressed men.



Every fabric used in Glover Pajamas is chemically tested for color! Glover colors are FAST. Unless seriously abused, they will hold their brilliance through month after month of laundering—where inferior fabrics often turn white at first washing. You may enjoy the beauty of Glover Pajamas to the full

It takes several yards more cloth to the dozen to tailor Pajamas the Glover way, but the results in your comfort are incalculable. Proportioned with extreme care, generously roomy, your Glover Pajama suit fits with an easy grace that is the essence of style—and a freedom that is luxury itself, for lounging or sleeping

Observe them critically! You'll recognize subtle differences in Glover Pajamas that make amazing differences in satisfaction. Colorings, whether rich or subdued, are harmonious and in good taste. The cut of shoulders and hips gives a drape like custom clothes. Colors are fast. Fabrics wear. And there are comfort details of vast importance to a garment of this sort.

To give yourself—or to give another—this supreme experience in satisfaction, look over the selection of Glover Pajamas today, at your favorite store. Their moderate pricing will make them doubly interesting.

LYNTON, $5
Navy, Helio, Green
Twillette

COUNTRY CLUB
$5
Green, Orange, Blue, Helio
Broadcloth

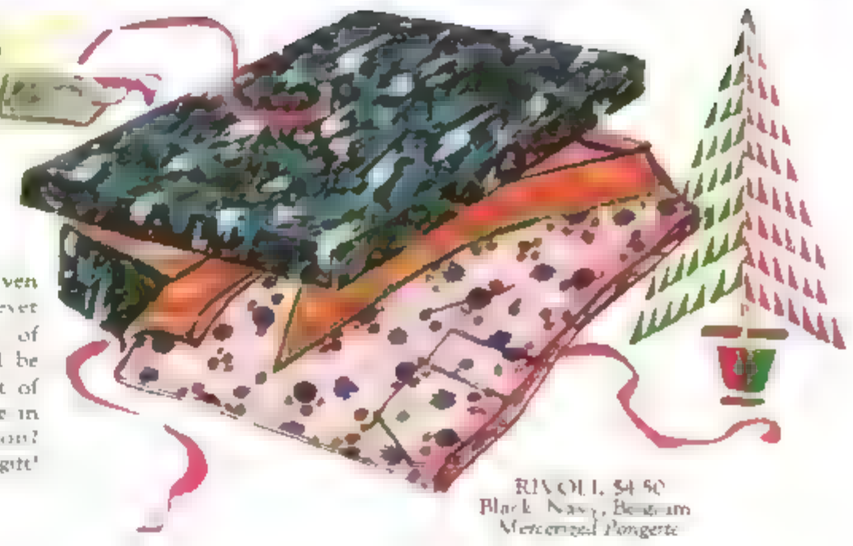
H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
New York Chicago Dubuque
(Address Executive Offices, Dubuque, Iowa)

The few styles and patterns pictured are typical of the broad range of Glover Pajamas at every price from $2 to $35. Look for the woven label. If your store cannot supply you, write us.

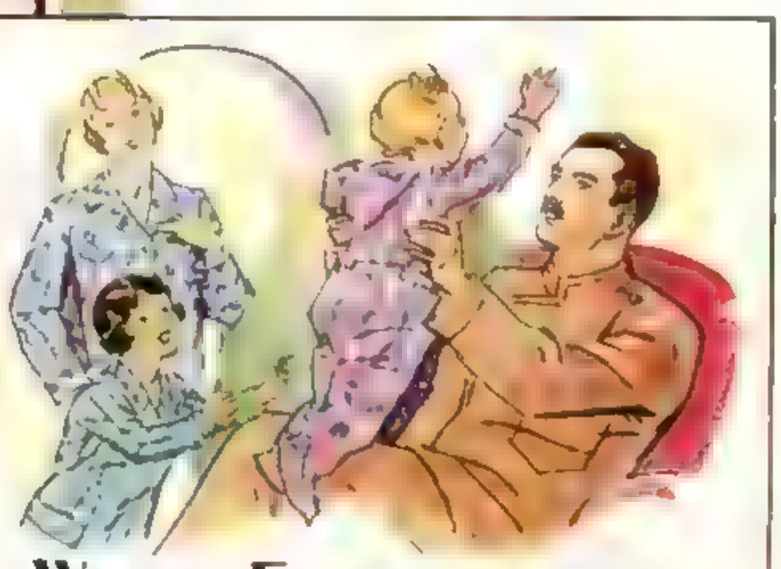
GLOVER

WOMEN *about* MEN'S PAJAMAS

TAILORED BY GLOVER


FOR CHRISTMAS
More Pajamas will be given this Christmas than ever before. Glover Pajamas, of course. For what could be so delightful as this gift of a joyous new experience in comfort and satisfaction? . . . Truly, a distinguished gift!
RIVOLI, $4.50
Black, Navy, Beige, or Maroon
Mercerized Pongee

COURTIER, $4
Green, Blue, Helio
Broadcloth



WARM FLANNELETTES *for all the family*

Of soft, downy flannelettes and kindred materials, Glover tailors pajamas, gowns, and sleepers to keep every member of the family warmly comfortable through the coldest night, with windows open wide for health . . . Nightwear that is *modern* in design and pattern. Smartly styled, colorful, more attractive than you have ever imagined possible—yet generously proportioned for your *perfect* comfort . . . Ask for Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad!

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD

NOBILITY, $16.50
Melon, Blue, Pistache, Helio, Tan, White
Radium Silk

GALLANT, $6.50
Black, Helio, Blue
Twillsateen

DEBONAIR, $3
Green, Blue, Helio
Penang Percale

PAJAMAS

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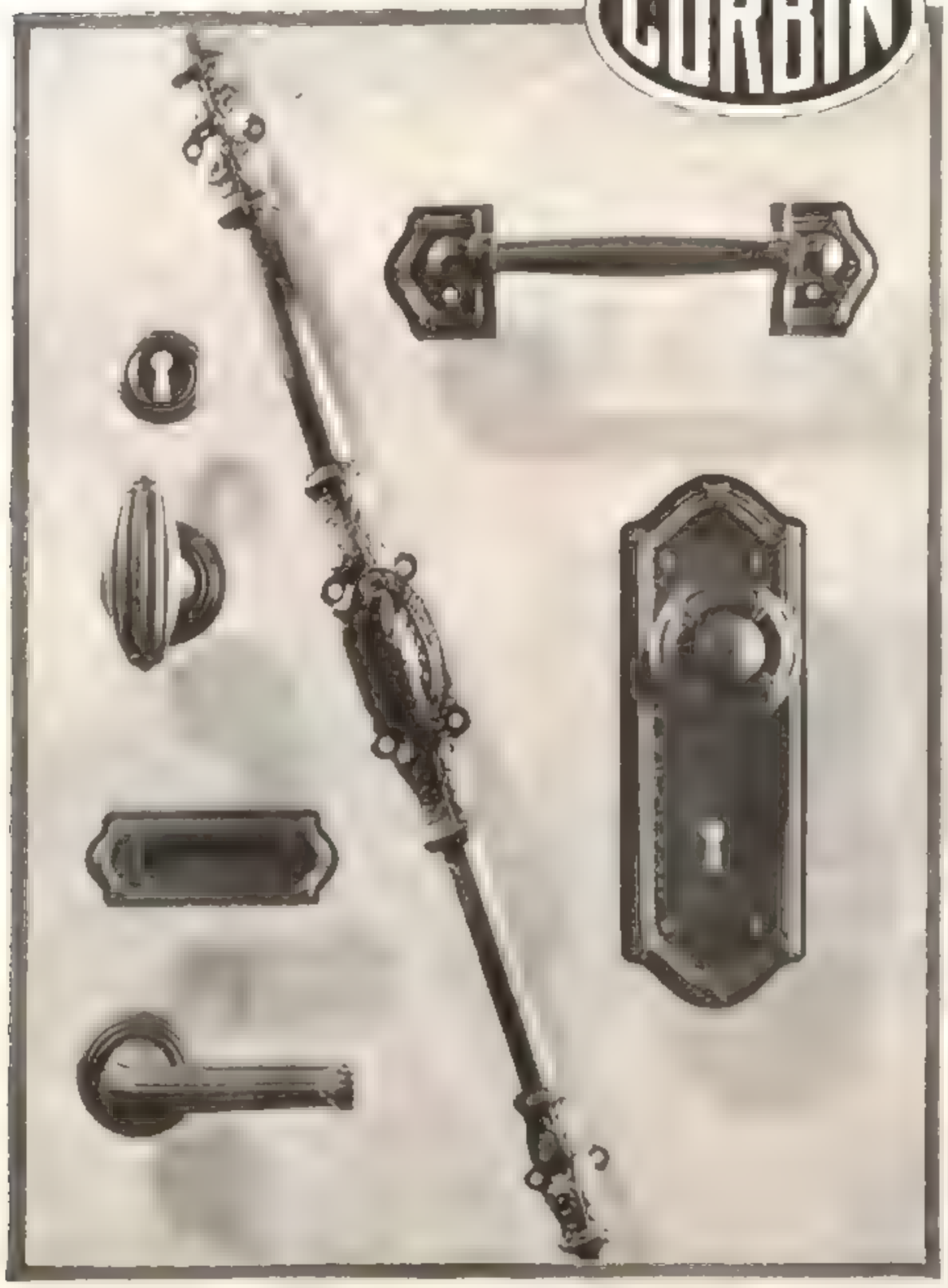
Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



Hardware in the French Manner
by CORBIN

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if it were at least the trump of the angel Gabriel. She kept perfectly still, her finger nails digging into the soft pine of the box she sat on. She would not go. Let them call she would not stir. She was too young and life was too sweet!

"They're calling you, Laurie," whispered her aunt.

She pretended not to hear. Berry, red in the face, was rushing toward her, but Rex reached out a hand, caught him by the arm and flung him around. While they were scuffling, Young slipped by and came to stand beside her. He said nothing; he merely caught her up off the box, carried her to the edge of the stage, set her on her feet and gave her a push. She walked slowly forward, blinked at the footlights, discovered the judges and smiled.

There was absolute silence out in front - the peculiar silence of surprise. The highly specialized audience thought there had been some mistake. What had happened can best be described in the flippant words published by one of the Newark papers on the following day:

> After the "goils" had shown all they had, a young lady stepped out on the stage and the puzzled house fell dead.

"Take off your hat, Miss—er—Miss Bull," murmured the director out of coma.

"I can't," said Laurie. "I haven't fixed my hair."

The astonished man came fully to life as the crowd shouted with laughter. "Don't talk!" he muttered angrily. "Take off your hat!"

She obeyed with a shake of her head, and by good luck alone her tumbled hair fell into more becoming lines than any art could have given it. Rolling the soft hat between nervous fingers, she began to take stock of her surroundings. At center stage was a lonely straight-backed chair. In front of her were the footlights, the judges, a dim audience fading off into dimmer shadow, and Mr. Donovan's moon-like face, glimmering in the gallery.

Bunched on the other end of the stage in the pitiless glare of the limelight was a huddle of girls, decked out in many grades of attire, plus, but mostly minus, some of them tinted with every known aid to beauty and others content with the skillful heightening of a special feature. On the whole, they were a dazzling and not unlovely lot, and Laurie would have felt like withdrawing from the unequal combat had she not sensed that though each of them was an enemy to the other, they had somehow become amalgamated into a collective foe as far as she herself was concerned. Her chin went up; she turned pale and then the color rushed to her cheeks.

"Walk!" ordered the director. She walked straight toward the battery of unfriendly eyes. "Turn, walk and sit." She obeyed. "Rise. Join the other ladies. All stand by for the ensemble."

There was a considerable interval that ever after was a blank to Laurie, ending with an announcement for which she should have been prepared, but that was none the less amazing.

"For excellence in color, bearing, figure, deportment and general beauty," declared the chairman of the committee, "the judges grant the title of Miss Hoboken, with every confidence that she will defend it well, to Miss Laurentha Bull."

There was some desultory clapping, then a sibilant sound which threatened to rise into a storm; but before it could break, the manager was herding the girls off the stage and Laurie found herself carried along in the midst of the perfumed flood, her eyes peering this way and that for Aunt Laura, Young or either one of the Donovan boys—for any familiar face. In the meantime her ears were tingling.

"For the love of crying! Of all the crooked graft!"

"Me too. Why, I'd rather be seen naked than go around with a bare face like that! It ain't decent."

"Baby face and baby ways is what done it. If I'd only known, I'd have washed off my sister's youngest and held him up for a mask."

"These things is always fixed, anyway. I'll bet her fancy boy had it sewed up from the start."

Laurie escaped and almost collided with her aunt. She would listen to no congratulations and rushed to Young when he came grinning toward her.

"Take me out of here," she said. "I want to go home."

"Great stuff, Laurie. You're more than a beauty—you're a born actress."

"Shut up! Let's go get your roadster."

"My roadster!" he exclaimed. "You're crazy! Wait till we get outside!"

She walked in a daze. Hands reached out for hers, faces crowded up like a rising sea, voices deafened her. She was shunted into a dressing room, packed solidly with the mayor and his entourage, such members of the committee as had been able to gain an entrance, two motorcycle cops and four monumental policemen.

The mayor presented her with an enormous cluster of American Beauty roses, congratulated her heartily, and then made a speech, directed not only at her but at the committeemen present. He extolled her enthusiastically as a champion, but stressed the opportunity that had come to Hoboken. He had no doubts as to Miss Bull; they could look at her and judge for themselves. In a sense, it was no longer she who was on trial, but the city of Hoboken. He looked to the committee to do its part.

Laurie scarcely knew what she said in reply. She must have murmured her thanks, because everybody smiled contentedly, but she was not happy. She felt as if someone had deposited a great load on her shoulders while she was not looking and that she would either have to cast it off quickly or carry it until she dropped.

She looked around anxiously for Aunt Laura and the movement was taken as a signal. The mayor nodded at the policemen and they proceeded to force a passage as far as the stage door. There they were confronted by a veritable mob and stood powerless to do more than protect Miss Hoboken from bodily injury from too friendly hands. All the rancor of the contest seemed to have evaporated in the general enthusiasm and she was acclaimed with a roar which left her stunned.

Over the heads of the people directly in front of her she caught a glimpse of Aunt Laura sitting in the tonneau of a smart but gaudily painted car which bore the legend Miss Hoboken in huge letters on its side. Neither Young nor either of the Donovan boys was at the wheel, which was in charge of an exceedingly correct chauffeur.

"That's my aunt," she whispered to the mayor. "I want to get to her, please."

He gave an order to one of the policemen, who whistled for reenforcements from the street, and presently a passage was forced, through which she could run to the car Young appeared from nowhere, helped her in and leaped up beside her. There was a tremendous roar from the crowd, another from the engine and a blare from the hooter. A moment later the car was tearing along with four motor cops clearing the way and two guarding the rear, all their sirens shrieking the warning of their coming.

When they reached Mr. Donovan's house she lost no time in drawing him aside. "Please, Mr. Donovan, I don't want to be Miss Hoboken."

"Why not?" he asked so calmly that she was encouraged.

"Because I can't take it. It—it wouldn't be right."

"Why wouldn't it?"

"You know why. Don't think I'm ungrateful, because I really like you awfully."

"Come through now," he said, his eyes twinkling so fast it was hard to be sure they were not steady as steel points. "Why wouldn't it be right?"

"Because it was fixed from the start—because the boys got you to sew it up for me, and nobody else had a show."

(Continued on Page 128)

PREDOMINANT
in luxury and comfort—the world's fastest road car

TODAY, motorists who are demanding finer performance, more luxurious comfort and modern style—are turning to the Airman Limited.

On the open highway the Airman Limited proves itself supreme. Establishing record after record, Cannon Ball Baker drove a Franklin Sedan from Los Angeles to New York and back again—6692 miles—in 6½ days!...Flashing up Pike's Peak in 19 minutes, 25⅕ seconds, a Franklin Special again demonstrated that, under the most severe conditions, air-cooling never fails, cannot boil or freeze, insures power without let-up...A stock Airman Limited Sedan raced up Lookout Mountain, 46% steeper than Pike's Peak, in 20 minutes, 52 seconds... Climbing Mount Washington, America's steepest accessible peak, a Franklin Special conquered the eight miles with an ascent of 4673 feet, in 14 minutes, 49⅗ seconds!

The comfort and luxury of the Airman Limited are as modern as the performance is thrilling. Interior colorings, upholstery and appointments are beautiful—*incomparable.* Connoisseurs of fine motor cars have expressed a definite belief that the Airman Limited is setting the vogue for 1929 and 1930...To see and drive this brilliant car is to immediately join the large group of Airman Limited admirers.

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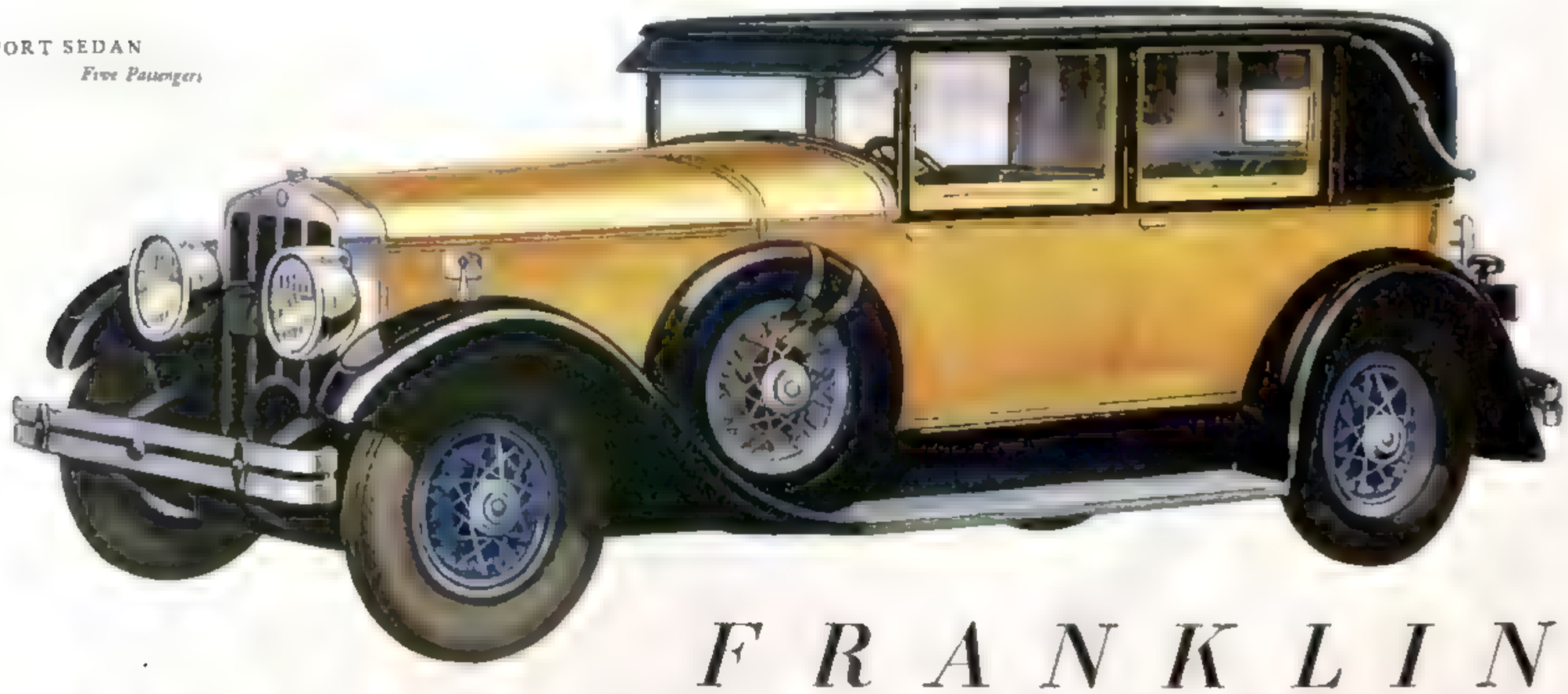

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Lasting sweetness and lack of moisture cannot be illustrated But notice how the Hesson Guard screws air-tight against the shoulder of the bowl The shank must stay dry at all times

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with the

Demuth Milano *Hesson Guard*

Continued from Page 126

"You sure need teaching, my dear. They've been telling you I'm the big cheese around here—the boss that tells everybody when to stop, how to go and when to get off."

"But aren't you?"

"Yes, if it comes to that, I am. But how long d'ye think I'd stay on top if I took to shooting off cannons to kill a sparrer? It's quite right I passed my word to yourself and the boys you'd be Miss Hoboken. But it was like saying I'd see to it the city-hall clock struck six at six o'clock and twelve at noon."

"You—you didn't speak to the judges?"

"Never a word."

"But the boys told me—Young said—"

"Let 'em think it," said Mr. Donovan with a faint cackling sound. "Half the thanks a boss gets is for nothing, Laurie. There's many a man thinks I've saved his life I never turned a finger for, no more'n I did for you."

"Then why ——"

"I know them judges. If Hoboken hadn't a chance, and it was just a question of patting one girl out of a dozen on the back, you'd of seen as pretty a fight right there in the front row as ever come out of a county fair. But them men are in business, and I knew once they laid eyes on you it would be like somebody had handed 'em a platter of front-page advertising. Why should I holler at 'em to help themselves? Not me!"

"That makes it different," said Laurie.

He patted her on the shoulder with a smoothing gesture as though he were stroking a horse. "You got the blood, Laurie. Spit in the face of anybody says you need his help to win."

"Give us a chance, dad!" called Berry petulantly from the front room. "We got a lot of planning to do."

"There's one of 'm now," whispered the old man with a mirthless wink and a nod of his piebald head. "Rex may be after you like an ugly nun wants heaven, but it's Berry will be telling you how much you need his pull."

During the next few weeks the high fence between childhood and the new distracting world solidified swiftly into a stone wall so impenetrable to her sensibilities that Bull Tavern itself became dimmed. Even on those brief occasions when she was permitted to lie in her own bed beneath its weathered, crouching roof, everything seemed changed and unreal where once all had been real.

No longer did the great pine whisper tales of far Japan; it was as if it had turned around and were standing with its back to her window, coming nearer, backing and trying to push her out. The flivver too—it looked unbelievably forlorn. It asked plaintively of the world and itself what allegiance could there be between its rust, its springless seat and such fine clothes, such silken unscratched skin.

The day she was elected Miss New Jersey held nothing of the excitement, the stage fright and agonizing indecision of the ordeal in Hoboken. Though she was kept in ignorance of the details, it was a mere formality, deliberately arranged by her sponsors to avoid any attack on her eligibility on the grounds of residence, and this time she knew more or less what she would have to face. It was like jumping Horse Run. You set your jaw, took a good start, strained every muscle, and if you made it, you made it; if you didn't, you would be covered with mud and ridicule.

But what she was totally unprepared for was the avalanche of entertainment which had begun to rain upon her from the moment she was crowned Miss Hoboken and increased in volume upon her nomination to represent the state. Luncheons and banquets by organizations preparing to support her, receptions and bazaars that leaned on her popularity to insure their own success, shopping parades through the stores pledged to outfit her, and occasional private dinners where she was introduced to persons of influence, not only filled up her time but kept her in a fever of activity which numbed her brain as well as her muscles.

Exhausted and dragging a wilted wisp that had once been Aunt Laura, she left the flamboyant car and its immaculate driver in charge of Mr. Donovan and hurried home with the intention of sleeping for a week. She curtained her window for the first time in years. She did not care whether the pine was friendly or not, nor did she cast a glance at the old car. She kissed her grandfather with trembling lips, but refused to see anybody else. All she wanted was her bed, pillow slips and sheets smelling faintly of lavender, darkness and quiet—weeks, months, eons of quiet!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NO BRAKES

(Continued from Page 21)

like this? Me, I'm gonna blow. That little squizzle tail of a timekeeper beat me out of four hours overtime, she did." It will be remembered that Pinkie was a timekeeper as well as the main squeeze of the commissary. "Listen, if I get an even break, I'll square her little clock for her. Th' little heifer thinks she's Lady Astor's horse, the way she acts."

"Somebody'll put a saddle on you if you keep talkin' that way," warned Dusty

"What's it to you?" snarled Popeye.

"What the hell do you care?" retorted Dusty. "All she's trying to do is to get a couple of nickels together. Leave her alone, see?"

"Aw, for Pete's sake," bawled Popeye. "A couple of nickels, is it? Whose nickels, I'd like to know? I don't give a damn how many nickels she gloms onto, yours or your pretty friend's here, but she better keep her paws off my nickels. I don't owe her nothin', see?"

"Now just what do you mean by that?" demanded Dusty.

"Haw-haw," sneered Popeye. "Harken to Little Oswald. He just joined the Purity League, folks." He shoved his face forward and fairly snarled at Dusty. "I'll put it in one-syllable words if you want it that way, you dirty scab!"

"It ain't really necessary," replied Dusty, and kicked the coffeepot into Popeye's lap.

Now the coffeepot was full, and furthermore it was decidedly hot. And to add to the turmoil Dude made a perfect place kick of the Mulligan stew, and at least eighty per cent of it went on Hotfoot and Half Pint. All of which, you might say, precipitated a battle between two defenders of feminine virtue and three maligners of the same. Messers Dude and Dusty, having participated in many a similar affray, on whichever side seemed at the time most convenient, were not at a loss as to how to conduct themselves. A piece of firewood being conveniently at hand, Dusty caught Popeye with the aforementioned fuel square on top of the knob, with the instantaneous result of evening up the belligerents. And by the time Half Pint had unwound himself from the Mulligan, Dude hit him with everything close at hand, including two fists and a reclaimed coffeepot. Three seconds later you could have poured Half Pint into a three-ounce bottle. Hotfoot gave up the battle when he was side-swiped into what remained of the cook fire, and sat down very violently therein. He rose with even greater violence, despite the efforts of Dusty to keep him prostrate, and departed in haste somewhat after the manner of a naval smoke screen.

Thus it was that following the armistice Dude and Dusty found themselves in full possession of the field, but, unfortunately,

Continued on Page 130

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by Walter Beaton

"Come on Dad, *you've read the News,* let's go to the Movies"

A Scripps-Howard editor sent for a reporter. "Young man," he said, "I hate to fire you, but you're lazy. You prefer to waste words and save work. You won't take the time to write briefly. You won't cut and compress your copy until it is packed with news, and free from flowery writing. You don't belong on a SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper."

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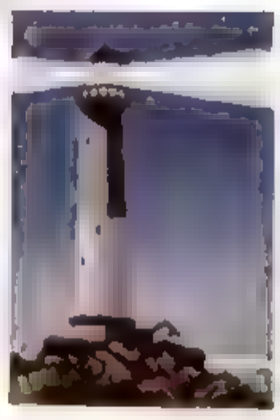

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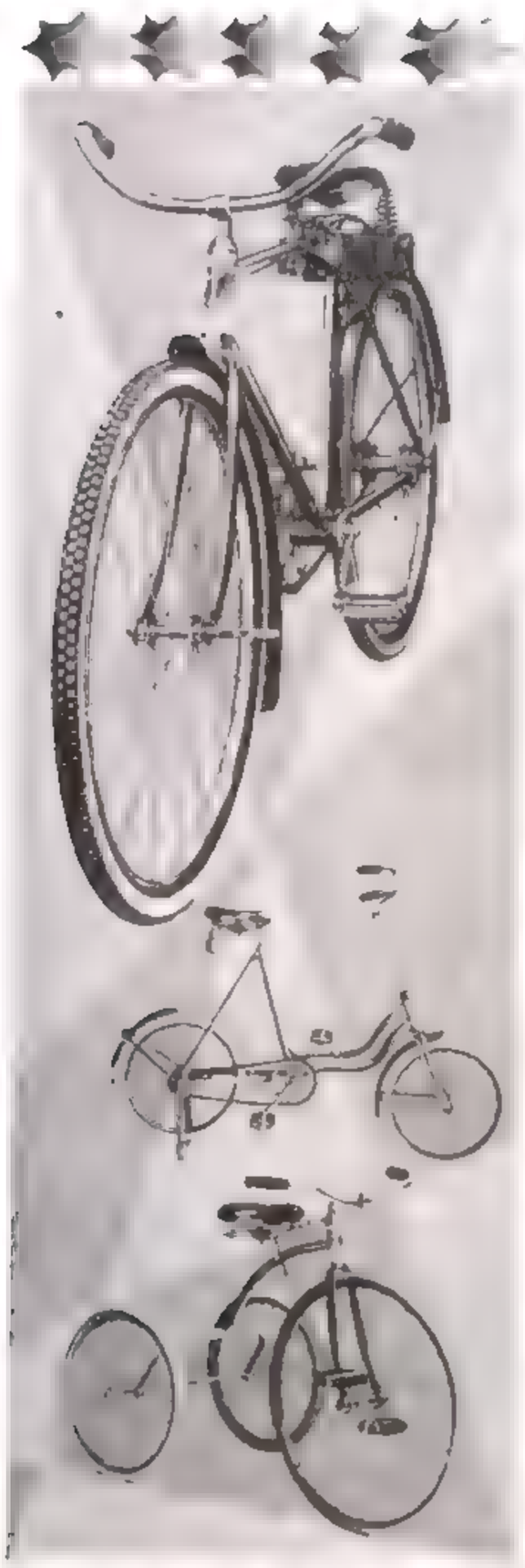

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BICYCLES
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(Continued from Page 128)

in possession of nothing whatever to eat. And they were hungry. The logical thing to do was to go some place and get something in the shape of a nose bag.

They met Pinkie at the door of the feed palace. "Well, well," said the girl, smiling, "so you've finally got tired of your own cooking." The two boomers looked sheepish. Pinkie noticed their somewhat battered appearance. "Who ran you off an' swiped your food?" she asked pertly.

Dude and Dusty grinned at each other.

"Isn't she just the sweetest thing?" asked Dude of Dusty.

"A flower, a delicate flower," declared Dusty.

"You wantta eat here, I suppose," said Pinkie, smiling.

They intimated they would.

"You'll have to pay for it, you know," said Pinkie.

The two men grinned.

"We'd like to eat here steady," declared Dude.

"I'll be very glad to make the board deduction," was the pert answer.

"Just one meal at a time, please," suggested Dusty.

The two men went inside and sat down at the long table and stowed away food. Pinkie asked them when they were leaving if the fodder had passed the test.

"Better'n Mulligan," declared Dusty.

The two roughnecks retired to their bunk car, lay back on the hard beds to give about twelve pounds of food an even break.

"She's a right sweet child," observed Dude.

"Right nice," agreed Dusty, lazily but cautiously.

There was a long silence.

"Make somebody a warm little squaw, wouldn't she?" said Dude.

"Have to marry her," said Dusty, as though that settled the matter for all time.

An hour passed before either spoke again.

"Let's go take a look around," said Dusty. "Here it is pay-day night, we're lousy with nickels. They ain't no place to spend it, but we can walk around with it in our pockets."

"There'll be a crap game up at the north end of camp," said Dude, considering.

"We'll see if any of the boys are hot," said Dusty, and forthwith they ambled out.

They passed the car Pinkie used for an office and for sleeping quarters, saw her working on her books.

"Somebody'll knock that baby on the head some night if she don't watch her step," said Dusty. "They oughtn't to have set that car away from everything else."

"She's got plenty of friends," replied Dude.

"An' you're one of 'em," said Dusty.

Dude started to protest.

"'Sall right, 'sall right, old-timer," said Dusty. "She's a sweet child. I might give you some competition myself."

"Hell," declared the other, "she don't like neither of us. She wouldn't spit on us for practice."

"You never can tell," answered his partner; "a high-strung woman is liable to do anything."

They arrived at the crap game, joined in fervently. At about one o'clock Dude had lost everything but his shirt, but Dusty was in the clear to the tune of about three hundred dineros. They quit the game and started back for their end of camp.

Popeye and his two playmates, Hotfoot and Half Pint, were undoubtedly under the influence of intoxicating spirits. It wouldn't be exaggerating the matter much to declare them stuccoed. Out of necessity they were, for otherwise they would never have done what they did. They'd walked up to Pinkie's car about one A.M. and demanded their time checks. Now Pinkie couldn't issue time checks, all she could do was to make out an order for a time check. Popeye and his two buddies knew this to be true, but they were drunk, and they were also in a bad humor on account of having water buckets and coffeepots, not to mention the garnishments, wound about their persons; hence they were rather prone to debate the problem. Dude and Dusty heard the turmoil as they passed, and as neither was shy or backward, they proceeded to horn in.

"You tell your sweetie to pay off!" snarled Popeye at Dusty.

"You better shut up and go to bed," advised Dusty.

Popeye sneered.

"Beat it!" growled Dusty.

"Kinda late to have dates, ain't it?" said Popeye, leering at Pinkie and Dusty.

"Don't you go makin' dirty cracks about me," exploded Pinkie, stepping up close to Popeye.

Popeye made a grievous social bust. No lady would have stood for it, not even in a parlor. Popeye had a very filthy tongue. He called Pinkie a most uncalled-for name.

There was a large lantern on the table. As Pinkie stepped back when Popeye started cursing, her right hand closed on this lantern. She stepped forward and clouted the worthy Popeye in the mush a most worthy clout. The glass broke and the frame fractured; indeed, that particular lantern was put completely out of service.

To date, on this particular day, Popeye had only been hit with a coffeepot, a club and a lantern. It hardly seemed fair to hold out on him. So Dusty caught him a haymaker and tried to close both eyes at the same time. The operation was fairly successful, and the punch knocked Popeye back toward Dude, and Dude caught him a perfectly conceived and admirably executed blow that landed just north by a little east of the dinner pail. The clout from the lantern started Popeye toward the door, the further crowning by Dusty gave him an added impetus, but when Dude hit him it appeared as though he folded up after the manner of a jackknife and floated.

Now at this precise moment who should start to enter but the superintendent, who, having heard loud and raucous voices, had followed his ears. Popeye and the superintendent had a violent argument as to who should get through the door first, and the super won, but they took the door along for proof. As the super didn't know that Popeye was cold crocked, Popeye took a swell beating that, to this day, he never knew he got. For it wasn't until Hotfoot came sailing out the door and lit on top of the super that the super quit whaling away at Popeye. The super was pretty much of a man, and he was enjoying himself on the comparatively inanimate form of Hotfoot when Half Pint did a combination Annette Kellerman and a tail spin whose terminus was the abdomen of the super.

By this time the super was suspicious. He belted the prostrate Half Pint a couple for good luck and made the door of the car after the third try. He entered.

"One of 'em came back, Dude," said Dusty.

Ker-wham! The super went tail over tin cup with three good teeth to the bad.

"Baby," said Dude, "lend us a light and we'll chase these bums away for good."

So Dude and Dusty and Pinkie sallied forth with a flashlight and a lantern, and instead of three inanimate figures they found four.

"Where did the extry guy come from?" demanded Dusty.

"Great tripe!" exclaimed Pinkie. "It's the boss!"

"He oughtta known better'n to come bustin' without sayin' nothin'," observed Dude.

"Listen," Pinkie spoke up quickly, "you two boys beat it. Th' boss'll be griped when he comes to. Ain't no use in your gettin' in trouble. Here comes somebody now!" She pointed to where several lights were bobbing toward them. "G'wan, beat it. Sure do thank you! Here's a kiss for you both!" She gave them each a quick kiss. "Now, beat it!"

"So long, baby," said Dude.

"Good night, sugar," said Dusty.

It was a strange courtship that developed between the two boomers and the girl Pinkie. Dude and Dusty had never quarreled over women, never in all the years they'd bummed around together. That is, you understand, between themselves. As Dude expressed it, he'd never seen any worth battling over. With Dusty, that is. As Dusty expressed it, there were so many women he couldn't see the advantage or the percentage in squabbling over just one. He admitted he might be able to work up enough interest in thirty or forty to fall out with Dude over, but since women were such poor organizers he'd never had it out with Dude on the subject.

But it would have been easy for the two men to bust up over Pinkie, had they just let themselves go. But this they would not do. They'd been in so many tight places together, been through so much, always side by side, always with confidence in each other, believing in each other. Jealousy was out, they'd have none of it. It was rivalry, not jealousy.

Perhaps Pinkie helped keep things on a level keel. One of the things Pinkie liked most about them was their intense loyalty to each other. If she took this from them, she lost the better part of both. Maybe, too—for Pinkie was a woman—she might have realized the only way to keep both was by playing ball.

She liked them both, told them she liked both. But she let them know she had no intention of marrying a boomer. She didn't come right out and say it; she just let them understand she felt that way. Girls have a faculty of giving out delicate information without appearing to be doing so. Thus with Pinkie.

So the two men stayed on the job, for eight long months in one place. And saved money. It was unheard of! And when the construction work of straightening out the main line was completed they found they had sufficient seniority to bid in for work on the extra board. For freight, chain-gang freight. And because business was good they got steady work and fat pay checks, and still found time to pay assiduous court to Pinkie.

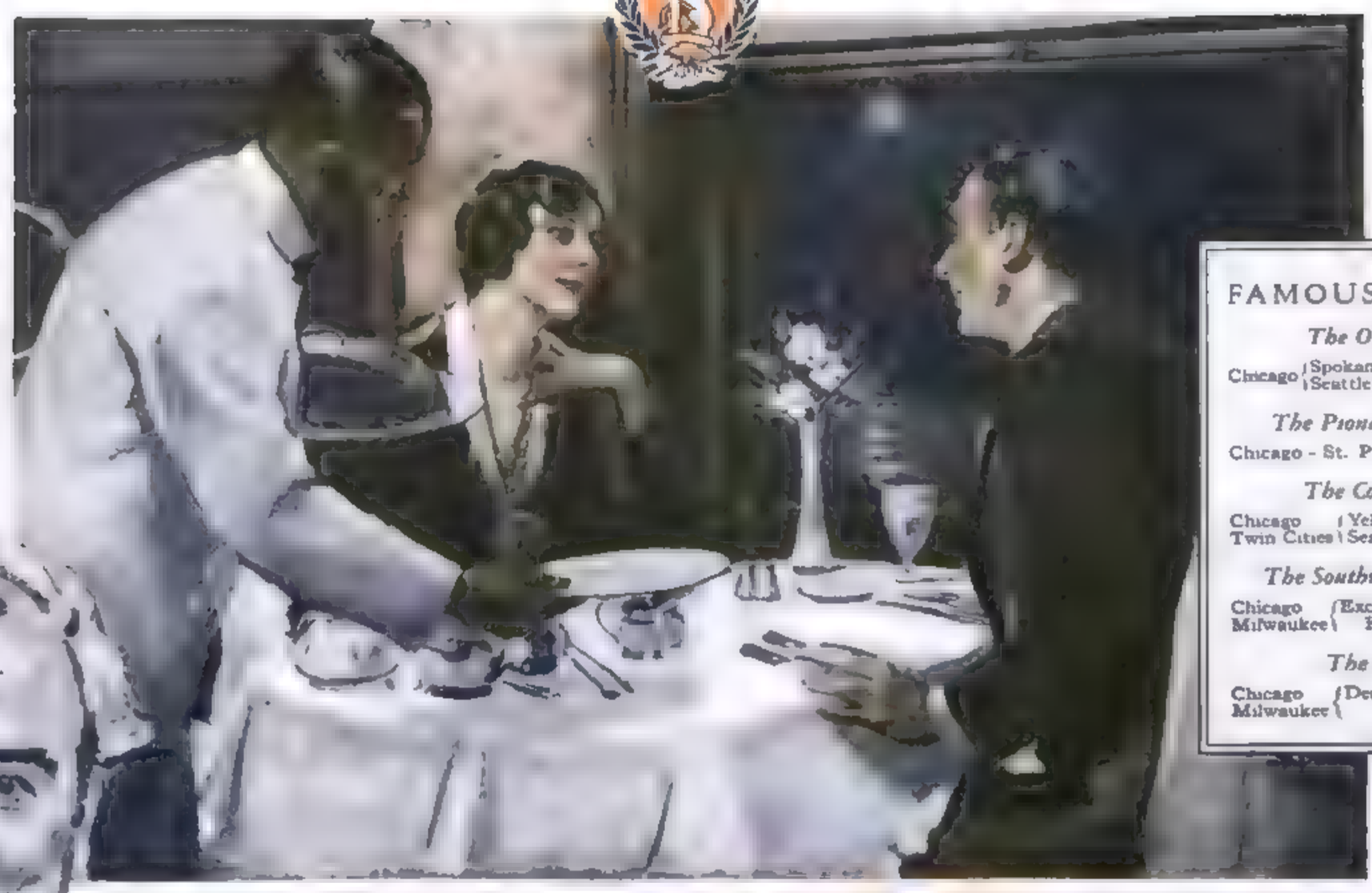
Pinkie went to work as timekeeper at Linda, where they were widening the dump for a passing track extension and relaying rail. Linda was about forty-odd miles west of where they'd been working. It was at the bottom of the eastern slope of The Pass. Capital letters, please. The Pass deserves capital letters.

This division, the Pacific Division, is a series of pains—all mountain divisions are—but the bright and shining ache is The Pass. It costs more money to drag a freight train through this cleft in a mighty mountain range than it does to haul one across the State of Illinois. No bunk. West bound you buck a three-and-a-quarter per cent grade for thirty miles to Summit, and east bound it's equally bad, if not worse. Grade lines for scenic thrills, and curves and bends that enable a passenger to lean out the window and shake hands with the engine crew. Except for the cog railroad up Pike's Peak there's nothing to compare it with. But the following may give you an inkling:

A dining-car steward got careless and dropped a teacup out a window at Summit, and said teacup followed Newton's well-known theorem and happened to roll east. At Linda, thirty miles below as a brick would fall, the telegraph operator stepped out to get some ozone and the teacup came along and knocked his right leg off at the knee! This yarn is only equaled by the one about the section foreman who let a push car get away from him near the top of the hill, and said push car rolled west. Its disappearance was a complete mystery until five years later. Then the railroad got a bill from the Government, account one large hole knocked in a battleship at anchor in the Pacific.

This was the division where Dude and Dusty worked. Every third or fourth day they passed Linda. And at every opportunity one, or both, would slip down to Linda, or up to Linda, as the case might be,

(Continued on Page 135)



FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian
Chicago / Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma

The Pioneer Limited
Chicago - St. Paul - Minneapolis

The Columbian
Chicago / Twin Cities / Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma

The Southwest Limited
Chicago / Milwaukee / Excelsior Springs-Kansas City

The Arrow
Chicago / Milwaukee / Des Moines-Omaha-Sioux City

Mr George Rector,
Director of
The Milwaukee Road's
Department of Cuisine

DINNER by Rector

Everybody knows of George Rector!

Readers of The Saturday Evening Post followed him weekly through the delightful chapters of "The Girl from Rector's" and "A Cook's Tour."

Countless Americans—and distinguished persons from other lands—have happy recollections of his reign at Rector's, for years the brightest spot on brilliant Broadway. His fame is world-wide; his skill and genius hailed wherever the mastery of cuisine is concerned.

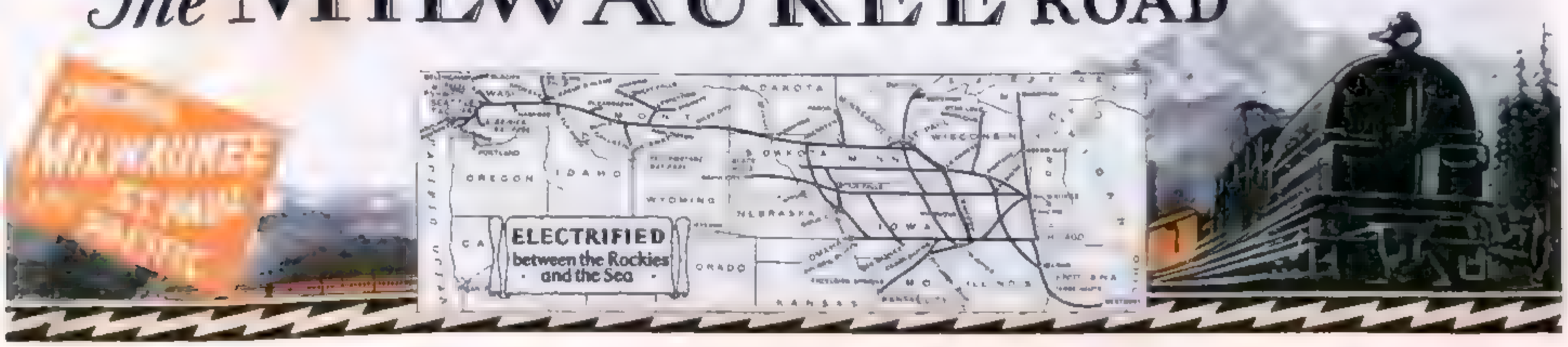
Now—on the famous trains of The Milwaukee Road—folks are marveling at the delicious food and exquisite service of Rector.

A departure in dining car service—the acquisition of the master hand to direct cuisine. Yet not surprising on The Milwaukee Road, where the dining cars command the best to be had.

Thus, "Dinner by Rector" takes its place on the lengthening list of Milwaukee Road achievements—660 miles of electrification, silent roller bearings, club cars moderne, coil spring mattresses, and a host of other features contributing to the comfort and pleasure of our patrons.

For copy of booklet or detailed information on any subject concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 884 R, Union Station, Chicago

The MILWAUKEE ROAD



WILL YOURS BE THE NAME THAT

HERE'S a chance to get a new car, a trip abroad, or a college education! All you need do is select the YALE-BOND Flashlight or Mono-Cell feature that you think most important, and write a slogan about it. Liberal cash prizes for the best slogans!

A CRISP little slip of paper through the mail—a check on a great bank for $2000! Will *you* be the one to whom this handsome sum will be payable as the winner of the national YALE-BOND "Flashlight Feature" Slogan Contest?

Or will yours be the name on the second prize check *for $1000*, the third *for $500*, or any of the other substantial cash awards?

Get out the old pencil now and start in. No essays to write—no hard work of any kind—no involved conditions! Just write a slogan, or a number of slogans, that fittingly summarize the advantages of the *one* feature of YALE-BOND Flashlights or Mono-Cells which you think most desirable. A slogan as good as "Not a Cough in a Carload" or "Save the Surface and You Save All."—Study the features—you'll get a world of ideas!

There are 1183 prizes in all, *giving everyone a good chance to win!*

RULES
OF THE CONTEST

1. The contestant should study carefully the six features of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells which are described on the Official Contest Blank. He should then select the *one* he believes the most important and write one or more slogans on that feature. Prizes will be awarded for those slogans, which in the opinion of the judges, best describe the YALE-BOND features.

2. Contestants may submit as many slogans as they wish.

3. Each slogan should be written on a separate Official Contest Blank—supplied free by YALE-BOND Dealers everywhere.

4. Anyone may enter the Contest except those connected with the Bond Electric Corporation, or members of their families.

5. In the event that a winning slogan is duplicated, each contestant submitting the duplicated slogan will be paid the full amount of the prize.

6. All entries must be received not later than midnight of December 31st, 1928, addressed to Bond Electric Corporation, Jersey City, N. J. The prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.

7. All slogans submitted in this contest become the property of this company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

8. Each contestant gives to the company the right to use his or her name in any advertising that may be prepared announcing the winners.

9. Awards made by the judges must be considered final.

Which Feature is the Most

Feature No. 1
CANDLE LIGHT
You can easily transform a YALE-BOND Flashlight into a powerful electric candle, merely by unscrewing the head and standing the light on end.

Feature No. 2
FIBRE CASE
YALE-BOND Flashlights are made with genuine fibre cases, instead of easily-dented metal tubes. They will not bend or break.

Feature No. 3
SHOCK ABSORBERS
These sturdy metal attachments firmly cushion the batteries in YALE-BOND Flashlights and thereby protect the bulb against breakage.

Feature No. 4
3-WAY SAFETY SWITCH
The YALE-BOND *Safety Lock Contact Switch* prevents accidental lighting and power-wastage when the flashlight is not in use.

IS WRITTEN ON THIS CHECK ?

YALE-BOND Flashlight Feature Slogan Contest

$10,000 in Prizes!

THE winner of this contest will probably be the man or woman who knows most about the perfected features of these famous YALE-BOND products—who has most thoroughly absorbed the remarkable facts about them, and who best understands what they do.

To make it easy for you, definite suggestions for your slogans are supplied by each of the six distinctive features of YALE-BOND Flashlights or Mono-Cells. A folder fully describing these features (with official contest blank attached) is waiting for you at any of the *authorized* YALE-BOND dealers in your city.

You will recognize an *authorized* YALE-BOND dealer's store by the special Contest Window Display or other YALE-BOND signs. Go there today—get as many blanks as you want—examine carefully an actual YALE-BOND Flashlight and Mono-Cell—*see* what each feature is! Then submit as many slogans as you wish.

Remember, each slogan must be on the *one* particular feature of YALE-BOND Flashlights or Mono-Cells which you judge to be of greatest value. Only *five* of these features are mentioned below. For the sixth "Mystery Feature" you should see the display in your *authorized* YALE-BOND dealer's store—or the folder containing the Contest Blank.

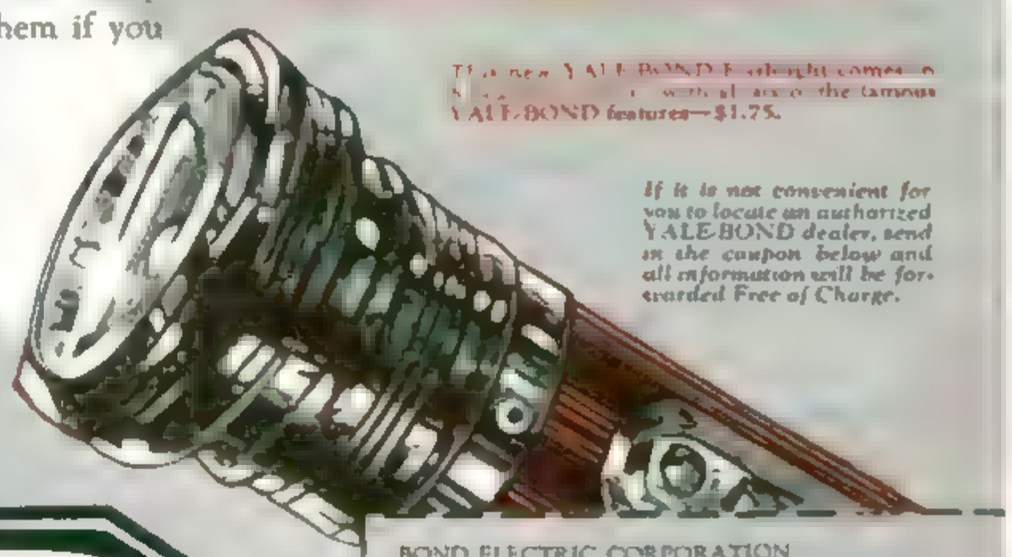
Read the Contest Rules—*then* Act!

Visit your retailer today. Don't delay. Maybe your best slogan ideas are on tap right now, and you will miss them if you don't start at once.

1183 Valuable Awards

First Prize	$2,000
Second Prize . . .	1,000
Third Prize	500
10 Prizes of $100 each .	1,000
20 Prizes of $50 each .	1,000
50 Prizes of $20 each .	1,000
100 Prizes of $10 each .	1,000
1,000 Prizes of a $2.50 Flashlight	2,500
1,183 Prizes in all .	$10,000

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
(Formerly Yale Electric Corporation)
Chicago JERSEY CITY, N. J. San Francisco
Manufacturers of
Radio "B" Batteries that restore their own power, "A", "B" and "C" Batteries, Storage and Dry Batteries, Flashlights, Mono-Cells



The new YALE-BOND Flashlight comes in [illegible] with all of the famous YALE-BOND features—$1.75.

If it is not convenient for you to locate an authorized YALE-BOND dealer, send in the coupon below and all information will be forwarded Free of Charge.

Important ?

Feature No. 5
SAFETY-SEAL
This feature—exclusively YALE-BOND—protects the power of YALE-BOND Mono-Cells by preventing energy-draining short circuits.

Feature No. 6
WHAT IS IT?
This is the "Mystery Feature" of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells. Your dealer will tell you all about it when you visit his store.

YALE BOND

*In order to prevent possible confusion with the products of other manufacturers, Yale Flashlights and Batteries will hereafter be called by the name "BOND"

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Jersey City, N. J.
Dear Sirs: Please send me Free Contest Blanks.
Name [illegible]
Address
City—— State
Dealer's Name
Address

17 friends bid him "*Merry Christmas*" with *the same* pipe tobacco

Is there a timely suggestion for Pipe Smokers on YOUR Christmas list in this letter from Mr. Fitzpatrick?

WHEN sixteen of a man's friends each send him the same brand of tobacco for Christmas, there's no doubt about what kind of reception it's in for!

It sounds like a deep-laid plot of collusion. But it wasn't! Each of Mr. Fitzpatrick's friends knew what his own favorite smoke was, and, as if by magic, sixteen blue humidors of Edgeworth were laid under the Christmas tree.

These men, like many other Edgeworth smokers, knew from experience that the quality of Edgeworth never changed in any season, and that if a man started smoking it, it would continue to give him the same pleasure year in and year out.

In case *your* friends are perhaps not so well acquainted with Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice as you are—start them right this Christmas. We have prepared for you gaily decorated gift cartons of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in three forms—the standard glass pound humidor, and the attractive pound (shown at right) and half-pound tins. If your tobacco dealer will not supply you with these Christmas gift packages, we gladly offer this special service:

Send us $1.65 for each glass pound humidor, $1.50 for each pound tin, and 75c for each half-pound tin of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those smokers you wish to remember, along with your personal greeting card. We will gladly attend to sending these gift packages direct to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: If you are not already acquainted with the charm of Edgeworth, we should like to send—free—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice to try in your own pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 30 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes by dealers everywhere.

Evanston, Ill.
Dec. 31, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Of course you know from your sales just how popular your brands of tobacco are, but perhaps what follows will illustrate something of the identity, so to speak, of the users of Edgeworth.

I happen to be blest with a host of very fine friends, mostly "highbrows"—professors, scientists, etc. Generally at Christmas time they show their remembrance and all that with some little gift—a box of cigars, fishing tackle, a book—all that sort of thing.

Well, last Christmas many seemed to centre on *tobacco*. Now, mark you, these fellows have no communication with each other. They live in widely separated parts of the country, so it was no "put-up" joke on me or anything like that. But here came seventeen boxes of tobacco, and sixteen of them the familiar blue "Edgeworth"! The seventeenth was a very flossy walnut, brass-trimmed box, but if I know tobacco, the contents were Edgeworth with a little perique in it.

Just a coincidence, perhaps, but a queer one. Am not an habitual smoker of Edgeworth, so they weren't catering to any especial taste of mine. Looks like a consensus of opinion among the "highbrows"—or quite a batch of 'em—that Edgeworth is *the* stuff, the proper caper for a gift.

Sincerely yours,

F. W. FITZPATRICK

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 250 meters, 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

(Continued from Page 130)

and court Pinkie. Sometimes as the Siamese Twins, sometimes singly, but every chance they got, there they were. The work at Linda gradually approached completion, and neither seemed to have an edge on the other. And when the job was done, there was no telling where Pinkie would be sent. It was high time for a climax, or at least a definite understanding.

One night, only a few days before the work at Linda was to be finished, Dude and Dusty made an extra freight, sixty loads, west bound for Los Angeles. They were assigned to it as brakemen; it was their call. Prior to leaving time they talked their female problem over, coolly and logically, and they arrived at the most intelligent conclusion that it was high time something was done about it. They decided they'd do the thing all open and aboveboard. They'd both propose, simultaneously, in each other's presence, as it were. The one she refused would silently fade away, the one she accepted would keep his job and live at ease amongst hot biscuits and cream gravy for the rest of his life. It was such a swell plan they wondered why they hadn't thought of it long before.

They went out together and by dint of immortal oratory and soul-scorching threats persuaded a jeweler to sell them one solitaire apiece on the down-payment plan. The contract with the jeweler was such that the two payments should apply on one ring as soon as the female in question decided which ring she liked best. It seemed rather insane to the merchant, and extremely risky, but he happened to be alone in the store, and help seemed far distant. A hasty summing up of values convinced him it was better to lose a couple of rings, which he could probably recover, than to have all his show cases kicked in. So the two boomers departed, each armed with the wherewithal to have it out with Pinkie and discover what the score was.

They carried a full crew up The Pass, a conductor and three brakemen. Dusty asked the skipper if they could drop off at Linda while the caboose was being set behind the helper engine. To finish some unfinished business, said Dusty. The conductor and the extra brakeman could handle what little work there was to do quite easily. The skipper said O. K., but for them not to hold up the parade.

When they came to Linda, Dude, who was riding the head end, dropped off and joined Dusty, and the pair made their way with many inward tremors to the office car where Pinkie held court.

Dusty was elected spokesman; they were afraid that if both spoke at once it would make for confusion. Pinkie greeted them cordially.

Dusty cleared his throat. "It's this way, precious," he explained. "We ain't got much time, an' you know both of us is just nuts about you. We both wanta go the distance with you, you know that. I know I sure would like to have you get the slippers for the old man, an' Dude, he feels the same way what I do."

Pinkie looked a little glazed around the eyes.

"The idea is, kid," went on Dusty, trying to be explicit, "we both wanta make it right with the law, see. We wanta marry you!"

Pinkie observed, with some sarcasm, that there happened to be a law against such arrangements.

"Aw, precious," soothed Dusty, "you got us all wrong."

Here Dusty gave Dude a signal. Dude produced his ring with a flourish, Dusty produced his after the manner of a magician. It was perfect coördination.

"We both of us brought a ring," explained Dusty to the startled girl. "We didn't know how else to do it, both of us knowing each other like we do. We thought we'd just tell you how nuts we are about you, both of us, an' ask you to make up your mind which one of us you wanted."

"Supposin' I don't want either of you," snapped Pinkie angrily.

Dude and Dusty regarded each other blankly. Such a contingency hadn't been considered.

"Well, sugar, we thought ——" began Dusty.

"Don't you sugar me!" came back Pinkie vehemently.

"Now listen, baby," interposed Dude, "you don't wantta get sore. Ain't nothin' to get griped about. Girls oughtn't to get sore when a guy tells 'em he wants to marry 'em. Jus' one guy. An' here you got two guys what ain't even in the habit of askin' girls to marry 'em. Say, you oughtta feel swell!"

"You're a smart bozo, ain't you?" exploded Pinkie. "You know all about it, don't you?"

"We ain't got much time," said Dude weakly, after a pause.

There was another pause.

"We sure would like to know which one of us is lucky," began Dusty, summoning up courage. "Couldn't you sort of give us some idea about how you feel?"

Pinkie glared at him.

"He's whistlin' off now," said Dude. "We gotta run!"

"I'll tell you," said Dusty brightly, "you drop one of us a note in Los Angeles care of the trainmaster. We'll just leave the rings here, an' you pick out what one you want. You do that?"

"You both make me sick," declared Pinkie, ready to weep.

Dusty was out the door. Dude turned at the door. "I sure do love you, honey," he called softly.

Pinkie perked up.

Dusty shoved his head through a window. "I hope it's me, sugar," he called softly.

Pinkie brightened still more. Then she stared at the two rings before her, and continued to stare, rather hopelessly.

Dude had a tough time getting up ahead. Several of the cars were flats loaded with bulky machinery, and they were hard to get around. Dusty was back in the caboose; they'd switched the caboose behind the helper engine because of some work they'd have to do at Summit and beyond. The two big engines, one in front pulling and the other behind pushing, fought the heavy drag for nearly thirty miles. They were even with the passing track at Owl, three miles from the top, when they yanked a drawbar out of the third car behind the lead engine. It was a rear drawbar. The minute the coupling parted, the automatic air went on and the train stopped.

The caboose was just clear of the bottom switch, and the front engine just below the high switch, when the accident occurred. The conductor left Dusty in the caboose to protect the rear of the train and went up ahead to see what he could see. When he got there, Dude had already gone ahead and started fixing things up.

Back in the old days they would have chained the cars together and proceeded, but in this day and age the Federal Government is hard to get along with. Uncle Sam objects to chained up cars, objects violently. So the logical thing to do, taking Uncle Sam into consideration, was to switch the car back behind the caboose. The front drawbar was O. K.; they could tack the car behind the crummy and take it to town.

Dude tied down a couple of handbrakes on the main section of the train, and gave a lantern signal to the engineer to pull the three cars past the west switch, the high switch, and they set the defective car in the passing track. Dude set hand brakes on this single car, the engineer pulled up to the main line and then backed down and the train was coupled together again.

The skipper came up.

"Tie her down good, Dude?" he asked, referring to the set-out car.

"Yep," said Dude.

"We'll pull up above the switch," decided the skipper, "an' let the helper engine drop back an' pick it up." The skipper had looked at the car before he spoke to Dude and knew the front coupling was all right.

The two men were standing away from the main line, near the defective car.

"What're we waitin' on?" demanded the skipper.

"That dumb hoghead," answered Dude, quite naturally.

The skipper heard a sound of movement, of wheels turning against brake shoes. He whirled and faced the defective car.

"Hey," he bawled, "she's movin'!"

The two men were alongside the car and climbing high, the skipper on one end, Dude on the other. They pulled down on the hand brakes. Dude came up to help the conductor as soon as he found his brake wouldn't hold; he couldn't pull it down on his end. The skipper shouted to Dude, told him to try to hold her. That he, the conny, would try to outrun the car to the derail.

Another one of Uncle Sam's pet rules is about derails. It's a good rule too. Every track on which cars are set out, and which is on a grade, must be equipped with a derail. This is a device that can be thrown across one rail, it is spiked or bolted to the ties, and catches the flange of the wheel and derails it. They are very effective. Every passing track on a grade is equipped with one of these little jiggers. They're always to be found a few yards from the switch, on the low end of the passing track.

To make a long story short, the skipper never reached the derail in time. As a matter of fact, he never had a prayer to begin with. Dude must have known he never had a chance. Dude stayed on the runaway car for no very good reason, except he was a railroader, and in addition a boomer, and the combination of the two is so illogical as to be out of reason to begin with. There was only about one chance in a thousand that he could do any good, and that chance was so harebrained as to encroach on insanity.

Dude said he figured it out as the car passed the skipper, trying to beat the runaway to the derail. Facing him, facing Dude and the runaway, was Train Number Twelve. According to Dude's watch, she was eighteen minutes behind them, coming up the hill. In eighteen minutes lots can happen.

Dude decided to stay on the car—he had a chance to jump—and hold her as much as he could with the defective hand brakes, and when he passed the crummy, where Dusty was, he'd yell at Dusty and let Dusty see him. He knew his side kick would understand and pull the pin on the crummy and light out after him! No one but a boomer would ever have thought of such a thing. And no two people, unless they have utter confidence in each other, or possessed of a cast-iron nerve, would ever have tried to carry it out.

When Dude and his fifty-ton steed passed the crummy they were doing between thirty and forty miles an hour! Dusty, as is the habit with all boomer brakemen, was leaning up against the end of the caboose in order to give the engineer a chance to break his neck. He heard the car coming and stuck his head around the end of the crummy, knew instantly what had happened. He heard Dude yell, saw Dude on top in the dim glow of the lantern. There was a scream of flanges as the wheels bit the rail, there was a crash of trucks and switch points as the car broke through and entered the main line.

Dusty worked more by instinct than reason. He ran forward and pulled the pin on the crummy. The automatic air was off on account of the caboose being behind the helper engine. Dusty pushed on the car to start it—they were on a three-and-a-quarter per cent grade—and climbed aboard. He opened all the doors and windows to cut down the resistance, brought a chair out on the platform to sit on, and hoped for the best!

The conductor on the freight train, the gentleman who had just been deprived of a box car and a crummy, had to run nearly a mile before he could reach a telephone. He was so badly blown by the time he got there he could hardly speak. He called the operator at Casco, twelve miles below, and heard this operator explain excitedly that

(Continued on Page 137)

TOOTSIETOY
DOLL HOUSE
FURNITURE

Just Like Mother's Furniture

Every little girl wants Tootsietoy Doll House Furniture—It's so realistic—so colorful and so sturdy. It doesn't break easily or come apart.

TOOTSIETOY is made of metal.

TOOTSIETOY
For Every Room
$1.00

The Living Room Set has 7 pieces, the attractive Kitchen set of 8 pieces (yellow, white or red colors) Dining Room of 7 pieces, Bathroom with 8 pieces (green, orchid or white) and the Bed Room with 8 pieces.

A Gift That Teaches

Tootsietoy teaches the impressionable child to play house and do as mother does. She is happily amused for hours with Tootsietoy.

TOOTSIETOY
Doll House
$3.00

The Tootsietoy 6 room doll house is made of heavy container board colored in oils washable and comes "knocked down" and is easily assembled.

Give TOOTSIETOY this Xmas

Tootsietoy Doll House Furniture is used all year 'round, not just at Christmas. That is another reason why it is such an appreciated gift for your little girl, your niece or a little friend.

Each Set.....$1
Doll House $3
Furnished....$9

All Toy Stores sell TOOTSIETOY—If your dealer can't supply you we will.

DOWST MANUFACTURING CO.
4549 Fulton St. Chicago, Illinois

"I'm tired of telling people *He's nicer than he looks*"

All of us know people whose kind friends apologize for them

Apology No. 1

"He's awfully nice to the children — once you get to know him you forget how he looks."

Apology No. 2

"Say — listen — you're wrong if you judge that fellow by his clothes. He'd be a big money maker if the right person would give him a chance. His looks don't really mean anything."

Apology No. 3

"Smart — you bet he's smart — he's got real brains. When you've known him as long as I have you don't think about his clothes any more."

Apology No. 4

"Who? Bill? Don't kid yourself — Bill's nobody's fool even though he does dress sort of sloppy. Give him a chance and you'll see he's got real stuff."

Some men can succeed in spite of handicaps. But it's so much easier to get ahead if you aren't handicapped. The wrinkled carelessness of clothes is one of the easiest handicaps to avoid.

Establishments showing the Valetor sign on the window press clothes in the modern way which removes all the unpleasant odors that linger in worn garments.

New Facts about Clothes Pressing

Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

ODORS REMOVED

Arm-pit and *trouser waist-band* and *center seams* are freed from offensiveness. The odors of perspiration which cause garments to be unpleasant are removed by heat, steam and vacuum.

NAP RAISED

Clothing comes back to you soft-dried: never hard, never damp. The nap of the fabric is actually raised and the lustre of the cloth restored.

GERMS KILLED

Germs are always present in clothes that have been worn. This pressing method, using temperatures at about the range at which surgical instruments are sterilized, kills the disease germs of influenza, common colds, pneumonia, tuberculosis and skin diseases.

MOTH EGGS DESTROYED

This method of pressing destroys moth eggs and larvae which may lie within the weave of woolen goods. The eggs of other insects and the insects themselves are also destroyed.

VACUUM DRYING

Dry heat, harmful to fabrics, is not used in the Valetor method. Garments never have a stiff, *boardy* finish. They have the soft-dry, luxurious feel of new clothes. They are ready to put on instantly.

CREASES LAST LONGER

Regular pressing by this method maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit. The pressed effect lasts longer.

CAN'T HARM DELICATE DRESSES

By *regulated* steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crepe or satin frock soft and fresh.

AVAILABILITY

The Valetor sign is on the windows of clothes pressing shops with this modern equipment. Look for the Valetor sign in your neighborhood. You'll probably find one nearby. If not, write us for the name of the nearest one.

U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

In Canada: Canadian Hoffman Machinery Company, Limited 91, Dan Roadway, Toronto, Canada

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You can depend on the establishment that shows the Valetor sign

To Wives. We are collecting stories of men who helped themselves earn more money by becoming neater in appearance. Won't you write us any true stories of such experiences that you know? You need not mention any names. We promise not to mention your name without your permission. *Write your story to U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

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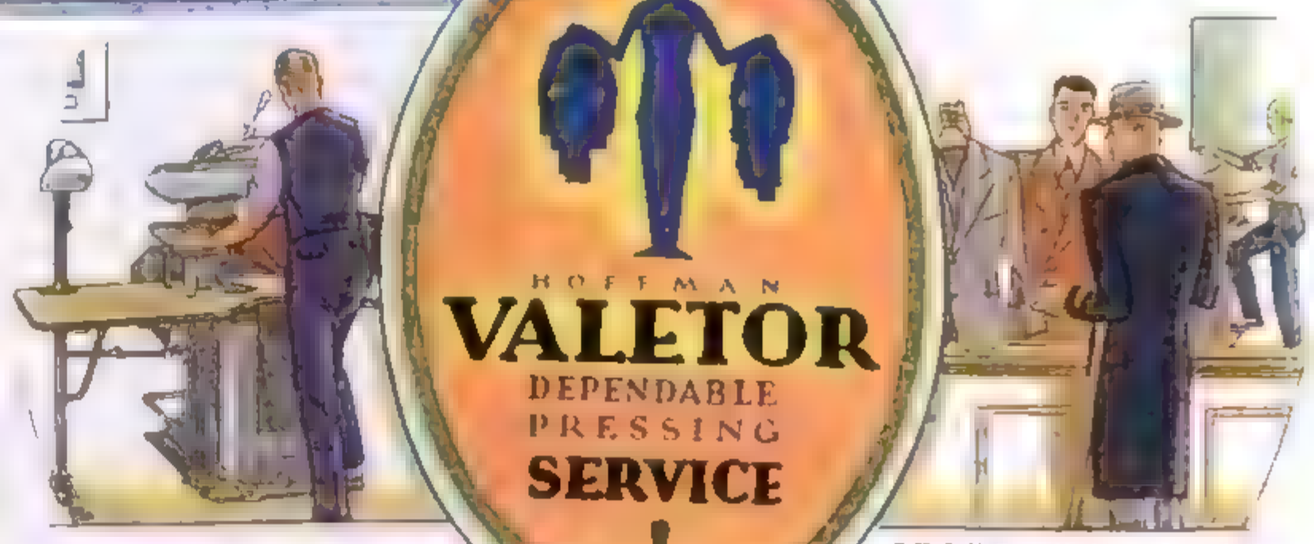

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a couple of avalanches had just gone past at a speed of not less than three hundred miles an hour. Said avalanches were approximately twenty-five yards apart. The breeze generated was worse than a storm at sea. The conductor didn't require a palmist to tell him that Avalanche Number Two was the crummy.

Linda was the next station with a night operator. The skipper called Linda. The operator failed to answer. There was another telephone at Linda, in the office car Pinkie held court in. The conductor got Pinkie.

"Listen," said the conductor. "Get out and throw the west switch for the pass track. Set a fusee against Number Twelve. Run down and throw the derail at the east switch. Get me. We got two runaways. Hurry up!"

"Right," said Pinkie.

"An' go down to Twelve when you stop her an' see if she's got a doc on board. There's two guys on that runaway!"

"Right," said Pinkie, slammed down the receiver, grabbed up a fusee, and ran.

She dropped the fusee on the main line and ran for the switch. She had a key; she unlocked the switch, threw it red. Now from the switch to the derail at the bottom of the passing track was a long way. She might make it, she might not. There was a surer way.

The construction men had built a spur off the passing track, and the switch to this spur was only a hundred yards away. It was just a temporary storage track, but there was a derail on it. It was the safer way. So Pinkie threw this switch, and she lifted the derail and let it fall across the rail. She'd done her job. When the runaways came down they'd enter the passing track, then they'd enter the temporary storage track, and they'd travel about twenty yards on this storage track and hit the derail. It would be all over but picking up the pieces. Whereas the conductor had figured as a railroad man would figure, to let the runaways enter the passing track and then derail them almost a mile lower down, at the end of the passing track, Pinkie had figured otherwise.

As soon as Pinkie had done all that could be done, and left what little remained to gravity, she became afflicted with nerves. She knew perfectly well that the only two people crazy enough to ride runaway cars were her two suitors.

Dude and Dusty came down the mountainside like comets on a tandem. Every mile they traveled would have made a corkscrew seasick. Dude was going around curves on top his loaded box car after the fashion of Barney Oldfield on a straightaway. Occasionally he pulled up on the hand brake for practice. His lantern blew out and he was in pitch darkness, with nothing but the pound of trucks on rail joints, the scream of flanges, and the pitch and buckle of the roof for company. And a right smart breeze. In fact, the breeze became one of the major discomforts of the ride, and it didn't take long. He wrapped himself around the hand-brake wheel, legs and arms, and if he got blown overboard the brake wheel went with him.

He looked back and saw the light in the cupola of the caboose as the car rounded a reverse curve that made the side bearings live up to harsher treatment than any salesman ever claimed for them.

"We got company comin', old horse," he murmured, trying to pull up on the hand brake and having no success. "Mustn't be rude; gotta wait for the company."

Dusty had put his lantern in the cupola so it wouldn't blow out and was seated on the front porch hoping for the best. He was experiencing some trouble in spitting, due to the high breeze.

He and Dude had always been lucky; one more shot of luck wouldn't hurt either of them. Let 'er roll. And roll she did for more than twenty miles down the crookedest of right of ways. Where Number Twelve was he neither knew nor cared. It was perfectly obvious that she must be late because they hadn't come together yet. The last six miles or so were covered under rather interesting conditions; the two cars were close enough together to permit speech. Dude climbed down on the back end and they exchanged profane compliments, with bets on the side as to who had the fastest car!

Three miles above Linda, after enough narrow shaves to have put a veteran of the French and Indian Wars into hysterics, the caboose coupled into the box car! Doing not less than one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour! It was fully that because Dusty said he'd gone a hundred miles an hour once and been able to spit. With accuracy. But he hadn't had much luck the last couple of times just before the coupling was made, so he knew they were doing better than an even hundred.

The instant the two cars bumped, Dusty started to tie her down, and it didn't take long for Dude to clamber over and lend a hand. Had it been the caboose alone they could have cut the speed down quickly, but with the loaded box car up ahead it seemed as though they generated speed about as fast as they reduced it. The rate at which they were falling down the hill was not to be sneezed at.

"Where's Twelve?" demanded Dude.

"They forgot to tell me!" shouted Dusty.

"This is like old times, buddy," bawled Dude.

The speed slackened perceptibly; what had first appeared impossible became easier and easier. As they rolled down on Linda Dusty stuck his head around the corner. He saw the fusee against Number Twelve, saw the headlight of the passenger engine, saw the red light on the passing-track switch. Now they could have stopped before they came to the passing-track switch, or about even with it, but to both Dude and Dusty this would have been an anticlimax.

"Somebody used their knob," said Dusty. "We'll let her roll through the switch and park her about halfway down the passing track. We'll tie her down right even with Number Twelve. She's about halfway down. We'll be sittin' here on the steps, one on each side, an' we'll give 'em all a laugh. Whadda you say?"

Dude said he thought it was a good, clean thought.

"We oughtta get ten credit marks apiece for this," declared Dusty, "You never can tell. We might get to be conductors some day."

They shook hands emphatically.

"I sure wantta thank you, buddy," declared Dude. "You know your stuff."

"Aw, hell," said Dusty, much embarrassed, "I didn't do nothin'. Forget it, guy, forget it."

They'd eased off on the hand brakes and were rolling right along when they hit the switch and entered the passing track. They saw the light sail by as the caboose hit the bent rail. They looked at each other and grinned. There came a second grind and screech, another switch light sailed by. The grins were frozen in place, the two men started to rise. There came a tremendous crash, an overwhelming jar; the box car hit the derail, bounded on the ties, slithered over on its side. The caboose piled up. Dusty went out one side, Dude went out the other.

Dusty rolled fifty yards down the side of the mountain and broke an arm in three places. Dude bounced off the box car and had four ribs broken.

"It just goes to show you," said Dusty to Dude, as they were waiting to catch a crummy on the Santa Fe at Needles, "that they ain't no women fit to railroad. They jus' ain't got the judgment."

"Kerrect," said Dude. "An' I especially don't like these kind what are too nice for both of us to marry. 'S a good thing we didn't pay no more down on them rings than we did."

"And," said Dusty, ignoring the interruption, "if they put many more of 'em to work we ain't gonna have to look much longer for a railroad what's worser'n a Frog one!"

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HOLMES
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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

"Ah, yes," murmured Syfer. "My home in Hollywood has a beautiful library full of the works of the great masters. Dickens, Milton, Pepys—I read them, again and again."

"Are you in moving pictures?" asked the nurse with curiosity.

"Only when baseball is out of season," said Syfer. "For eight months of the year I am under contract to Miller Huggins and he dislikes to have me get my mind off the game." He smiled shyly at the nurse, and with the air of one imparting a confidence, whispered, "I expect to hit seventy home runs this year."

"Indeed!" cried the nurse, beginning to entertain doubts as to the sanity of her patient.

"Yes," said Syfer. "I always keep myself in the pink of condition. No smoking, no drinking. Long ocean flights require a steady hand on the controls."

The nurse became pale and recoiled a little.

Syfer reached out and seized her hand, pressing it fondly against his cheek.

"Mother!" he breathed. "Little gray-haired mother! You never thought I'd become the greatest orchestra leader in the country, did you? But now ——"

"Wait!" cried the nurse. "Who—who are you, anyway?"

"I," declared Syfer, beetling his brow and frowning at her, "am Mussolini."

—*Norman R. Jaffray.*

A Kittylog

PUSS enjoys a gentle mat nap;
Then, awaking from her cat nap,
Takes for lunch a mouse or ratnip;
That's the way she earns her catnip.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Ballad in the Nautical Style

IT WAS the good ship Such-and-Such,
Or maybe So-and-So,
That sailed upon this sea or that
(My memory fails me so);
And why she sailed, or where she went,
I really do not know.

Perhaps she sails on still, perhaps
She sank without a trace;
Or else she may have come right back—
A most mysterious case!
If none of these events occurred
She must have gone some place.

She had a crew, no doubt; a cap-
Tain, too, it seems to me.
For all these details, I confess,
Remain a mystery;
And all I know, there was a ship
That sailed upon the sea.

—*Raoul Blumberg.*

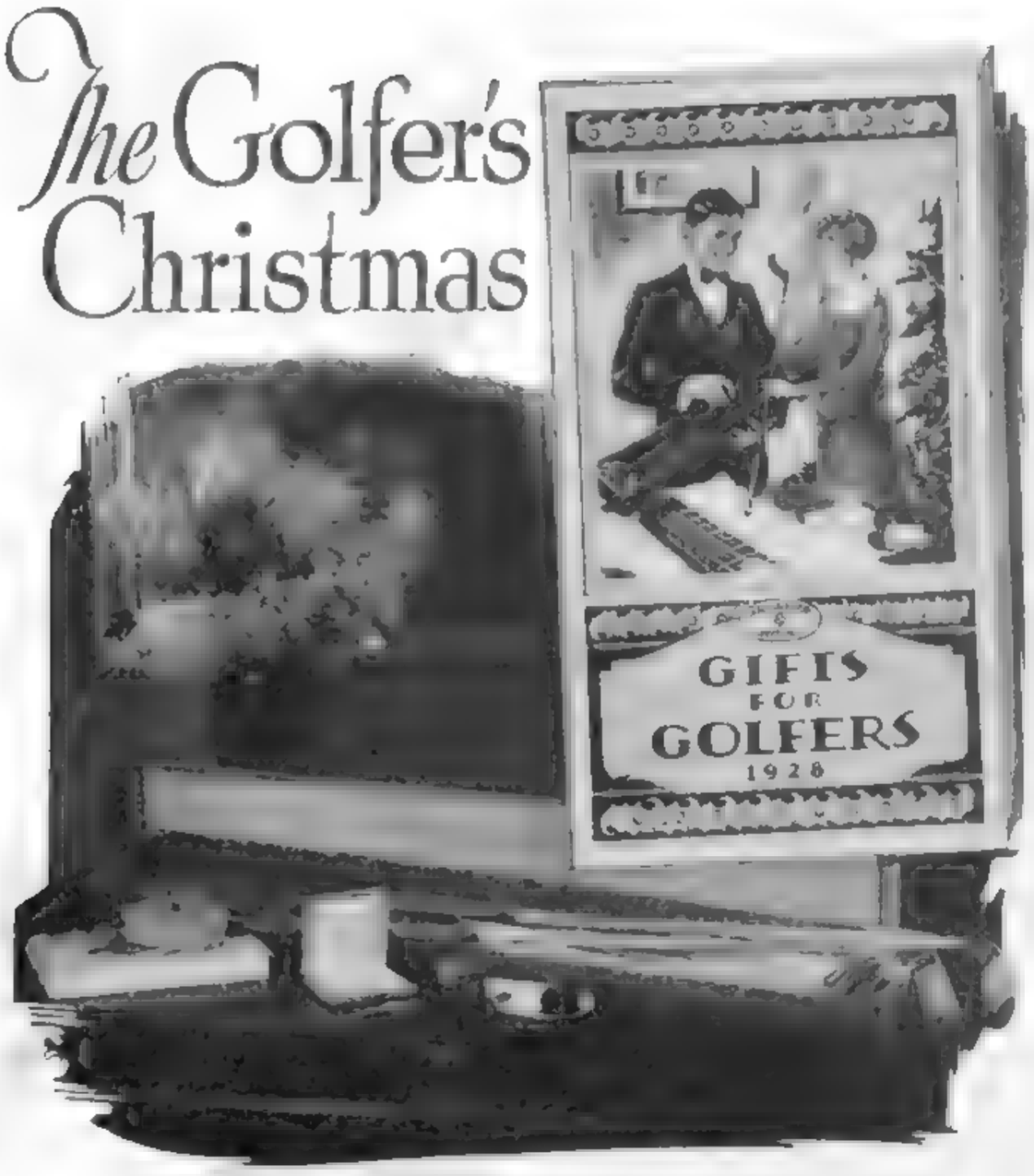
Obedience

I TOLD a spinster friend of mine
To choose a husband strong and fine;
A trusty to be banked upon
To pay the bills and mow the lawn.

A week went by; I chanced to meet
This fiendish person on the street.
She smiled, and lifted high her head;
"I've chosen yours, my dear," she said.

—*Mary Dorman Phelps.*

The Golfer's Christmas



WHAT could be more appropriate for the Golfer's Christmas than a beautiful set of golf clubs—or other yearned-for golf equipment?

Deeply appreciated are such gifts—truly they are gifts of thoughtfulness that single you out as a giver with fine discrimination.

To aid you in bringing holiday happiness to the Golfer—whether it be He or She—we have prepared the 1928 edition of our booklet, "Gifts for Golfers." This is pictured with many suggestions and its arrangement is such as to simplify selections.

Your copy is awaiting you. Send for it by using the coupon below, or ask your Professional or Sporting Goods Dealer to let you see it.

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THE MONGOLIAN COLOSSUS

(Continued from Page 9)

at least a thousand times a year, "How do you know where to look?" We are regarded as having some magic power to be able to go into a new country and find bones that have been buried for millions of years. But I can assure you that there is nothing occult about it. Walter Granger is one of the best fossil hunters in the world and he is not a bit occult. I have lived with him in the same tent for many years and I ought to know. He is a tall Vermonter with blue eyes, brown hair, an infectious smile, and is the best-natured man I know. His fossil-hunting equipment consists of a profound knowledge of prehistoric mammals and geology, of keen eyes, unlimited patience and long experience. His success is due to his natural gifts plus careful training. Albert Thomson is another man very much like him. Personally I am a rotten fossil hunter; my temperament is all wrong. But it is great fun to mess about when I have the time and sometimes hit upon a good thing. I have tried almost every kind of sport and nothing gives me a greater thrill than developing a new fossil.

The Only Place to Dig

Where to look is simply a matter of scientific knowledge. Fossils can be found only in sedimentary deposits, such as sandstone, limestone, clay and slate. Of course bones could not be preserved in igneous or volcanic rocks, such as granite. Therefore we travel over the country until we find sedimentary strata. That is the first requisite. Next, the deposit must be cut by erosion into escarpments, ravines, gullies or canyons. Thus a cross section of the strata is exposed, and if bones are lying far below the surface, ends or bits are likely to show. It becomes, then, merely a matter of trained eyes to find them. Sometimes only the tiniest fragment will give the clew to an entire skeleton; but always there must be some such indication of the presence of bone. It would be quite hopeless to dig just anywhere. It is an axiom in paleontology: "Never dig for bones unless you see them."

Not all sedimentary strata contain fossils. Often there are great areas of beautiful bad lands which are absolutely barren. In the very top layer of yellow sand at our camp we found many bones of the Mongolian Colossus. Below it lay sixty feet of brick-red sediment; lower still was a gray-white stratum, then more red, and at the very bottom another layer of gray claylike sand. In the two red deposits hardly a trace of fossils existed, but the gray layers were rich. It simply means that when the red sediments were being deposited, there was a period of considerable aridity, and conditions were not favorable for the preservation of bones. Sometimes the sediments in which fossils are found have been consolidated into hard rock, such as sandstone or limestone. Consolidation depends upon pressure, moisture and chemical factors. Sometimes even very old sediments have not been consolidated into rock and still remain as rather loose sand which can easily be dug or brushed away. We found one beautiful skeleton of a small dinosaur in a ledge of hematite; the bones themselves had become completely impregnated with iron and resisted our strongest tools. On the contrary, a nest of dinosaur eggs, which at a ridiculously conservative estimate are ten million years old, could be brushed out of sand that was almost as loose as on the day when it was deposited.

I have described only two discoveries because those two new beasts were so strange and so huge that they gave pause even to our most hardened fossil collectors. But do not believe for a moment that those were the only specimens which this rock deposit contained. Far from it. Every day someone came in with a new discovery which was less spectacular but hardly less important than the big fellows. I found the jaw and teeth of a giant pig called entelodon which had tried its best to imitate a flesh-eating animal and succeeded so well that it would fool any but an expert paleontologist. Several remarkable types of rhinoceros came to light. One possessed a skull that at first sight resembles an enormous weasel. It is quite new to science. Then there are new carnivores, small hoofed animals and rodents. But the life of that far distant age was dominated by the huge mammals which I have described.

The Missing Five-Toed Horse

The thing which surprises us most is that we have not discovered the ancestor of all the horses; I mean the five-toed fellow. Four-toed horses have been found in the Eocene of Europe and America, and there is a pretty complete evolutionary series from that dawn period right up to the living horse. But it is certain that a five-toed ancestor existed, and we believe equally certain that Asia was where he was born. We confidently expected to find him in Mongolia. There are half a dozen good reasons why he should be there. Yet we have discovered just about everything else and not one trace of horses in the ancient formations. It is not until the end of

(Continued on Page 140)

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Just let the Eureka man demonstrate the many wonderful new uses for the improved Eureka attachments—for cleaning cupboards, closets and stairways—for keeping clothing and upholstery free from moths—and for cleaning the inside of your motor car, too.

Phone the nearest Eureka branch or dealer now. Ask the Eureka man to tell you more about the new Eureka, with its convertible feature—and to demonstrate it in your home. If this gift is to be a surprise, place your order now—and delivery will be made at the time and place you wish.

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The Firelight is Perfection's newest heater: a modern, oil-burning model with a durable Pyrex fire-bowl, transparent as glass.

It has all the cheer of an open fire, with Perfection's famous broadcasting heat.

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PERFECTION

Oil Room Heaters

Continued from Page 138

the Age of Mammals, the Pleistocene, that horses suddenly appear. Where were they if not in Mongolia? The only answer appears to be that their evolution took place farther to the north and that somewhere in Southern Siberia their remains will be found. That ancient continent, known as Angara, will doubtless yield most important results, once it is investigated paleontologically. It is quite possible that it will give us man's ancestors as well as those of the horse. It is logically the next place for us to explore. I would love to do it if we could. But unfortunately politics and paleontology do not seem to get on well together. Hunting fossils, which involves geological studies and messing about in the earth, is too easily confused with oil and mineral research by suspicious and ignorant politicians.

We had a good deal to talk about in camp besides fossils and science. The radio furnished some of the conversation. I am not a believer in radio for an expedition such as ours. I find that the entire personnel is happier, more contented and works better if there is absolutely no news from the outside world.

Most of the men have wives and families. We leave them in good care, confident that all will be well. But suppose that a man gets word, when we are a thousand miles out in the desert, that his wife or children are dangerously ill! It is impossible to return or, if he could, not for weeks or months. Anxiety would ruin his work. Better that he knew nothing, since he could be of no assistance.

One-Way Passports

But this year was somewhat different, since political conditions in China were extremely uncertain; moreover, we needed the correct time for longitude observations. Our set was for receiving only. I arranged with the American Legation in Peking to send us any really important news and with the U. S. Navy to transmit time signals on a short wave from Cavite, Philippine Islands, each night.

The Mongols, of course, thought it a miracle when we let them listen with the head phones to broadcasting from the theaters of Vladivostock and Khabarovsk in Siberia. It seemed like a miracle to me, too, out there in the desert where one has time really to think. We could even hear the sound of feet on the platform and the talking of the audience between acts. One of our men speaks Russian and sometimes he got bits of world news. But most of it was propaganda and gave us very little information. It thrilled me always when the time signals came in, for that was something direct and personal. I know the naval station in Cavite. The moon shining across the waters of Manila Bay on palm trees and flowers; the stifling heat; the operator dressed in white at his keyboard. At ten minutes to ten:

"Here goes for those fellows up in the Gobi Desert."

Out into the night he sent the warning dots and dashes followed by the signal at precisely ten o'clock. I wondered if he ever tried to picture us as we received his message. The long semicircle of blue tents; the restless mass of kneeling camels; men muffled in fur-lined coats, the grim reaches of the soundless desert. All under the same moon that looked down upon him in his tropic garden.

On Sunday, June third, a message from the legation kept us speculating for weeks:

General Chang Tso-lin retreated yesterday to Manchuria. The Southerners are expected in Peking very soon. Everything normal here and no trouble is anticipated.

The Southerners had made it at last and we were in the desert carrying enemy passports! Well, I would begin to worry when it was time to leave Mongolia. That same night there was an eclipse of the moon. Like the shutter of a camera the shadow closed over the bright disk, leaving exposed only the lower edge of gleaming silver. The natives were very depressed; it was a bad omen for the fortunes of China, they said.

At Baluch Camp the expedition had begun to resemble a traveling zoo, for it swarmed with young birds and animals. Shackelford rejoiced in the possession of two baby horned owls; Horwath had a pair of ravens; Doctor Perez a beautiful falcon and a kite; Granger two eagles; Mac Young an antelope and Buckshot a hedgehog. I was the fond possessor of a young duck. There was also a Mongol puppy and my police dog Wolf. The doctor acquired a baby gazelle in rather a curious way. One day I shot a gazelle at very long range and was sorry to find that I had mistaken a doe for a buck; particularly so, for at that time all the females were carrying young. While I was lamenting, the doctor leaped out of the car with his first-aid kit, and performed a very skillful Cæsarean operation. For some time we thought that we should be able to keep the baby gazelle as a pet, but none of our young animals thrived on the dried milk, which was all we had to give them.

Shortly before we left Baluch Camp, Shackelford made another discovery. He was continually poking about in odd places where no one else had prospected. During one of his rambles a few fragments of bone in the bottom of a shallow ravine caught his attention. Following up the line of the wash he saw other pieces embedded in the earth. Excavations revealed a pelvis with the hind limb in place of what is doubtless our gigantic new beast. The bones were in the side of a small ridge formed by two diverging gullies. On the opposite slope parts of the animal's fore limbs were exposed. The great beast had died lying on its right side. As the bones are in their proper relative positions it is highly probable that the entire skeleton is there.

Unfortunately the surrounding matrix is of tough rubberlike clay. It can only be picked off bit by bit, and the bone itself is so soft that it must be continually hardened with shellac. It would require weeks of time and great quantities of material to remove this colossal skeleton. We had neither. There was nothing for it but to re-cover the bones with earth and obliterate all traces. They will remain in safety until we return next summer properly equipped with special materials. Another year will hardly be important, since they have been there many millions of years already.

Although the bad lands at Baluch Camp continued to yield new specimens every day, I was anxious to be away. The other members of the expedition had finished their work. Only the paleontologists were busy. This year we were equipped to explore new country; next season would be devoted to intensive work.

On Sacred Ground

Our next camp was on a beautiful red mesa. To reach it we crossed a great basin. In the middle was a fossil forest. Tree trunks, branches, stumps and slabs of wood lay scattered as they had fallen there millions of years ago. It was doubtless on the leaves of these same trees that our new titanothere, he of the uplifted nose, had browsed. When the specimens reach the museum our paleobotanist, Dr. Ralph Chaney, will tell us what trees they are and how much rainfall they required. Thus, a clew to the climate and vegetation during the early part of the Age of Mammals.

The mesa was approachable with cars only at one point. Geologically of the same formation as the one we had left, it would probably contain similar fossil mammals. In proof we found an *obo* at the base constructed chiefly from bones of our new giant. A huge *obo* surmounted a detached pinnacle at the southeast end of the mesa and a whole family of baby *obos* reposed below it. Therefore we assumed that there would be objections from the lamas if we remained there long.

The Mongols have no religious superstitions concerning fossil bones; at least we have encountered none, but they do dislike

to have the ground disturbed in the region of their *obos*. Apparently they believe that spirits dwell therein. Of course we respect their wishes. Still it is nothing short of miraculous how tractable the spirits become if a few dollars slip into the lamas' hands. This particular mesa was deserted. Beautiful camel feed flourished and died uneaten on the tablelike top. There was not a sign of human life or of winter camp sites. The priestly visitations began with scouting parties on the lower plain. Then a lone lama visited us and was received with courtesy. Next, ten dirty blear-eyed priests arrived. The mesa, they said, was holy ground, extremely holy; so holy, in fact, that they did not even pasture camels there. I have forgotten just how much was required to pacify the spirits; I think it was a dollar for each lama.

The Holy Mesa produced several vertebræ of our new colossus, larger than any in our collection; also the hind limbs and feet of a smaller individual. The jaw and teeth of a gigantic new rhinoceros and a dozen smaller things were added in quick succession.

But the lamas seemed not to have entirely appeased the spirits of the Holy Mesa. The hottest weather I have ever known in the Gobi held us for two weeks. During the day the thermometer hung at +110° F. in the tent; in the sun it reached +140°. The change between night and day was seldom less than 70° F. A deluge ended the great heat, but it had worked havoc with our gasoline. All of the gas had been packed in special tins and cases, but the enormous temperature changes had been too much for them. Tin after tin burst along the solder lines. Nearly a thousand gallons of our precious gasoline disappeared into the air. It meant that our running capacity was reduced just that number of miles, because the fleet of eight cars used a gallon to a mile. We have not yet solved the problem of how to transport gasoline on camels. Steel drums would not leak, but there are half a dozen reasons which make their use impracticable for our work.

Their Favorite Nesting Place

From the Holy Mesa a run of a hundred miles brought us to Iren Dabasu, a salt lake where we had found the first strata of the Age of Reptiles, in 1922. Work there the following year had given us a superb collection of dinosaurs; the duck-billed Iguanodon type of Europe, carnivorous dinosaurs, and a little upland fellow that could run on his hind legs like an ostrich. It was here that we had had the first confirmation of the theory that Asia was the mother of the life of Europe and America. Early in the spring of 1923 we had found some peculiar eggshells at Iren Dabasu. At that time we did not connect them with dinosaurs. Later the same year, after the now-famous dinosaur eggs had been discovered, we began to think about those shells. Eventually they were submitted to Prof. Victor Van Straelen of Brussels, a noted authority on the microstructure of eggshells. He pronounced them to be undoubtedly dinosaurian. Moreover, they were of quite a different type from those found at the Flaming Cliffs. Thus we had located the second place in the world yielding dinosaur eggs.

Since 1923 we were never able to return to Iren Dabasu. This year we went there egg hunting. On a low gray ridge fragments of shell were immediately discovered, and Granger decided to do a bit of excavating. Hardly two feet under the surface he found several nests close together. Evidently the hen dinosaurs regarded this porous sediment as particularly suitable for egg hatching. They were the duck-billed iguanodonts, which sat upon their hind legs and used the short, weak fore limbs only in feeding. Imagine this sand bank fifteen or twenty millions of years ago crowded with dinosaurs. Each one scooped out a shallow hole in which to deposit its eggs. These were elliptical, hard-shelled and probably white, fifteen to twenty-five in number, arranged in a circle with ends pointing inward and in two or three layers. After the mother dinosaur had covered them lightly with sand she left them to be hatched by the sun's warmth. But doubtless each one kept a watchful eye upon her nest.

That sand bank must have been as popular as a bathing beach in summer. Only a short distance away was a lake margined with lush vegetation. The region literally swarmed with dinosaurs. Although we have found the remains of hundreds of individuals, think how comparatively few of the actual number would be preserved as fossils; still more, what an infinitely small proportion of those preserved will ever be discovered

These new eggs differ considerably in shape from those of the Flaming Cliffs. They are less elongated and somewhat resemble very large crocodile eggs. The entire hillside seemed to be full of shell, but we discovered only five nests containing even fairly presentable eggs. Certainly further excavations would yield many others.

Spread Over the Landscape

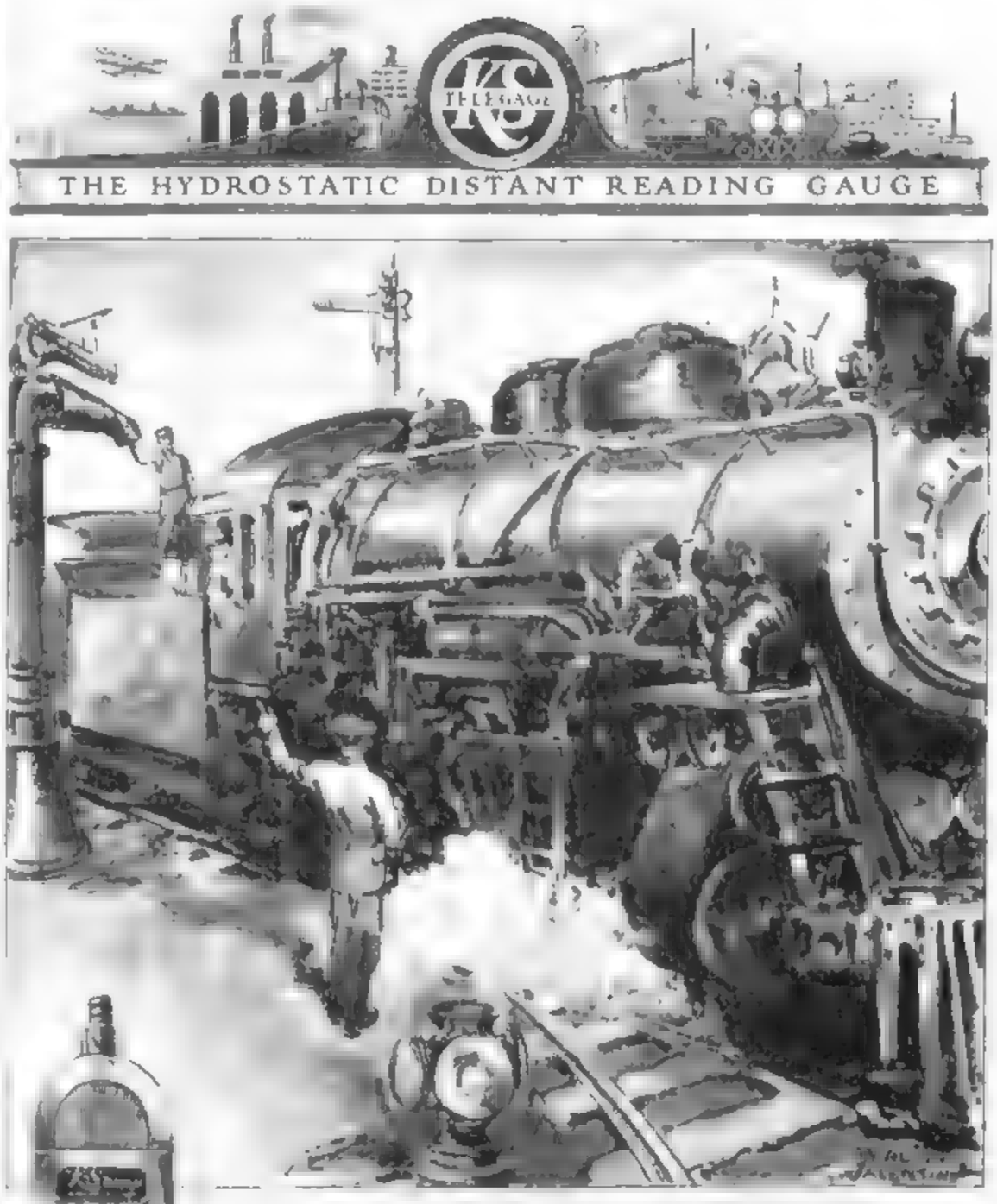
Our appetite for eggs was satisfied in two days and we proceeded east of Iren Dabasu. We know of only one man, Campbell, who has crossed that region and left any written account. A month earlier, on reconnaissance, we had had a look at some of it and located several fossil deposits. One of them was a gray escarpment bordering a vast flat basin. We found the intervening country to be typical of the Gobi—hard gravel plains, sage-covered depressions, gently swelling hills. The escarpment itself offered a wonderful view. It was like being on the deck of a ship and looking out upon a tranquil yellow-green sea.

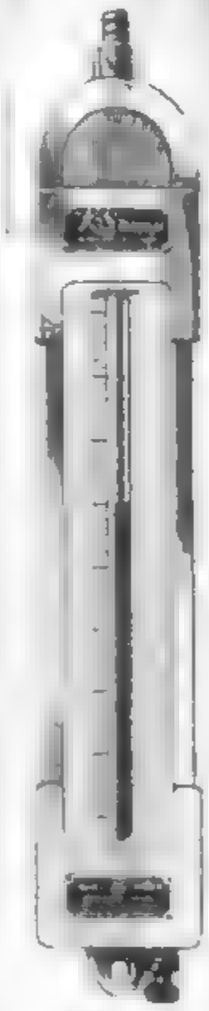
The actual surface of the bluff on which we were camped was the fossil-bearing layer. Moreover, by little else than luck we had stopped at the richest spot in the formation. The first discovery was a mastodon skeleton. The beast seemed to have died all over the place. His skull was found near camp; twenty feet away was the lower jaw; a few yards on either side, fore and hind limb bones; also several ribs in another pile. Evidently some carnivorous animals had dragged the great carcass about before the flesh was gone. We named the place Elephant Camp.

In the same stratum there were great quantities of clamshells; layer upon layer of them. It did not take our scientists long to realize that we were on the edge of what had been a vast fresh-water lake. The limits were easily definable. Also, that the exposure was much younger than any we had found that year. It belonged to the Pliocene. All of which was exceedingly important. Everything we found there would be new and would throw a brilliant light upon what had been the darkest period of Mongolian life history. Moreover, it was just the geological age in which we might look for early human types with greatest hope of success.

As the mastodon skeleton was freed from rock it developed into a most extraordinary specimen. The skulls of almost all the

(Continued on Page 145)





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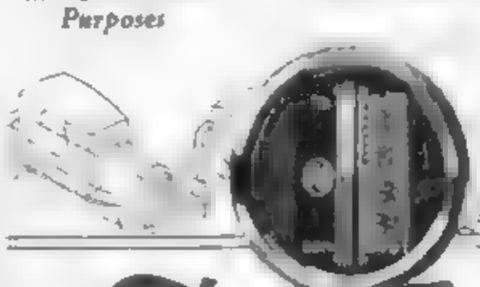

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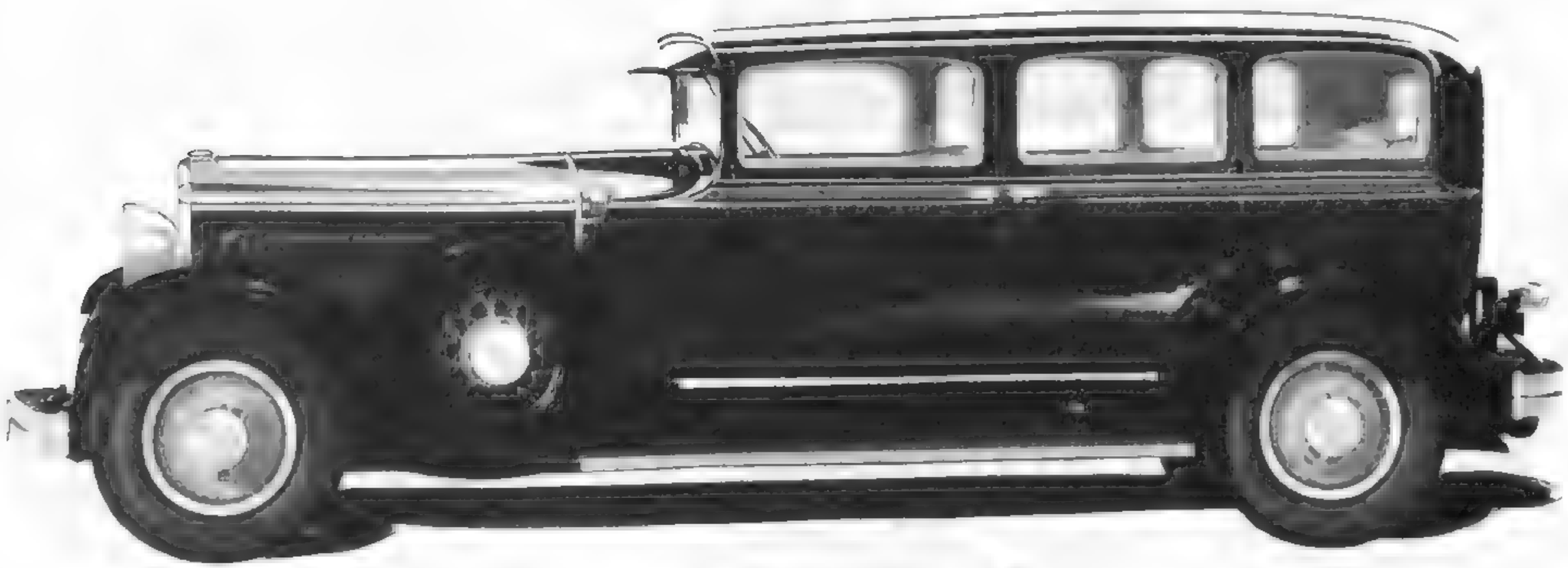

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Firefly Snake Pattern Smoking Set $8.00

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LIGHTERS ALWAYS WORK A CLARK LIGHTER

Continued from Page 141

Proboscidea—mastodons, mammoths and the living elephants—are extremely short and wide. This one had an enormous elongated narrow rostrum. Embedded in it on either side were two slender tusks. Except for the teeth and the tusks one never would have guessed that it was a mastodon. The lower jaw was even more extraordinary. Instead of the short stubby jaw of the ordinary mastodon, this extended into a great spatulate projection beyond the molar teeth. It was just like an enormous spoon. The entire jaw was about five feet in length. Nothing resembling it has been known so far as we are aware.

A Shovel for Food

A few days after this find Captain Hill brought in two great flat plates, each about eight inches wide by nine inches long but only half an inch thick. Enamel and dentine showed them unquestionably to be teeth. But what sort of teeth, how they functioned, and what animal wore them was a mystery. We were completely defeated. Later several more were found; also an enormous shoulder blade. Evidently some extraordinary creature, unlike any with which we were acquainted, had lived here during Pliocene times. Every day Granger and I would look at those teeth and try to imagine to what they belonged.

We did not learn until two weeks later. Then, in another deposit of the same formation thirty miles away, a pure accident gave the explanation. The last evening before breaking camp, Granger was walking back to dinner. He climbed up the escarpment to the plain on which the tents were pitched. Two feet below the edge he stepped on a fragment of bone. There was more scattered about and a large piece firmly embedded. After a little excavation he realized that he had solved the mystery of the flat teeth and returned to camp to get me. What he had discovered proved to be the lower jaw of a mastodon similar to the one found at Elephant Camp but much larger. The spatulate front of the jaw can only be described as resembling a great coal shovel. Side by side horizontally in the end were two flat teeth like the others we had found. They were eighteen inches across. Behind them the jaw narrows and then divides into the two branches which bear the molar teeth. The jaw is more than seven feet long—a perfectly stupendous organ.

Since this mastodon is entirely new to science, as yet we can do little more than guess why he had this amazing development. The simplest explanation is usually the best. It exactly resembles a scoop shovel and I believe that a scoop shovel it must have been. The fact that we found many mastodon remains on the very shores of the great inland lake gives a clew. Quite probably there was much lush vegetation there. I can imagine our mastodon wading along the edges scooping up the succulent water plants with his great shovel. By means of a trunk or tongue he pushed them into the back part of his mouth to be masticated by his molar teeth. This is the best explanation that we can offer. If anyone has a more plausible theory I wish they would let me know. Without doubt the huge shoulder blade that we found at Elephant Camp belonged to one of the full-grown mastodons. Our first skeleton was that of a very young individual; hardly more than a baby. The flat teeth had fallen out of its lower jaw, for they were rather loosely set in.

At Elephant Camp one of the Chinese collectors discovered the almost complete skeleton of a rhinoceros. It was about the size of one of our living rhinos and lay in what had been a stream bed. When the bones were exposed it resembled the skeleton of a horse or cow as one sees them so frequently on the desert; so much so that I could hardly realize that it had been buried for millions of years.

During the stay at Elephant Camp, Captain Hill, Mac Young and I had gone to a mission station one hundred and forty miles from Kalgan to leave six fossil cases too large to be carried by camels. Our route was through new country, which we mapped and explored. At the mission we heard of Chang Tso-lin's death by a bomb, of the Nationalist occupation of Peking, and other important news. The entire political situation had changed about as completely as possible since we left in April.

During our absence from Elephant Camp the camels arrived. The gasoline situation had become so serious through leakage that it was evident our work would have to end soon. I determined to concentrate on exploring the new country about us and carry all the remaining gas in the cars. The camels were started for Hatt-in-Sumu.

The next three weeks were of great importance geographically. Still they did not present features of unusual popular interest. A general survey of the country and mapping were our chief occupations. We located a great area of dead sand dunes which extends north and south for many hundreds of miles; found a dozen small lakes and new geological strata; also a great residence site of the Dune Dwellers. We did not stop to give more than a cursory examination for fossils; next year that will be done more carefully.

Near Tragedy in the Dark

By the time our gasoline was at an end we had completed our exploration program. Our fossil collection numbered ninety cases; we had ten thousand archæological specimens; the geologist had discovered half a dozen new formations and had studied a vast untouched area; the topographer had mapped three thousand miles of blank space on Mongolia's map. We were well content.

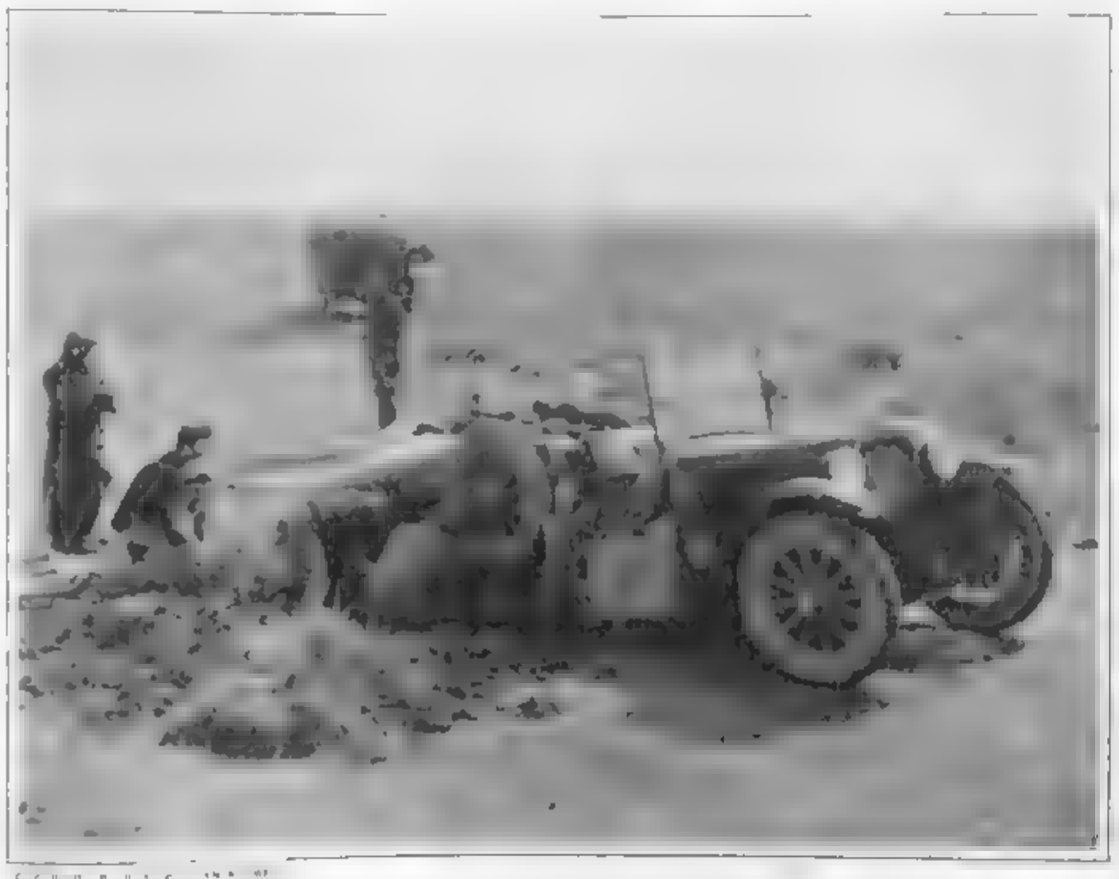
The American Legation, at my request, had notified the officials along our return route. Thus we encountered none of the expected difficulties. But our entry into Kalgan very nearly resulted in a tragedy. We arrived in black night and heavy rain. Four miles outside the city the steep clay hills were like grease. Our cars could make no progress. While roping a wheel, Horwath, one of our motor experts, drove a knife into his thigh, severing an artery. The blood pumped out in great jets. He would have died in a few minutes had the surgeon's car not been near his own. To manufacture a tourniquet in the mud and darkness was difficult, but Doctor Perez finally stopped the bleeding. Horwath was soaked with blood and very weak when we reached Kalgan, but a few days put him right again.

When Chang Tso-lin left North China he took with him all the cars and locomotives that he could find. As a result, Kalgan was connected with Peking by a train that ran sometimes once a day, sometimes once a week. It was useless to think of getting our motors and equipment to Peking by rail. Either they must remain in Kalgan indefinitely or we must drive them down. We chose the latter course. Driving one hundred and twenty-four miles does not seem on the face of it to be a very serious undertaking. But to drive that distance over a road that was virtually a swamp and through a mountain pass where the trail was only designed for mules and camels is what we had to do. Only two or three cars had attempted it and they were empty. Our cars were loaded heavily.

Within the Great Wall

It was three days before we reached Peking—three days of fighting the road from daylight until after dark. At six o'clock of the first evening the trail had led us into a wide dry river bed. Suddenly we heard a roar from the hills to the right and saw a brown flood sweeping out from a narrow valley. In a few minutes a wild torrent waist-deep was across our path. To get out while the getting was good was obviously the thing to do. Just before we reached the bank from which we had come there was the same ominous roar, and again we were cut off from safety by a wall of water. It looked distinctly bad. We drove to the highest part of the river bed and watched the water slowly rise toward us. Finally I could stand it no longer and we made a desperate attempt to reach the shore. The first car dropped into a hole, breaking an axle. The next car got through. The third hopelessly sank in the mud. We worked feverishly all night and before daylight got all but two of the cars across. Then the water began to recede rapidly. Had we remained where we were we should have been all right, but one never knows.

The Nankou Pass, where the Great Wall was built to keep the Mongol raiders out of Peking, very nearly kept us out also. The road was such a nightmare of rocks and bowlders that I shudder even now to write about it. At any moment I expected to see some of the cars crash. How anything on wheels designed to travel on a road could stand the punishment those cars received was beyond my conception. But they kept steadily on and at long last we came out on the road at the foot of the pass. Peking was only thirty miles away. We passed through the great gate of the Tartar wall at eight o'clock. The expedition of 1928 was ended.



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THERE IS NO CONVERSATION

(Continued from Page 7)

and brass table lamps with fluted silk shades, not at all good, and thousands of things lying about on everything—snuffboxes, scarabs, some very fine trifles in old Dutch silver, cameos, jade and soapstone carvings, small bronzes, most of them priceless, but all insignificant. I don't know why he had never had the place refurnished; perhaps because to do so would have been to admit that the taste of his maturity already belonged to the past. And, indeed, at this moment there was a beautiful architectonic quality about the pointlessness of the room, seen from the armchair he had pushed forward for me.

On my left, this pointlessness was focused at the doorway, which was hung with portières made of a very beautiful piece of Persian embroidery which had been intended to be hung not vertically but horizontally, so that in its present state it made the onlooker squint, with its lines of flowers lying on their sides, its birds and beasts that did not reveal their nature until one had found which way they were lying. One of the portières had been torn down from the rungs at one point, where it formed a scalloped pouch which added to the craziness of their appearance. On the other side, the same tipsy treatment of matter was secured by one of those mirrors that I had never seen anywhere else except in the country, in the houses of very simple people, of old maids who can no longer get about, of dressmakers who have to keep their noses over the needle all day. You attach them to the side of one's window by a nickel arm, at an angle to the wall, projecting into the air, and they at least enfranchise you from the view of the house opposite by showing you what is going on down the street.

This presented me with a bright little view of high, white, pompous houses ending like cliffs above the tawny confusion of the Champs-Élysées chestnuts under which passed a fugue of little figures—man, woman, child—child, woman, man—child, man, woman, child—the concentration of the mercury surface exaggerating all colors so that the falling chestnut leaves looked like sovereigns thrown from an at last remembering Providence to the mob, the women's flesh-colored stockings seemed pink as blush roses, the children's balloons had apparently lights glowing in them, the men's black coats were black as coffins.

It was characteristic of the room that what seemed most intense in it should in fact not be there at all. Between this portière and that window Étienne walked like the governing principle of confusion, waving a shaker with the curious lateral motion which the Frenchman of fashion believes to be the transatlantic way of preparing a cocktail, but which actually resembles nothing so much as the English coster's way of playing his concertina. You could not say that there was not a kind of harmony about the scene.

He was looking about the room at points where I could see nothing, and I perceived that there had been much in my idea that he was like a man bringing the doctor home to a scene of suffering. Something had happened in this room which had caused him such enduring misery that to him it was as if it still happened. It was here, I supposed, that he had first heard that he had lost all his money.

I murmured, taking the glass he gave me, "Oh, all these lovely pictures! My poor dear, I am so sorry—so very, very sorry."

He sat down and drank, his chest concave. "They go tomorrow morning. People are coming to pack them up at ten o'clock. Charles de Frelac has bought them. He didn't give me enough for them. My father always said old Madame de Frelac was a Jewess."

We stared up at them gloomily. They were really quite nice, though not good. It had in the past annoyed Étienne de Sevenac that I had never been able to remember the names of the artists who were responsible for them, but they were painted in the 90's and at the beginning of the century, in the lull before the vogue of Van Gogh and Gauguin and Cézanne, which was a dead end. They represented old ladies in stuff gowns with leg-of-mutton sleeves and buttons all the way down their bodices, pottering about the orchards of small châteaux, they and their gowns and the ground harlequined with diamonds of sunlight decided by apple-tree boughs; a man sitting with a slightly goitrous woman at a dirty table in a café; a flower bed that showed that the painter had been thinking as he painted it of girls dancing the cancan in red skirts and white drawers and black silk stockings, as was the pleasant custom in those days, for the peonies were the Turkey red that is seen in textiles rather than in flowers, and the white stock wandered about the edge of the path like a hem of Swiss embroidery, and the stalks writhed darkly up from the earth like the legs of *cancanières*.

Like many minor French works of art, they produced a state of pleasure wholly out of proportion to their merit simply by the reference they made to the fact of France on which they were based. I forgot Étienne in thinking of how I loved everything I found in this land—that which was represented in these pictures, the apple-scented cleanliness of its country life, the *terre à terre* honest grossness of its city life, the naïve sexuality, and also much which was not represented in this picture. This brought me back to Étienne, for it brought me to the thought of thrift. How in the world had Étienne, who was sanity itself about money, become destitute?

I turned to him with the intention of asking, but it struck me that he would have told me at once unless the cause was so loathsome to him that he could not bring himself to speak of it; and, indeed, as he sat and looked round at his pictures, his mouth was drawn down as if his cocktail had been a nauseous medicine. Then his eye, traveling from a portrait of his little sister on the left of the doorway to a drawing of Gauthier Villars and his secretary—in the costume of Little Lord Fauntleroy—at the bar in Dieppe, crossed the portières and seemed to be arrested. He shot forward his chair, spilling his cocktail over his knees, pointed a stiff finger at the pouch of portière that hung loose from its ring and wheeled round at me.

"Americans!" he exclaimed—just that. But the word explained just why he had crossed the pavement to me with such urgency, just why he had importuned me to come back to his flat. Étienne de Sevenac never does anything without a conscious purpose. He cannot spare the vitality from this perpetual nagging preoccupation with his age. If he had lost his money in speculating in oil wells in Mesopotamia, a subject concerning which I know nothing, he would have informed me of it and passed on.

But he knew that he could discuss Americans with me to his profit. This is not because my husband, George Templeton, is an American, for Étienne is not so simple as to suppose that one learns to understand a nation by marrying one of its children. It is because I am English by birth, and he knows that the right wing of the English temperament stretches toward Europe and touches France with its tip, and that the left wing stretches all the way to America, and that therefore I could tell him about the United States in terms which his French mind could comprehend. It was for that he had called me in this afternoon.

He cried, "Americans! American women! You have always told me they were civilized!"

"So they are."

"I will tell you—I will show you they are not. Have you half an hour? Can you wait? I will tell you!" He set down his cocktail glass on the table, went to the portières and thrust his body out between them, calling, "Guillaume! Guillaume! I am not at home to anybody!" He came back toward me, then on second thought thrust out his body, crying, "But, Guillaume! Guillaume! You can come in yourself if you want to!" Then he settled down again in his chair, pointing his forefinger at me like a schoolmaster.

Perfunctorily, he remembered to say, crooking the forefinger and wagging it as if he were beckoning to a dog, "It is such a consolation to tell you all this. You always understand so perfectly." Then he got going with his story:

It began last Easter. I was very unhappy about that time, because Léonie had gone out to the Argentine to spend a year with her old father and mother, and you know my temperament. I must have a woman friend—a close woman friend. It is because I need sympathy, because I like to be tender—all that. It is queer how it is always one's virtues and not one's vices that precipitate one into disaster.

It was when I was in that state of loneliness, of frustrated tenderness, that I met a woman named Mrs. Sarle—Nancy Sarle. You know, there's an American woman living in the first-floor flat down below. We meet in the hall sometimes and speak sometimes. She knows my Cousin Lucie quite well, so I don't care to be disagreeable. I often go to stay with Lucie at her villa in Cannes. This American woman has a son and a daughter who are quite young. They look charming, though as it turns out, they are not. Well, I met her in the hall one April morning and she asked me to luncheon the next day, and I accepted, because the son and daughter were home from college and I wanted to meet them.

Mrs. Sarle was at this luncheon. I would not have taken any notice of her if it had not been that the young people were not at all agreeable and had a lot of friends of their own age who occupied them entirely. They had apparently not been educated to be polite to their mother's guests. So I was thrown back on this Mrs. Sarle, though she was not beautiful—not beautiful at all—and had a very bad figure—too broad, short, but with shoulders like a man's, and was not at all elegant. And she was quite old—forty-two—forty-three—perhaps forty-five. That is all right if a woman is elegant. But if she is not, it is disgusting. I should have been warned by her lack of elegance. For a woman who does not care for that shows herself callous, cruel, vehement.

But I was at the mercy of my loneliness, which had turned me back into myself, which had made me forget all those qualities one assumes for one's protection when one has dealings with others, so that I was just, as I fundamentally am, foolishly kind, indulgent, anxious to spread happiness wherever I go. And she had eyes that excited my pity—blue—very blue eyes that she seemed to use for no purpose but seeing. When I spoke to her she looked straight at me, as if she wanted to see me. They were her only feature and she had not the ghost of an idea how to manage them.

It was pathetic to think of how little could ever have happened to her—particularly as there was something in those really extraordinary blue eyes which told of an immense appetite for life. She would have adored to be somebody, that little thing! To have been elegant, to have had lovers, to have known passion and adventure in romantic surroundings—her heart was craving for it. She was one of those women who in spite of their fine minds read *romans de concierges* because there is that in them which is more insistent than the mind. When she told me that this was the first time she had been in Europe, because her late husband had hated traveling and had added that this was due not to selfishness

(Continued on Page 148)

NEW

THE 50 BOX of Gillette Blades

EVERY TIME HE SHAVES IN 1929 HE'LL THANK YOU

A SMART, masculine gift box that's bound to be appreciated all over again each morning! Generous measure for generous shaving comfort! Not a short-lived present, not a frivolous one, but a soundly sensible, month-after-month gift that appeals to a man's practical nature.

And the distinctive thing about it is its newness....it is presented by Gillette for the *first time* this Christmas. You can be sure when you choose the Fifty Box for him that he has never before received a similar gift for Christmas—or any other time.

P.S.—If the little chest with its regimental stripes attracts you, why don't you make a bid for it after he's used up the blades? It makes a charming cigarette box, stamp box, jewel case or general depository for the sewing or dressing table.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

Brand new!

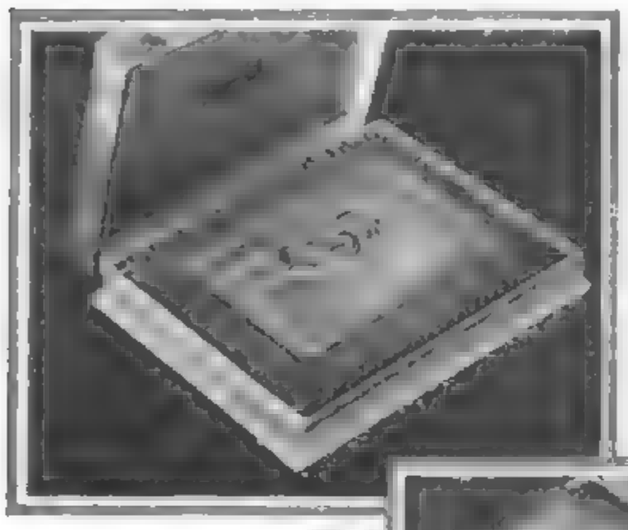
Fifty of the famous double edged Gillette Blades (one hundred shaving edges) tucked away in a sturdy, compact, colorful box. An original, personal way to carry your season's greetings far into the New Year.

$5 everywhere

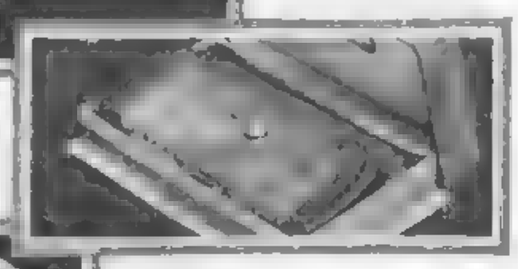
The perfect gift

ARE GIFTS FOR MEN HARD TO FIND?

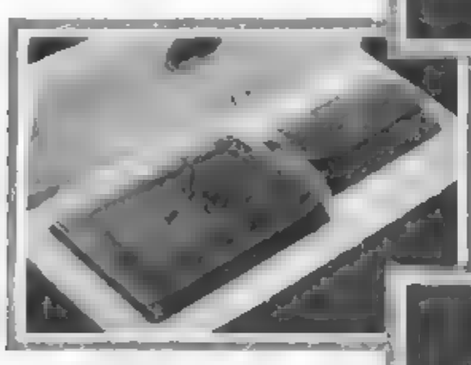
Not if you choose Amity sets of matched leather



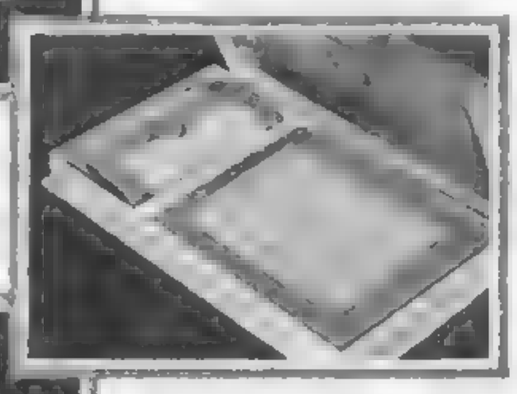
This is Find-ex, the greatest improvement in men's wallets in years. Find-ex ... your cards, auto ... etc., clean and ... in a patented, self-indexing, removable, visible file and it has a separate compartment for the new small sized bills. In six different varieties of leather. In gift box, $5



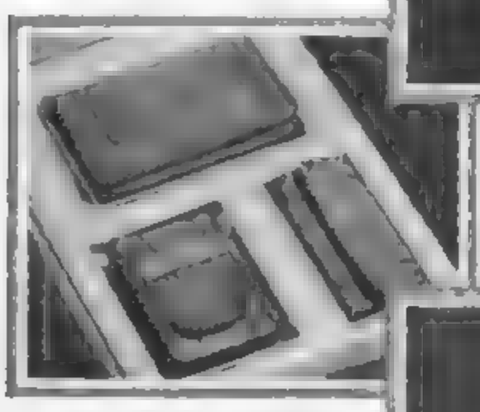
This is the Key Kaddy which matches Find-ex. In six different varieties of leather, to match Find-ex. $2 in a gift box



Amity gift set in richly tooled mahogany pegskin. Threefold wallet and Key Kaddy in gift box for $2.50. Other sets in a variety of leathers, plain, gold-mounted or tooled and hand-laced. From $2.50 to $35. Also comes in combination of threefold and cigarette case



Find-ex and Key Kaddy, an ideal gift for a man. In beautiful sets of matched leather, $7, in a handsome gift box



Amity gift set. Hand-colored, laced, tool-embossed, steerhide threefold wallet, Key Kaddy and cigarette case in beautiful silk-lined box, $12.50. Other sets in a variety of leathers and designs, $2.75 to $50.

Amity ladies' hand-bag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored, laced and tool-embossed. Fitted with mirror and purse, $16.50. Other ladies' bags of many designs from $5 to $25.

SELECTING the right gifts for dad, son or brother can be the very easiest part of your Christmas giving this year. And the most appreciated! Amity gifts of fine leather, durable, useful and beautifully wrought, are what every man secretly hopes for but does not really expect. For mother and daughter, too, Amity makes hand-bags that settle the gift problem.

Wallets, Key Kaddies and cigarette cases—you can get them singly or in sets of matched design with handsome gift boxes. Some of the new Amity gift sets include *FIND-EX*, the greatest improvement ever made in men's wallets. Richly tooled, hand-laced, all are of genuine leather. You can make your choice from the wide variety of Amity gifts displayed by leather-goods dealers, drug stores, stationers, department stores, men's clothiers and jewelers.

if stamped AMITY *it's leather*

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 10, giving facts about the history and romance of leathers and showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products.

Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

(Continued from Page 146)

or stupidity but to his age, since he was over seventy when he died, I could have burst into tears. Pity is my dominant characteristic—pity, which expresses itself sometimes without due thought for the consequences to myself. I often think that Dostoyevsky's Idiot might have been written about me. Prince Myshkin—*c'est moi.*

I resolved then and there that I would help the poor little thing, that before she left Paris she should have some of the things that till now she had lacked. After luncheon I drove her back to her hotel. She was staying, as they all do, at the Ritz. Just before I left her I felt a positive gush of pity for her, like the rising of a warm fountain; because when I happened to say to her that I had seen so many beautiful women of her country when I had gone into the Ritz bar the day before for a cocktail, she said modestly that she did not dare to go, all the people there seemed so perfectly dressed and so sure of themselves. Filled with tenderness, I asked her to lunch with me the next day.

She seemed surprised. Certainly she belonged to the order of women who are accustomed to meet men only once. Her expression made me see as by a flash of lightning a life inconceivably monotonous, spent in servitude, in duties faithfully performed and requited by not one romantic generosity on the part of fate. No doubt she had been wooed by this elderly husband because of her value as a sick nurse; no doubt her marriage had been but an extension of a familiar bondage under another name and slightly more remunerative terms. No wonder she could not believe that I was interested in her. Positively, I had to insist on her accepting my invitation.

We lunched at Armenonville. It is an obvious place, but I have often found it pleases very simple women inordinately. The shepherdess idea persists in nearly every woman—if a man takes her out in the open air to eat, she immediately feels as if she carried a beribboned crook and all her sheep will come home behind her. It was so with my little Nancy Sarle. Sitting there at the little table, she blossomed. As I looked, there seemed fewer of those dreadful little lines under the eyes which are the cruelest misfortune of your sex—you have none yet—not at all, my dear.

She began noticing the dresses of the women at other tables, asking if I approved of them. I can't tell you how pathetic it was. Then she began questioning me about my life—who I was—very naïvely. I told her. Always with this woman I was simple and honest, like a child.

She pretended to be a little shocked at hearing that I did no work. She kept saying, "But what do you do all day? How do you pass the time?" bringing her brows together as if she disapproved, but was really enchanted by everything I told her of our Parisian life, so different from anything in her poor little experience. I could tell that by the way that she opened her eyes very wide every time I mentioned anybody with a title—particularly if I said that they were related to me. She tried to control it—she was not so naïve as all that. Always the shutter slipped back, a little child looked out, then the shutter was barred again.

What a fool I am! Do you observe I am still speaking of her with tenderness?

I asked if she would come with me to the theater. It must be so difficult for a woman without a man to see Paris. I gave her to understand she would be giving an immense pleasure by going. Then, too, the shutter slipped back; a shy little child looked out then, naturally enough, since the life of a plain woman must be more full of humiliation than people like us can ever realize. The shutter was barred again. But she came.

I took her to see the Guitrys. She didn't understand a word, of course, but how she loved Yvonne Printemps, with the infinitely touching reverence of a plain woman for a beautiful one. I felt nearer to her than ever, more paternal, more anxious to give her a little happiness. Though she demurred, we lunched together again the next day. During the following week we were perpetually together. I did everything I could for her. Out of my knowledge of the life she hungered for I was able to give and give and give, and I gave without stint. I taught her how to eat, I took her to Voisin, to Larue, to Laperouse, to Foyot. I taught her how to drink—not always that abominable champagne. I took her to Chanel and said quite simply, "For my sake, dress this lady." She did some things for her that weren't at all bad. I really was not at all ashamed to be seen out with her.

And I even introduced her to my friends. I gave luncheon parties for her. I felt so pleased that my position in Paris enabled me to do that. People will take anything from me. And it gave her such joy. I wish you could have seen her sit down at a table and look round with that adorable shutter-little-child-shutter-again look and say to herself, "Why, everybody here but me has a title!" She was so naïve that she actually said that to me once. I went mad. I pestered friends of mine to invite her to their *soirées*. Some of them obliged me. Even the Duchesse de Draguignan let me bring her to a ball. I tell you, I gave to her with an insane generosity.

It was the day after that ball, I remember, that I made my two mistakes—that I put myself doubly in her power. Usually she would not see me till twelve. I don't know what she did till then. I suppose she wrote letters to relatives and friends—women without elegance like herself, in places with incredible names like Cincinnati and Tallahassee—boasting probably about me. Do you know, I am not vindictive. It quite touches me to think of those letters.

Well, that morning she would not see me until one. I went up to her sitting room to have an *apéritif* before luncheon. I always felt touched by this sitting room. It was so big that I was always infinitely touched by it. She must have paid a fortune for it—you know how we make Americans pay. It was obvious that she must have a great deal of money—and that a woman with money should have made so little of herself! Specially I felt this that morning, for no doubt because I was making her keep later hours than was her custom, she was looking pathetically old; or rather, she was making no disguise of how old she looked: that was what seemed so dreadful. I was running my eye round the room, noting without censoriousness, simply with pity, how utterly incompetent as a woman she was, how she had added to that hotel room not one article, not one photograph, not one *objet d'art*, which made the claim a woman who knows her business ought perpetually to be making: "I have personality, I am unique, I have allure."

Suddenly I caught sight of an object that surprised me. On the top of the writing desk was a toy engine, very nicely finished, with gleaming paint and steel as bright as silver, quite a good size—about twelve inches long. It occurred to me that perhaps my poor little Nancy was a mother, that she had children, whom, of course, she adored but of whom she had never spoken to me because she feared that it would make her appear in a less romantic light, little knowing how little of that sort of thing there was between us.

I said gently, "You have been buying toys?"

She looked at me with those blue, blue eyes. "Toys?"

I waved my hand toward the engine. I should have taken warning. She looked at it and then back at me, and her eyes were like steel—like two steel drills.

"That's not a toy!" she said in a grim, rough voice like a man's. "That's a model. That cost a thousand dollars, that did. Pretty dear for a toy. And what it stands for is going to cost me dearer still."

Quite abruptly, she turned her back on me, went over to the writing table and stood looking down on the little engine for a minute. With a gesture horrible in a

woman, she knocked the ash off her cigarette onto the carpet, not caring where it went. I do not think women understand how repelled a man feels when he sees a woman wholly absorbed in what she is thinking, unless it is about her child or her husband or her lover. It gives one goose flesh. I made a violent movement in my chair. I struck my glass against the table, so that she recollected I was there, and turned to me with an explanation.

She said: "I am still very much interested in this. It's a new type of locomotive we are putting on the line, and I am not sure about it—not sure at all. I have a hunch ——"

She went from me again. I said, "I do not understand. What have you to do with railways?"

For a minute she did not answer, but just looked at me with those eyes that were like two drills. She repeated, "What have I to do with railways?"

I laughed. "Yes. This interests me extraordinarily. I am dying to know what you have to do with railways."

She took a step toward me—several steps. I should have taken warning from the way she looked at that moment. Her eyes were of this astonishing hardness, her face was furrowed with lines like a strong old man's, she moved like a man. When a woman gives up her grace ——

In a rasping voice, she asked, "Don't you know what I have to do with railways?"

I stammered "No!" I could hardly bear to look at her, but I dared not take my eyes off her, in case it suddenly flashed over her that she was repulsive. I was afraid that if I once let go my pose of infatuation, my true feelings would disclose themselves and her heart would break.

She said, "Don't you know that Mr. Sarle was president of the Southwest and West South route from New York to Los Angeles by the Mexican border?"—she spoke with immense pride. I could see she adored her wealth—"and that I still potter about with the concern?"

I cried out, laughing, "No! I know nothing of that; but I rejoice, because now I know there is another link between us as well as my love for you. For I, too, am concerned with an American railway."

Still very thin-lipped and mannish and old, and leaning over me like a schoolmaster over a pupil he suspects of cheating, she said, "How may that be?"

And I told her. Think of my demented folly! I told her. I put into her hands the weapon by which she has destroyed my life.

Still laughing, I said: "I hold half a million dollars' worth of stock of another American railway—the St. Louis and Los Angeles United. When my father died I realized every penny of my inheritance and on the advice of my Uncle Léon de Férodoville, I bought this stock, which just then had happened to come on the market."

She said, "In 1911 old man Watkins died. It was his holding. My, you have made some money since then!" Then she turned away and bent over some flowers.

Do you know, it is a strange thing that in the same five minutes I saw the worst and the best of that woman? Still bending over the flowers, she looked across at me, and her eyes did that shutter trick—the shutter opening, the little child showing herself—but this time the shutter did not close. The little child continued to confront me, with her innocence, her faith in life, her gratitude for kindness, her belief that if she was a good little girl God would send her all sorts of lovely things.

She said, you cannot think how prettily, "These are your flowers. I haven't thanked you for them yet."

My heart turned over in me with compassion. I forgot what she had been a minute before. I saw only the little child to whom I desired to be kind, and for a second time I delivered myself into her hands.

I stood up and said: "Let us go to luncheon at once, because I am going to ask you to do me a favor this afternoon. I am going to ask you to come to my flat and look at my pictures."

Do you know, that affair was at moments quite charming. She was not so utterly without temperament as one might have supposed, and I had the joy of giving her so much. I conveyed to her how many marvelous women had been her predecessors, how by meeting me she had in a sense allied herself with the most beautiful and charming figures of the time. I taught her all she could possibly learn about civilized relations between men and women—even, I got her to understand a little about subtlety, to grasp the nature of finesse. I staged one or two little quarrels for her; I instructed her in the art of the reconciliation. It was delightful to see her blossoming like a flower—not a very beautiful flower, it is true, but such as it was, in a full state of blossom. I took so many little lines away from her face.

But she stayed in Paris too long. You know how brief their visits usually are—these Americans—unless they take a house here. Then they stick here interminably; they don't seem to want to leave Paris as we Parisians do—for the south in the winter and the north in the summer. But she went on living at the Ritz. Every day I expected her to say something about going home, but it never came. I had relied on a month, on six weeks. Two months, even, I could have stood. But April went, May went, June was going—and not a word.

I ask you, can a man go on being kind forever? I could not keep it up; in a sense, it was not to be expected that I should. I had brought romance in her life—what more could I do? I could not keep it there. After the first declaration, after the victory has been gained, there is nothing to do unless one can live some sort of common life—that is, unless one can go to certain places together. One can do that with a married woman of one's own class; one can do it with an actress, with a *cocotte*, though the places one goes to are different.

But this woman did not belong to any world—she did not fit in anywhere. When I was no longer inflamed by my own kindness, I found it too much of an effort to try to contrive a place for her in my world. And when I was beginning to be thoroughly irked by the situation, I fell in love with the most delicious woman in the world, who is quite young—almost a girl; who left the Duc de Cortorenia, who is very young, who is in his twenties, for me. I cannot tell you how the chain I had forged out of my own generosity dragged on me then. One day when I saw for the first time definitely that I could make this adorable creature mine if only I pursued her and I had the chance to spend the evening with her, I had an engagement to dine with this Mrs. Sarle. I excused myself with the curtest *petit bleu*.

I went to see her the next day. I don't do things brutally. I was prepared to confront her reproaches coldly, to shrug my shoulders when she cried, to point out that romance had got to come to an end when there was no real basis for it; and at the end, when we had got all that over, to say one or two things that would have convinced her that in me she had a real friend. Mind you, it was entirely her own fault that any of this had to happen. If she had gone back to America in reasonable time, all this need never have happened. Then I would have gone down to the station with roses—perhaps all the way to Cherbourg if she had seemed very upset. That would have been much pleasanter for everybody.

When she received me I thought there was going to be a lot of trouble. There was a curious stillness about her, like that which falls on some women when they are going to be violently hysterical. Her blue eyes looked curiously blank; they moved slowly from object to object; they rested on my face with deadly intensity.

But all she said was, "Tomorrow I am going to Carlsbad to do a cure."

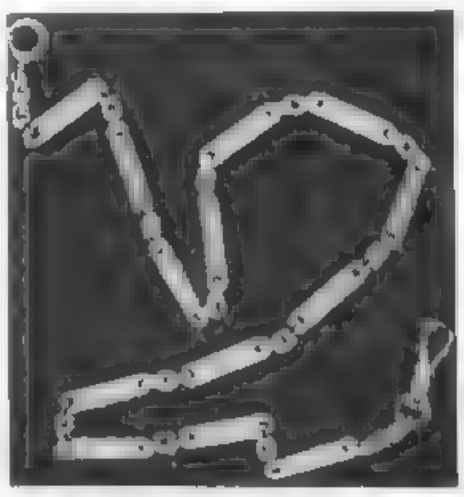
Do you know, although there was absolutely nothing I could do about it, I nearly

(Continued on Page 152)

Sometimes you find the gift you'd like to keep yourself ~

THERE'S no denying that the feeling does come. You shop around busily, penciling the list, looking about for new gifts. Then—well, there it is. You'd really like to have that *one* present for yourself.

When you see this Simmons watch-chain, it's likely you'll have such an urge. Why not buy the chain for *your* watch? It is number 30044, green gold-filled, coming also in yellow, white, or green and white combination. Quite obviously, it was made to look well across the vest. And the reasonable price—$9—makes it easy to choose another for a friend.



Watch-chain (30044) *at* $9

The ladies' wrist band (30522) presents another difficulty! Just who shall receive so pleasant a gift? Any wrist watch will fit this band; the band will fit any wrist. The glinting white gold-filled surface is relieved at each end with a subdued sparkle of ruby, amethyst, emerald, sapphire, aquamarine, or topaz—whichever stone you prefer. The cost of the band is $5.25.

Ladies' wrist band (30522) *at* $5.25

Both the chain and the band are made in our own factory under our own patents. . . . See your jeweler now. Whether you give to others, or give to yourself, you'll find both pieces mighty acceptable. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS TRADE-MARK CHAINS

A BIG, ROOMY, QUALITY CAR

THE SPORT SEDAN

DODGE-DEPENDABLE AND THOROUGHLY SMART

THOUSANDS of hard-to-please motorists recognize in Dodge Brothers New Senior precisely the kind of car they have always wanted—a big, roomy, quality Six, Dodge-dependable and thoroughly smart.

The elegant simplicity of New Senior lines, the richness and warmth of New Senior colors, appeal equally to the conservative buyer and those who demand a car with style, character and dash.

Extra large doors for convenient entrance and exit, wide seats, deep and luxurious cushions, a delightful completeness and harmony of appointments—including specially designed body hardware—all have contributed materially to the sweeping gains in New Senior popularity.

The New Senior line, comprising eight distinguished body types, presents an unusual opportunity for choice of colors and upholstery fabrics. And the performance of this great Six is all you would expect from a product of Dodge Brothers sponsored by the genius of Walter P. Chrysler.

Let the Dodge Brothers dealer place a Senior demonstrator in your hands for an hour—or a day. It will be a pleasure to him—and a revelation to you.

Available in eight distinguished body types

The Sport Sedan, $1795—The Sport Coupe with Rumble Seat, $1795—The Sport Roadster with Rumble Seat, $1815—The Landau Sedan, $1845. These prices include six wire wheels and six tires . . . . The Victoria Brougham, $1575—The Roadster, $1695—The Sedan, $1675—The Coupe with Rumble Seat, $1675. All prices f. o. b. Detroit—front and rear bumpers included.

DODGE BROTHERS
NEW SENIOR SIX

"Hello, Mary, what are you folks doing this Saturday afternoon?"

"Why, we're Tac-Ezying our house!"

"What's that?"

"Putting this Tac-Ezy Metal Weatherstrip around all the doors and windows. John says it will save a lot of coal this winter and keep the house warm with a lot less coal. And I believe, by shutting out the draughts, it will stop that awful soft coal soot that keeps me washing curtains all the time."

"And are you doing all the work yourselves?"

"Oh yes, it's perfectly simple. Just cut and tack. The makers show you how. And they guarantee Tac-Ezy to save its cost in two winters alone, or your money back. Bring your husband over and see how nicely we're getting on!"

Most hardware stores sell Tac-Ezy. If yours doesn't, we'll supply direct. $1.30 for ordinary windows, $1.80 for average doors. Mention size.

GENERAL WEATHERSTRIP CO.
Associated with Monarch Metal Weatherstrip Co.
5122 Penrose St., St. Louis, Mo.

TRADE MARK
Tac-Ezy
Metal Weatherstrip

MAIL TODAY! SEND NO MONEY
Send sufficient Tac-Ezy to weatherstrip..... windows at $1.30 each and .... doors at $1.80 each. I will pay.....upon delivery, plus postage.
Name
Address
City State

TOWELS OF CHARACTER

BUY Boott Towels at your store in packages of 6, or singly.

For sample of Toweling and illustration of its attractive uses, write Priscilla Boott, Lowell, Mass.

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(Continued from Page 149)

burst out crying! To go to Carlsbad for a cure in the middle of June! Why, the hotels would hardly be open. No, I could see too well that she was pathetically trying to apply some of the method of finesse in which I had instructed her. When a man seems to tire of you, don't pursue him—withdraw so that he, piqued, may pursue you. To something as crude as that she had reduced my suggestion that in love there can be the most delicate interplay; that a woman may dance a psychological minuet with her lover to a fine filigree music like Couperin's. It was pathetic! I spent the whole day with her and took roses down to the train next day.

I got a note in a few days, of course, which I answered shortly but amiably. I had an idea that by the time she returned to Paris I should be at Deauville with a very agreeable little party, and that the whole thing could pass off without the need for any explanation. I felt entirely happy about it all. I had brought a great deal of joy into her life and evidently I was to be rewarded, for the affair that was nearest my heart was prospering. Consider my distress when, after another few days, I got a letter from Nancy Sarle asking me quite crudely and stupidly if I loved her. I wish I had kept that letter, but it embarrassed me so that I tore it up at once. Also I felt so sorry for the poor little thing who had made this desperate attempt at self-control and finesse and had not been able to stand by it. But I would have liked to show it to you. You could not have believed that a woman could be so—not immodest, because that sounds as if the letter had too much consciousness of sex, whereas actually it had too little. It was the kind of letter a woman might write to you, asking if she had understood you aright in conversation at luncheon the other day and it was correct that you were prepared to let her your villa for so much a month.

But it was nothing to the second letter I got a few days later. That —— Oh, I'll tell you what it was like—the kind of letter your lawyer writes you when he has sent you some papers to sign and you have been too busy or too happy to attend to them. You know the kind of hectoring, irritated tone which implies, "This is your own advantage that you're neglecting, you know!" She had taken what I told her as seriously as that. Naturally, I didn't answer either of these letters. I couldn't. I felt she was making a fool of herself and a fool of me, and I wanted to bring the whole thing to an end as quickly as possible.

I don't know if I was wise or foolish in this. I don't believe that whatever I might have done could have succeeded in averting the horrible thing that happened here in this room, one evening about six, about a fortnight after she had left for Carlsbad. The affair that was nearest my heart had prospered as well as I could have hoped. In fact I hoped that that very evening it was going to come to its divine climax.

The delicious woman of whom I have told you had the evening before said to me, in that exquisite and absurd locution which never loses its charm, "Yes, I will come tomorrow and see your pictures—if you promise you will not touch me." So I had everything ready. I had the rooms full of flowers. I had tea with little cakes, and cocktails if she cared for them. I had my new dressing gown laid out that Chanel made for me from a design by my friend Jean Cocteau. I was walking up and down as one does, waiting, watching, listening for the taxi to stop in front of the house, more crazily in love than one ever is again.

Then suddenly the disgusting event happened. I heard Guillaume, who had been given instructions not to admit any but the one visitor, speaking to somebody at the front door, disputing with somebody. I heard a voice—the last voice in the world that I wanted to hear at that moment—raised almost to a shout. I heard—it's too loathsome—a scuffle. I stood up, paralyzed by my sense that here in my flat the decencies were being violated, facing the doorway. Then the portières were torn apart and Nancy Sarle stood looking at me.

It hurts me to tell you what she looked like, because I have always loved women. I have always dealt tenderly with their defects and their misfortunes. But in these circumstances, since she has wronged me as I would not have believed that any human being could wrong another, I will tell you. She had on a hat that I had not chosen for her, and the stupid piece of felt had slipped to the back of her head so that a grayish tangle of hair appeared across her forehead. Her face had the muddy look that a woman's skin has when she has put powder on her face without first cleaning it properly.

This flat always remains perfectly cool in summer, so I had forgotten that it was in fact a very hot day; I was aware of it when I saw the little beads of sweat in the furrow of her upper lip. Her dress, which was one of the unspeakable garments she had bought before she met me, was crumpled and dusty and glazed as if it, too, was perspiring. I was incensed at a woman I knew presenting herself before me in that condition. I would have been ready to kill her even if she had not been wearing the expression she did, which was impertinent in its desperation. I was about to cry out in rage at her presence when she made a gesture so awkward and so odd that I found myself just gaping at her to see how it would end.

Keeping her elbows close to her sides, she put out both her hands sideways and gripped the portières. Tilting her head right back, which exposed her already wrinkled neck, but fixing her eyes, which seemed enormous, on my face, she began to move her red-and-brown lips as if she were speaking. But no sounds came.

"What are you saying? What do you want?" I screamed at her.

A clicking noise came out of her mouth. Then she said—I do not know if you will believe this, but these are literally the exact words that she used. I shall, unfortunately, be unable to forget them until I die—"Do you care for me or don't you?"

I shrieked in amazement, "What is that you are saying?"

She repeated in a horrible flat, rasping voice: "Do you care for me or don't you? Don't you understand me? I'm asking, do you love me?"

Of all the imbecile questions! When I had not answered her letters! I was transported with fury. I had heard a taxi stop in the street below and it occurred to me that at any moment Yvette might precipitate herself into the midst of this really horrible scene; and that would be fatal, because it was essential that nobody should see her. She is so young that she still has an unblemished reputation. Also, if she saw this appalling woman and realized, as she would be bound to do from the detestable nature of the scene, that we had been lovers, she would perhaps refuse me. My happiness hung by a hair. Can you imagine the feelings of a man in love?

I advanced on the American, making such movements as people use when they are driving off animals. I shouted, "No, of course I do not love you! Go away!"

Her head dropped forward, but she kept her enormous eyes fixed on me. She made no movement to go, though I was waving my hands in her face. Suddenly her hands, which had nearly relaxed their grip on the portière, which had seemed likely to fall, tightened in the stuff again, dragged it down so that one side was torn down from its hooks. Look, I've never had it mended.

Then—will you believe it?—she tilted back her chin and said with brutish persistence: "You don't love me. But don't you care for me? Haven't you any feeling for me at all?"

I was almost out of my mind; I was almost sure I could hear the lift coming up. I shouted: "No! None! You are nothing to me—you are less than nothing! Go away!"

Her eyes left my face. She appeared to be looking at something over my left shoulder. An expression which I could not understand passed over her; and before I could say anything else, she pulled the portières together in front of her. When I parted them she had already left the house.

I was utterly shattered by this scene. In fact, I had not entirely recovered when Yvette arrived to pay her visit half an hour later, and it is to that I ascribe the extreme brevity of our idyl, which came to an end very shortly afterward. So I would have had reason to regret my foolish generosity to Mrs. Sarle, even if she had not done the vile and monstrous thing which, as I learned ten days ago, she had left my flat to do. For my Uncle Léon tells me that it was the very next day on which there began—by her instruction, he has ascertained—the complicated operations on the stock market which reduced stock in the St. Louis and Los Angeles United to waste paper, which made me a beggar.

Can you think of the blackness in that woman's soul?—to turn and rend me in that way, me who had given her so much, just because an affair had come to its natural end! I never would have done a thing to hurt her. I never would have said a word to wound her if she hadn't thrust herself into my flat like that, imperiling my happiness. I ask you, is it fair? Is it just? I cannot understand it. Almost it makes me doubt the kindness of God.

"My dear little friend, are you cold?" With his unfailing instinct for doing the unessential kindness, Étienne had noticed that I was shivering. "Yes, you are shaking all over! Shall I tell Guillaume to light the fire? You wouldn't shake like that unless you were cold."

He bent over me, laying his fingers on my hand to see if it was warm. Looking up into his face, I saw how things had changed with him. For always before, that expression of distress at one's discomfort had seemed insincere because it had been thinly painted over a fundamental expression which spoke of the completest satisfaction with all the arrangements of the universe. There was, of course, his age, but that could be circumvented—that had been circumvented. But now that expression of distress seemed insincere, not because it spoke of a dissatisfaction with life which he did not feel but because it expressed a dissatisfaction far less profound and embittered than that which determined his fundamental expression.

I said, "No, it's not that I'm cold. It's because I'm so sorry."

That was, however, not quite true. I did, indeed, feel cold, as well I might, for the little mirror on his nickel arm was now concentrating in its frame a chill evening, as it had concentrated, when I first came, the warm afternoon; and showed me now women and men and children garbed in a common grayness, lagging with fatigue, under trees that dropped leaves which at this time did not seem to reach the ground, but to melt in the course of their descent into the twilight. And also there had come to me, like a wind from an iceberg, a sense of the coldness of Étienne de Sevenac's soul.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Levee at Cairo

IN THE issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for November third, as one of the illustrations for an article by Mr. Harris Dickson, we used a photograph of a flood-prevention wall on the Mississippi River at Cairo, Illinois. In the legend it was stated that the river had risen to within three inches of the top of the levee. The photograph of the levee and the information in regard to it were furnished us by the photographer who took it. We have since been informed by the Secretary of the Cairo Association of Commerce, Mr. Ronald Kingsley, that that particular levee had at high water in April, 1927, a clearance of more than three and a half feet, and we are glad to take this opportunity to print the facts.

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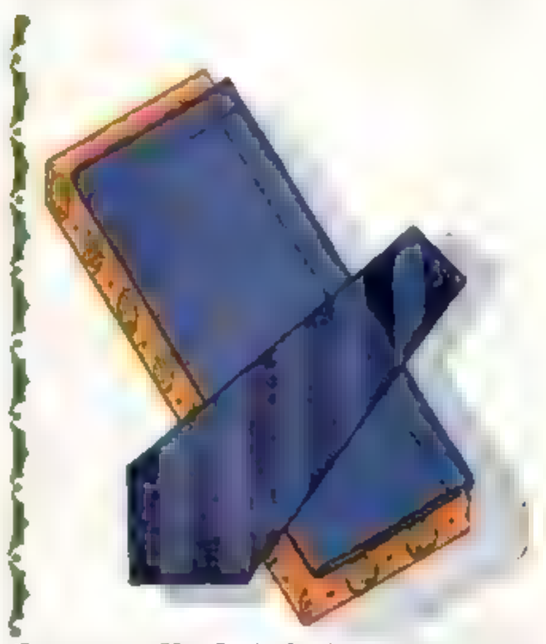
One, two, three . . . check off three fortunate males on your Christmas list. A *Giftblend* for each! Novel, different, far more desirable than a separate tie or shirt, three ensembles of haberdashery in a choice of blending colors have been appropriately packaged in handsome holiday boxes. Thus have America's leading haberdashery stylists, Wilson Brothers Style Committee, resolved the whole question of what to give into three unique choices. Or extend the number as you will. For, besides the *Giftblends* illustrated here, endless combinations that faultlessly blend in hue and pattern are to be found at any store that features Wilson Brothers haberdashery.

GIFTBLEND No. 1 *Heavy silk cravat with white woven dot; silk hose with embroidered clocks; in black or blends of green, blue, plum, or wine; complete* $2.65

GIFTBLEND No. 2 *Harmonizing in pale and deep wine, green, or blue; a collar-attached madras shirt and hand-tailored tie, complete* $4.85



GIFTBLEND No. 3 *A shadow-stripe cravat and hemstitched handkerchief of silk crepe in two shades of blue or green, plum, or wine; complete* $2.65

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RED SKIES AT NIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

Well, if it gets much hotter you'll be able to do without fires."

"What do you mean—fires?" I asked him.

"In the stove," he says. "I seen smoke coming out of your chimney as I rode up to inquire about the trails. It struck me at the time that it was pretty warm to keep fires going"

"You've got to have a fire to cook by, ain't you?" I says.

"Of course," says he, "if you're cooking you've got to have a fire."

"Well, then ——" says I.

"You don't mean to say that somebody is cooking at this time of day!" he says, mighty s'prised.

"Somebody was awhile ago," I told him. "I just got up from the table as you come along. I reckon my pardner is still eating."

"Well, well!" says he, laughing. "That's kind of funny. Last night I got to a house just as the family was washing up the dishes. I'd rode quite a ways, having lost my outfit and got off the trail, and I thought maybe they could direct me, and the gentleman who come to the door asked me if I had et, almost the first thing after he'd invited me in. Well, I hadn't eaten a bite since breakfast, so I had to tell him the truth, and do you know he made me set right down, and the two ladies that was there they fixed me up the best meal I've eaten since our outfit left Kansas. One of the ladies was the mother and the other was the daughter."

"Must have been the Allbrights," I says.

"That was the name," says Cecil. "The young lady was the best looking young lady I've seen since —— Come to think of it, I can't call to mind that I ever seen a young lady that was as good looking as what she was. And her father was mighty nice. 'Plenty of grub,' he says, 'and a good bed that nobody ain't going to use. You ain't putting us out a particle, so don't make no bones about it.' And I had an early breakfast before I started away that was as good as the supper. It couldn't have been better. . . . Yes, the very first thing he asked me was if I'd et. He'd just got up from the supper table."

"What would you expect him to ask you?" I said to him. "But," says I, "if you started out from Allbright's at sunup you must have got off the trail, to take until now to get here. You —— Say, have you et?"

"Now you mention it, I haven't, but don't let me put you out in any way," he says. "I don't deny that I'm starving to death and apt to fall down, I'm that weak, but I wouldn't for the world make you trouble."

"No trouble in the least," I says. "We've got grub a-plenty, such as it is, and our chef hasn't got nothing else to do than to rush it on, and I can easy dodge anything he throws when I ask him so to do, so come in with me."

I took him in and we fed him bountiful. He certainly did eat like them straight legs of his was holler. Wes Turpin went out and took care of his horse for him, so he hadn't got nothing on his mind to distract his attention from the beans and coffee. After he had finished he started to tell me about a piece he'd read in the paper just before his outfit started from Kansas. It seemed like the Sultan of Turkey had issued what was known as a firm 'un, commanding all the faithful to do something. I don't know to this day what it was he was so firm about because I didn't let Cecil get no farther. I didn't know just what he was getting at, for sure, but I took a chance shot and throwed him my tobacco sack and a book of papers and made a hit, square center. He smiled all over his face—and he looked real handsome when he smiled—and started right away to roll him a cigarette.

A suppressed choking sound came from Mrs. Kane. Eileen started up and flitted across to her. Mrs. Kane was dabbing at her eyes with the end of her apron.

"Lemme alone!" she cried sharply, as Eileen hugged her. What she said further was indistinct. "After promising faithful—all hours of the night—own mother—toiled and slaved —— Quit now!" Gurgles and murmurs.

"Now, Bessie!" Mr. Stegg remonstrated.

"Listen, ma darling," said Eileen. "You know I do love you. I love you to pieces. If I didn't, you'd never have got me to leave Lebanon and come away out here. I'm glad we did come now, though. I don't know what poor Uncle Sam would have done without us to cheer him up and bring sunshine into his life like we're doing. And I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings telling you about walking out with Joe. Now kiss me and smile."

Mrs. Kane smiled in spite of herself and pecked at the blooming cheek and pursed lips. "Get out of my lap! Lookut! you've upset my workbasket with your foolishness!"

Eileen got down on hands and knees to retrieve the scattered spools and was playfully slapped. "Lawa-a-me! If you'd only had more of that when you was a young one!" said her mother, as the girl arose, glowing. "Well, it's a world of sin and sorrow, but I guess we'll have to make the best of it."

"Now Uncle Sam can go on and tell us all about Cecil," said Eileen, when she had seated herself and taken up her needlework. "I don't think you were very smart not to guess that he wanted something to eat before he practically told you, U. S.," she remarked. "Do you think he was hinting about the cigarette then?"

I'm sure of it—from Mr. Stegg. Otherwise why wouldn't he have gone on with the Sultan of Turkey? No, he'd have worked up to tobacco, some way. There's Turkish cigarettes, they tell me, all ready made that they sell in the stores back East, although I didn't think it out thataway. I just reasoned that he'd want to smoke after he'd et, and as he didn't reach for his sack, he prob'ly was starting to let me know that he'd left it on the piano before his outfit left Kansas. But what he said next had me guessing. I give up.

"I haven't see many people in this section of the country," he says, after we'd got outside.

"There's a right good reason for that," remarks Wes Turpin.

"What's that?" Cecil inquires. "Account of the Injuns?"

"Account there ain't many people for you to see," Wes informs him.

"That's generally the case where there's a sparse population, according to the best authorities," Cecil says, grinning. "Plenty of cattle, though."

"A right smart," I agrees.

"Where there's a dense and crowded population there's a hard competitive struggle for existence account of there being more men than there is jobs, judging from what I've read," says Cecil. "The same way if there was more cows than what there is grass there wouldn't be much money in running a cow ranch, if you understand what I mean."

"In a general way, your proposition is that if there was more men than there is cows in this here section beef would go up and wages would go down corresponding and depending on the number of men in relation to the cows, taking the current prices in the Chicago and Kansas City stockyards," says Turpin. He was a considerable gabby, himself, that boy was, and proud of it. There wasn't no blistered-nose tenderfoot going to bluff him out with language.

"Yes and no," Cecil replies. "There's a good deal in what you say, but on the other hand, you fail to grasp my meaning entirely. The point I'm making is that where the demand exceeds the supply there will inev'tably be a shortage that will tend to increase, if a shortage may be said to increase, rather than augument the deficiency unless the supply should respond to the demand in consequent response to the inducements that might be offered this conditional rule applying to cows and humans equally and thus regulating the markets of the world. Roughly speaking, that's the idea that I intended to convey."

"You may be right and you may be wrong, but, roughly speaking, I've got to hit the breeze and augumentate some cows that has been deficient about ten miles from here when last seen," says Wesley. I reckon the pace was a-getting too lively for him. Anyway, he saddled up and lit out. Me, I hadn't had no particular instructions from Scott, so I allowed I'd stay and see that none of them horses broke down the corral and went back to Red Canyon before the boys got back.

"About this outfit of yours," I says to Cecil. "Whichaway was they heading, and was they east, west, south or north of Allbright's when you last seen 'em?"

"In a general way, they was heading for the Little Missouri," he tells me. "But whether they was west or east of Allbright's, I can't say. I was after a yearling of ours that had broke from our herd and sort of assimulated with a bunch of range cattle and I got sort of turned around. . . . But, as I was saying, with a sparse population in this section, I reckon that immigration would ensue, more or less, and when ensued would be welcome."

"That depends on the kind it is," I says. "There's been some immigration that we've been obliged to run out and some that we've had to remove from our midst in other ways."

"But that wouldn't apply to men of good moral character that was industrious and able-bodied and ambitious—men who intended to stay and settle down and adopt themselves to the ways of the country, would it? Ain't the demand for men like them exceeding of the supply?"

"It ain't unlikely," I says.

"You might put the case with a man like me," he says. "Suppose I come in here and took a strong notion to the country and wanted to settle down, and was able-bodied, anyway, and willing to learn and was tol'able smart. It ain't unlikely that a man like me might. Here's a country"—he waved his hand at the stretch of it—"that's as fine a country as a man could wish to lay eyes on. It's come to me that this spot right here—or, say, for twenty miles around, or even more—can't be equaled, let alone surpassed. The people, what few there is of 'em, is the salt of the earth and the ladies is beyond anything I ever seen in Topeka or even Kansas City—that Allbright fam'ly, for instance."

"You certainly seem stuck on the country," I remarks. "That Little Missouri country is a fine country too. You'll like it. Didn't you think that there was a mighty fine lot of girls along the Platte?"

"I didn't see no females whatever," says Cecil. "We sort of skirted the towns, and excepting of an old lady that come out to borrow some eating tobacco near Valentine, we never seen a single, solitary —— But what I was going to say was that I've gave up the idee of trying to find my outfit. If I could get a job on some ranch around here, I'd be glad to take it. Wages wouldn't be no object until I'd proved that I was earning 'em. I've got a good horse, although I'd like one that had a different motion. He's a nice horse, but he jars on me. Still, I'd be willing to ride him. What do you say?"

So there it was at last! I told him that, strange as it might seem, I wasn't the boss. I admitted that we was short-handed, in my opinion, but Dan Scott, who run the outfit, didn't seem to think that such was

(Continued on Page 156)

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 154)

the case, he being of the opinion that one man ought to do three men's work. Still, it wouldn't do no harm for him to wait till Daniel got back and put it up to him.

Well, the upshot was that Cecil was hired. Dan said that it took him half an hour to get to the point, as he begun the conversation by telling about the lost tribes of Israel from which he worked along to the Sahara Desert and dry farming and irrigation and the rainfall in Kansas and the corn crop and fattening steers and the range and how storekeeping went against the grain with him and he'd sooner punch cows. It turned out that he could keep books, besides playing the banjo and billiards, and Scott allowed the bookkeeping would come in handy at odd times, anyway. Mis' Scott had been doing the most of it and she always had crying spells and attacts of low spirits over the annual statement, and other times got ink up to her elbows and all over her disposition.

Wes Turpin seemed to be real disappointed when he got back and found that Cecil hadn't gone. That night at the supper table he made a sort of a stab at argument with Cecil and got off quite a few fat juicy words that you wouldn't expect to find outside of deestrick court or the dictionary, but Cecil come back at him with as many as five syllables to Wes' four, on an av'rage, and Wes seen that he was outclassed.

On the whole, Cecil didn't do so bad. He certainly was willing, and while, like I said, he would never make a rider, he never let on that he was afraid of a horse; and when he was throwed he'd get up and go on trying until somebody stopped him, and after a while the boys got tired of hearing him flop and seeing him limp, so he got the quietest and easiest that there was to ride, stid of the worst.

I took the trouble to give him a few pointers, myself. I'm just naturally kind-hearted and helpful. Man, woman or child, I'm always willing to do a favor if it ain't cont'ry to what my conscience tells me is right and ain't too inconvenient.

"You're the kind-heartedest and most helpful old dear that ever lived and breathed," Eileen told him, with a really dazzling smile. "It's so wonderful to have a person around that you know would do anything for you that was in their power and never refuses you, no matter what."

"Providing, like I said, that it isn't nothing wrongful," said the old bullwhacker, pointing his pipestem at her.

"Nothing that wasn't for your own good and your best interests," Mrs. Kane supplemented, with a nod of approval.

"I hope you don't think for a minute that I'd ask you to do anything that was wrong, U. S. dear," said Eileen. "And I know that you've got a perfectly lovely conscience that is sensible and reasonable, which so many people's consciences ain't. I've got a good conscience myself, and I will say for it that it's always open to argument. It isn't pig-headed. If I convince it, it will admit that it was wrong. . . . Well, when do we get to hear about Norah Allbright, uncle darling?"

I was just coming to her—said Mr. Stegg. One starlight night, when Cecil and me was riding together, he got to talking about the North Pole and the icebergs and bears and Eskimos and walruses and explorers real entertaining. He was posted on all the expeditions and he told me about Franklin being there—which was news to me—although I knew old Ben had been to France and England—and Doc Kane and Greely and the hardships they suffered in them dissolute regions till I felt my feet getting frostbit.

"But there's one thing," says Cecil—"they knew they was north of any place. That was one thing they didn't have to worry about. Now me, I always get turned around when I'm riding by myself. If you wasn't here, there ain't no telling where I'd end up, not knowing the landmarks."

He rambled on about the North Star and moss on trees and so forth, until I finally shut him off and give him full p'ticulars about the trails leading to Allbright's and the general direction that he'd take if he had the wings of the dove and flew straight. He got me to say it all over once or twice, and I reckon he got it imprinted real firm on his mem'ry, because when we got back and he was forking down some hay for the horses I heard him a-muttering under his breath all I'd told him, and he'd got it straight then. The next morning we was to have gone together to get out some cedar posts that was needed, but Dan Scott changed his mind and kept him to work in the office and sent Wes Turpin with me instead. This was a Wednesday, which was Wes' evening when he went to Allbright's, if he could get away, and he kicked like a bay steer, figuring that we wouldn't be back in time for him to get an early start which we wasn't, although he worked like a buck ant all the time and wouldn't skassly stop long enough to eat the lunch we'd brought with us.

In the afternoon, Cecil asked Dan Scott if he'd ever read Herbert Spencer's philos'phy and agreed that we ought to rest wholly on the consciousness of phenom'nons, and the conversation follering on to that ended up by Dan telling him that for gosh sake if he had to take the rest of the day off he might's well go.

"The fresh air and exercise will do you good," says Dan. "I'm sorry I took you away from it this morning. It was real thoughtless of me. Yes, by gracious! That's what the whole kit and b'iling of the outfit needs. It's nice to see you all prettying up around the bunk house all hours of the day, shaving and slicking your hairs, but it ain't what I'm supposed to be paying out wages for. Rest wholly! I should say! A sweet-scented, lob-lollied, tiddleywinked bunch of resters I've got! Nothing pers'nal in this, Mr. Wivven. You've been a-toiling and slaving for lo! a whole forenoon already and I don't want to have you get nervously postrated. Go where glory waits you, and if you meet up with any of them phenonemons, give 'em my love, and if it's after three in the morning when you get back, kindly let the bars down gentle and don't whoop. I need my sleep, having to work for my living daytimes."

All there is to say about Norah Allbright is that she come mighty nigh being a dream of beauty, only falling short of it in a few respects that ain't hardly worth mentioning. I don't blame Cecil for not noticing what shortcomings there was about her, no more than I blamed Wes Turpin or Ed Barry or a dozen or two others that was making the trails to the Allbright ranch easy to follow. You could say, anyway, that she was a rare beauty. Almost any description of girls was rare them days, and them that had as creamy a complexion and as nice a shape and as sweet a smile as what Norah had, not to mention her eyes, would have been give considerable attention—as much as Norah got, maybe. They'd also have had to been as ready to laugh and as ready to turn a hand to anything that there was to do around the house and to have had her sperrit. The way it was, Norah didn't have much competition, and yet she didn't act as if she knew it to excess.

"That's the way a gel ought to be," Mrs. Kane commented.

"It's the way I try to hide knowing about myself," said Eileen. "I can't help knowing that I'm above the av'rage in good looks and behavior, but I don't presume on it or make a parade of it or take any credit for it. It's just the way the Lord made me, and all I can do is be grateful that I ain't like some. If ma hadn't been good-looking and a lovely disposition, I might have been different to what I am."

There was another thing about Norah said Mr. Stegg. She didn't go out walking with none of the young men that called. That wasn't account of preferring to go buggy riding, because she didn't accept no invitations to do that. If she went any place, she went with her pa and ma; and when there was callers, her pa and ma didn't excuse themselves and go and set in the barn; they stayed right where they was and was sociable and pleasant and joined right in the conversation. I don't say that they tagged daughter if she went out of the room to get a young man a drink of water and he happened to foller along, or even if she stayed long enough to make taffy, which she'd been known to do. Wes Turpin said she'd made taffy twicet, times when he was there, but she didn't seem to reelize that they was alone together, and if he went up clost to see just how she was doing it, she told him out loud that it made her nervous to be watched and he'd better go back to the setting room, where the chairs was more comf'table. Some of the boys got discouraged early in the game and quit coming, but there was always too many that didn't for them that stuck, and they was mighty apt to bunch until they got to kind of dividing the week up between 'em. I don't mean to say that there was one boy to every day in the week, but it was sort of understood that the regulars had a certain day that they'd be riding a-past Allbright's if nothing happened to prevent, and Sundays was free-for-all.

Well, me and Wes come in with our posts late and found the rest was eating supper, and about the first thing Wes noticed after he'd squared off at his plate was that Cecil wasn't among them present.

"Where's the Topeka tongue-twister?" he inquires. "I don't seem to hear him." He leaned back to look at the corner where Cecil's trunk was set. It was one of these here Saratoga trunks—as big as yours, Bessie—which the Kansas outfit had sent by Wells-Fargo to Blueblanket from Rapid and had been hauled out to the ranch by a four-mule team that stalled with it three times on the way, arriving the day before. There was twenty-five dollars' charges on it and Cecil didn't register any kick whats'ever. We had a heap of sport about that trunk, from first to last. I reckon it was the first and last ever seen the inside of a cow-ranch bunk room.

"His trousseau is still here, so I reckon we ain't lost him, have we? Don't tell me that, boys! Break it to me gently, anyway. What's the joke?"

Tracy Lamson spoke up. "Just about the comicalest ever," he says. "Cecil has decked himself out with a large and luscious part of his said trousseau and gone to call on our girl. Ain't that rich?"

Wesley give a yell and made out like he was a-going to keel over in a faint. Then he growls like a dog does when he thinks you've got designs on his bone and frowns ferocious.

"I'll have his gore," he says. "I've often wondered what made him tick like he does, and now I'm a-going to remove some of his cogs and pinions in the intrusts of investigation." He took his knife and made believe to whet it on his boot and then stuck it inside his vest; but all the same, I could see that he was a heap took aback and none too well pleased. "To think that one time I took care of that immaterial and irrev'lant sooner's horse for him!" he says. "Welcomed him, by ginger! Didn't I, Sam?"

"That's what you done," I says, "and you bantered him to ride old Bonebreaker on rocky ground and sim'lar favors. He sure ain't got much gratitude."

Wes laughed and took the knife out of his vest and begun to cut his steak. He acted like he wasn't in no rush to get through eating, but as soon as he left the table he dragged his war sack from underneath the bunk and begun to change his clothes. Ed Barry ast him did he want a razor and brought him his own pers'nal one, and Tracy Lamson loaned him a necktie and offered to go out and saddle a horse for him to save time.

"Don't kill him outright, Wes," Tracy advises. "Just cripple him a few. He's good at hinting, so he ought to be able to take a hint."

Continued on Page 158

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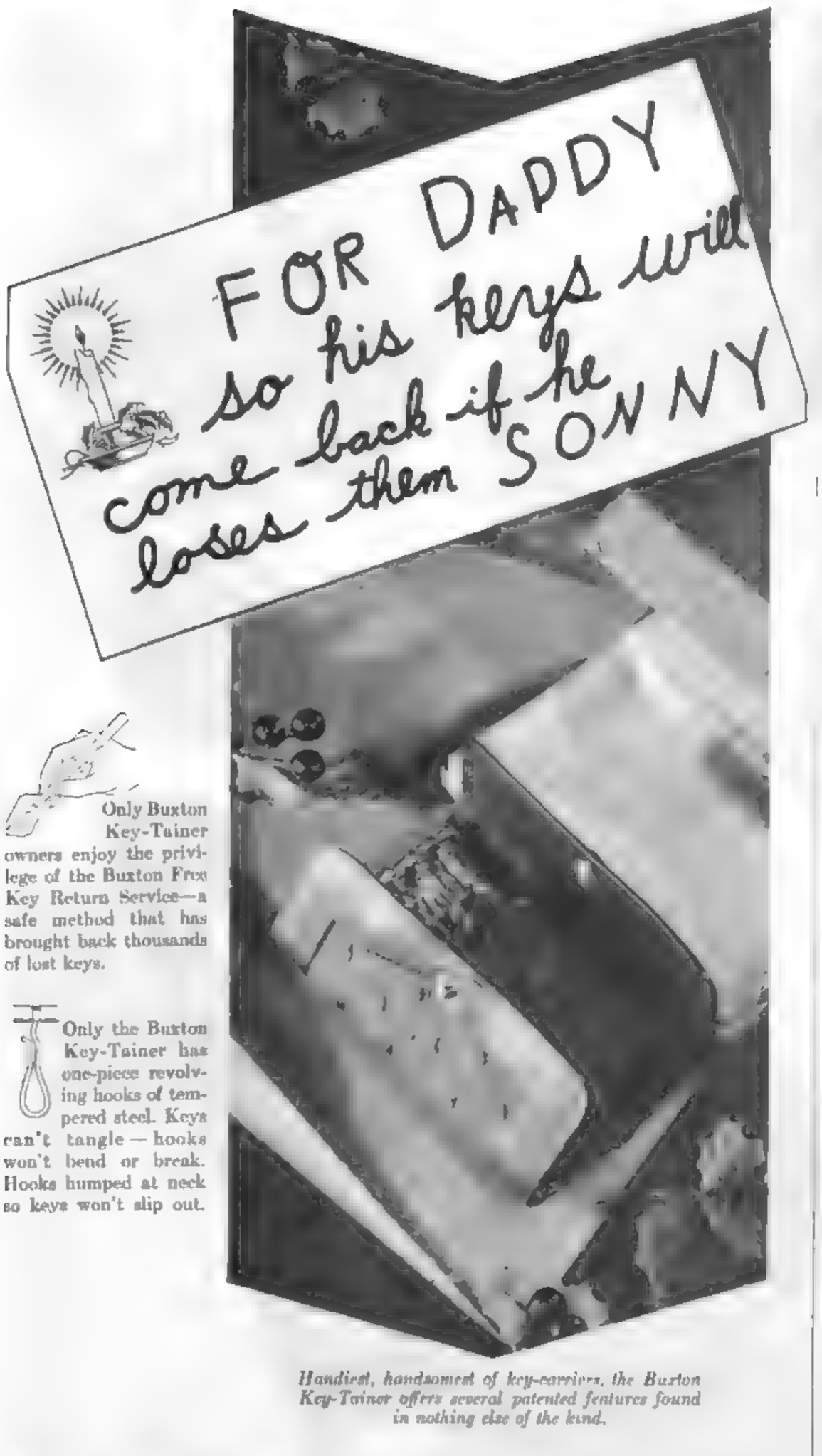

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BUXTON KEY-TAINER

(Continued from Page 156)

"What time did he start?" Wesley ast, and someone told him that according to Bert Askin, our gentlemanly cook, Cecil had started off about two o'clock in the afternoon

"Oh, shucks! There won't be no need for me to lay a finger on him," says Wes, grinning. "He won't no more'n have got to inquiring if the fam'ly is in good health by the time I get there."

Wes was some out on his figuring. When he got to Allbright's he found Cecil a-setting with his legs crossed, with Norah not a great ways off to one side of him, and Mis' Allbright and her both seemingly a-hanging on his words, as the feller says.

They broke off to give him kind welcome when Allbright brought him in, but as soon as he'd sat down they one and all turned to Cecil again. Cecil was certainly a-looking mighty dudish, with his Topeka clothes and a high standing collar and b'iled shirt, and his necktie was sure a lulu and made the one Wes was a-wearing look like the last rose of summer after the first frost.

"Now go on with what you was a-saying, Mr. Wivven," says Allbright, a-beaming at him. "I reckon I missed some of that last."

"Was he a-saying something?" inquires Wesley, looking real amazed. "Well, well! Why, at the ranch we never hear him say a single word! No, sir, Mr. Wivven never opens his lips for less than fifty or a hundred words at the lowest." He laughed at the joke, but nobody else done so. A kind of pained smile from Norah was the best he got.

"I was a-saying that the mistake was natural enough, but it seems strange that it wasn't corrected when it become evident that they hadn't found India and that the aborigines consequently couldn't be Indians," Cecil informs the old man. Then he turns to Wes, real polite. "We was discussing of the Indians, so-called," he goes on to explain. "Mr. Allbright was telling some mighty interesting things about them."

"I most generally hear them cussed," says Wes. "One time I was out in Wyoming near South Pass there was a bunch of Crows ——"

"Just a moment, Mr. Turpin, if you'll excuse me," says Allbright. "I reckon they didn't know a heap about India in them days, Mr. Wivven."

"Not a great deal, as you say," says Cecil. "Of course Alexander the Great, according to Plutarch and other historians, got as far as the Indus, but there wasn't no other Europeens to amount to anything until the Venetians and Portuguese and Dutch got a foothold about the time Columbus started out, and they only got as far as they was let to go—like we was only let come into the Hills by Spotted Tail and Gall and Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull that you've been telling about. Them names is mighty interesting."

"I used to play with a little girl name of Susie Fat Bear," says Norah. "It didn't sound so awful in Sioux, but she hated it. By rights she ought to have had a name of her own, but Fat Bear was her father's name and the Sisters tacked Susie on it. I thought it was a shame, because she wasn't fat; and if she had been, it would have made it all the worse. What do you think she called me?" She looked at both the young men and smiled.

"Sweet prairie blossom," says Wesley, prompt.

"I hardly think that I could imagine anything that would be suitably descriptive and at the same time be probable," says Cecil. "If Miss Fat Bear happened to be kind of jealous-dispositioned and ugly, she might think up a name that would be highly opprobr'us and more so than what she was a-laboring under herself—like Little-Toad-That-Hops-Crooked or Girl-That-Thinks-She's-Smart, or something equally foreign to the appearance and character of her playmate. If, on the other hand, she was appreciative of the charm and beauty of Miss Allbright, she might still be lacking when it come to expressing of herself and do the best that her limits p'mitted, like Sweet Prairie Blossom or something else that didn't have much sense and was as common as daisies in the dells and modest vi'lets and sugar lumps. The more po'try and imagination she had, and the more she reelized what a heap of lovely qualities and pers'nal beauty her subject had got, the less she'd be apt to try to crowd 'em into three or four words. In consequence of which, she being, in all human probability, a simple child of Nature with no more'n av'rage intelligence, my guess would be that she called Miss Allbright something she meant to be a compliment, but didn't nowheres near do her justice. Me, I wouldn't be guilty of the presumption and foolishness of speculating further than that and naming any one natural object like a flower or an angel or an antelope or the bright evening star or pearls or such; so I give up. What did Miss Fat Bear call you, Miss Allbright?"

"After all that, I'm not going to tell you," says Norah, laughing at him. "I think that Sweet Prairie Blossom was very nice, though. It sounds like a song. Thank you, Mr. Turpin."

"You ought to thank Mr. Wivven too," says Mrs. Allbright. "I think that was a right pretty speech he made you."

"A regular Fourth of July oration," says Wesley. "You're kindly welcome, Miss Norah. All I done was my best as a simple child of Nature, with no more'n average intelligence and as far's my limits p'mitted."

"It was kind and thoughtful of you," Norah told him. "And don't think that I ain't grateful to you, too, Mr. Wivven. All is, I'm afraid I don't quite deserve all them compliments you've paid me. I aim to be perfect, but ma tells me there's been two or three times she knows of when I've fell a little mite short."

"All of two or three," says her ma.

"It's hard to believe," says Cecil. "I ain't by no means incredulous by nature. I've took for gospel some of the things Mr. Turpin has told me since I've been working for the T A N, and even the subsequent developments ain't destroyed the confidence I've got in my fellow man; but I can't help thinking that there must be some mistake about that statement. With her mother's example always before her, it don't seem reasonable."

"It don't," Wesley agreed. "Speaking about Indians, I was a-going to tell you about them Crows that jumped me at South Pass. I was riding along the trail, not thinking about anything particular ——"

"The way you most always ride," s'gests Cecil.

"—— in the way of trouble, but only about matters and concerns that some folks wouldn't have sense enough to understand, let alone think of." Wes continues. "And while I'm on the subject," he says, "I'll mention that when I ride, it's setting straight in the saddle and not hanging to my horse's neck like grim death."

"That's true," says Cecil. "You make a noble figure a-horseback; it's only when you're afoot when a person wants to smile, if it wouldn't be unpolite."

"It would be worse than unpolite—it would be plumb foolish and suicidal, if ladies wasn't present," Wesley told him.

"Listen, gentlemen," says Allbright, "I know you're both joshing and this here repartee and airy bandage is real entertaining so long as not carried too far—which I know you wouldn't allow it to be; but the point is that we're a-straying from the subject of India, which I'm right interested in. If I am correctly informed, the British owns the most of the country now, and you was mentioning the Dutch and the Portuguese, wasn't you, Mr. Wivven?"

"And the French," says Cecil. "The British come later."

"Then how come it that they got to own the country? I know they conquered it, but I never got the particulars."

(Continued on Page 161)

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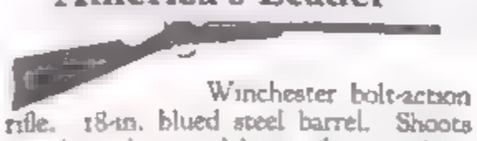

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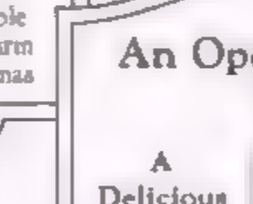

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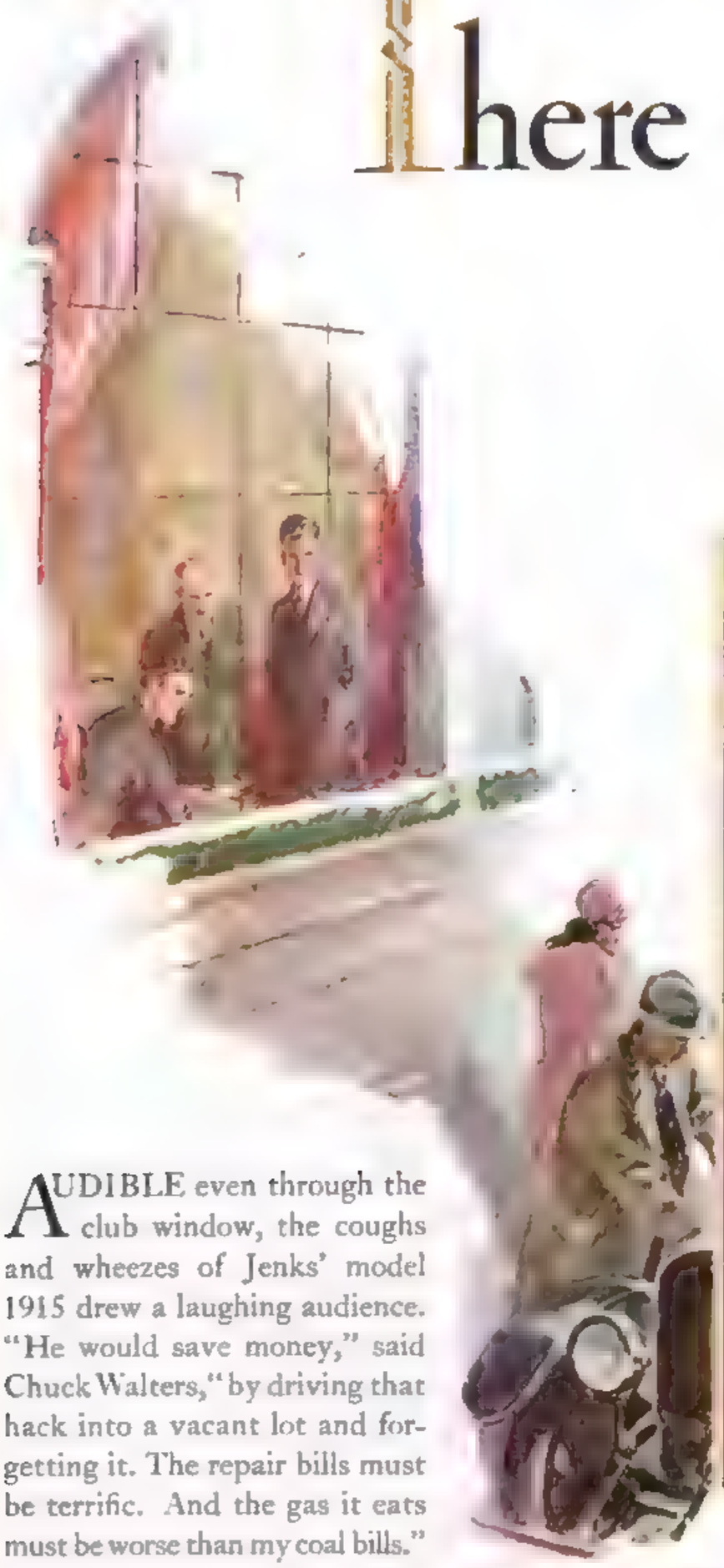

AUDIBLE even through the club window, the coughs and wheezes of Jenks' model 1915 drew a laughing audience. "He would save money," said Chuck Walters, "by driving that hack into a vacant lot and forgetting it. The repair bills must be terrific. And the gas it eats must be worse than my coal bills."

Coal bills . . . strange that Chuck missed the analogy. Right in his own home he was tolerating a heating system that was even more antiquated, wasteful, and comfortless than the Jenks' car.

And in that joking group, every man was getting along with some expensive and inconvenient method of living that was equally far behind the times.

There was Jack Rinn who started many a morning wrong because the water trickled out, cold and rusty, when he wanted to shave. (New piping would assure plentiful hot water.) Crofford could cut his coal bills a third for the slight investment of insulating his boiler and the pipes leading from it, if he only realized it. The children always seemed to be in the single bathroom when Fred Dobson was in a hurry to get to the office; yet Fred did not know how simply he could have an extra bathroom installed in that unused spare room. Mrs. Kenney had often told the Doctor how much more beautiful their home would be with those new radiators of slender fluted columns. The Caldwells still were doing without running soft water.

It is to reach the ear of that group, your ear, that this advertisement is published. Just a 'phone call is needed to bring a competent heating contractor and a responsible plumbing contractor to "make a health examination of your home" without cost or obligation.

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MAKE A HEALTH EXAMINATION OF YOUR HOME

(Continued from Page 158)

Cecil give him the particulars as far's he knew them, and mebbe farther. Wes Turpin had his own opinion about that, but he didn't tell it then. What he did mostly was set. Part of the time he looked at Norah and wondered what made her listen to this here whapper-jawed snoozer and act 'sif she liked to, and part of the time he looked at Cecil and wondered where he had stole them good clothes he was a-wearing. Oncet in a while he'd try to talk to Norah, but she'd only smile and shake her head at him and turn torda Cecil again. Then he'd chip in with a sort of gen'ral remark, and when Cecil stopped and raised his eyebrows they'd all say, "Oh, please go on!" And Allbright would look 'sif he was right irritated. Presently Wes just looked at Cecil. He'd look at his ears and think how good a holt a man could get on 'em to bump the rest of the head against something hard; he'd look at his nose and figure how he could improve it by flattening it out, and at his eyes and imagine them bunged up and tinted blue and yellow. That helped to pass the time until he heard Allbright saying that it had been a real enjoyable evening and he hoped Cecil would come soon again.

"It's been lovely," says Norah. "And now I know what a begum is, and that's something I've wanted to know all my life."

Wes shook hands with the old folks and with Norah and then he caught a hold of Cecil's hand and pump-handled it real hearty.

"I shall long remember this evening, Mr. Wivven," he says. "I won't never pour India relish on my beefsteak or hear a punkah-wallah singing on the bough but I'll think of you. I'm a-thinking with joy of our ride back to the ranch together."

"The pleasure is a-going to be mine," says Cecil.

It wasn't, the way it come about. When they got off a half mile or such a matter, just jogging along, Wesley allowed that Cecil was strangely silent. Cecil told him that he had been a-thinking about the location of the Allbright ranch and wondering whether it wouldn't be sort of unhealthy, the way it was situated, for dark-complected persons outside of the fam'ly which was prob'ly wonted to it. Wesley told him that he had always found it real wholesome and stimulating, himself, but there was a boy name of Soper who was hanging around a considerable of the time last spring that was took sudden with lead poisoning and come near passing in his checks.

"He was a man about your build, with the same color hair," says Wes. "I seen he was a-sickening for something and I warned him to keep away from the valley."

"I s'pose he was riding along and not thinking of nothing particular," says Cecil. "That reminds me that you didn't finish that story of yours about how you wiped out that band of Crow Indians at South Pass. Here's your chance to get even and tell it to me."

"I didn't wipe 'em out," says Wes. "No, sir, I run. The first thing, something spatted against a rock right near me and I heard the crack of a rifle, and the horse I was a-riding—setting straight in the saddle—give a jump—like this."

He jammed the spurs into his horse, which jumped about a rod and commenced fighting for his head and got Cecil's horse excited and sidling and jumping around.

"The next thing, I seen two-three bucks all painted up," says Wes, holding in. "One of 'em give a yell—like this."

He let out a wild war whoop and his horse and Cecil's jumped livelier than ever. The difference was that Wes didn't seem to mind, and set straight in his saddle, and he kept right on relating of his adventure. "I seen that the odds was—against me and—that I'd better be—getting along," he says, "so I swung my quirt like this and ——"

He brought down his quirt, loosened on the rein, give another whoop and off he went like a streak. Cecil done his best to hold his horse in, but he might as well tried to hold a train of cars on a steep down grade by grabbing at the rear of the caboose. He hung on for about a hundred yards and then he hit the ground with one of these dull sudden thuds.

He had just concluded that no bones was broke when Wes Turpin come riding back. "Well, well!" he says, as Cecil struggled to his feet. "Ain't that too bad! Can you walk? That's good! I thought I'd better come back and make sure before I catched up your old plug for you. He got apast me before I reelized you wasn't on him. Well, I'll have to finish that story of mine later on." Saying which, he wheeled around and rode off again, not paying no attention to what Cecil said, which was a-plenty.

As Wes said, Cecil wasn't reasonable about this here accident. Wes pointed out that he wasn't to blame for that nine-mile walk Cecil had been obliged to take and that Cecil had asked him to tell about them Crows; also that he had took the trouble to catch up Cecil's horse and unsaddle him and turn him into the corral, knowing that Cecil would be tired when he come in; but even so, the Topeka tongue-twister wasn't too tired to yank his benefactor out of his bunk by the heels and wake everybody up with the scrap that follered. It was a pretty good scrap, and the boys enjoyed it after Bert Askin had brought in a lamp to give 'em a little light; but the racket woke Dan Scott up and he come in in his nightshirt and stopped it before either one of the combatants got the decision.

The next Wednesday night Wes and Cecil was still too defaced and mutilated to make any social calls on ladies, and a week from then, as they was making their toilets to go, they got into an argument about Paul Revere's ride. Wes started it and Cecil finished it with a heavy right to Wes' jaw. So they didn't neither of them go. Cecil got the best of it that time, though, only getting a cut on the chin that he might have got shaving and a swollen lip that the swelling went down on by next day so's he was able to go to Allbright's by the day after, which was Tracy Lamson's evening. Tracy tried to convince him that the time wasn't well chosen and it cost him a black eye and a loose front tooth to succeed, but Cecil was as handsome as ever by Sunday and him and Ed Barry started out to Allbright's together, with Ed riding ahead, by special request.

"Once bit, twicet shy," says Cecil. "I don't anticipate no trouble like I had when I last was out this way, and the trail may be plenty wide for two, like you say, but I don't take no chances."

"Please yourself," says Ed. "I'd as soon go ahead as not, if you don't want to be sociable. But you want to watch out when you go through the canyon that no loose rocks don't roll down on you. They're apt to, after a rain."

He went off at a lope and it wasn't long afore he was out of sight; but he wasn't out of mind, and Cecil watched out and went mighty slow when he come to the canyon. Nothing happened, though, and he got to Allbright's in course of time, and he give Allbright a book on India he'd dug out of his trunk that was thankfully received. There was two other boys there besides Ed Barry, and they was particular polite. They'd heard that Cecil was from Topeka, and was it true that the folks there rode around in wheelbarrows when they didn't walk, or was that just one of these caynards?—and such. One of 'em had heard that Mr. Wivven had a bad accident a week or two back, getting dizzy and falling off'n his horse. He knew a man oncet that was subject to them dizzy spells and always got somebody to tie his feet together under the horse's belly and it worked first rate, and wouldn't it be a good idee to try it? But a feller had to be careful that the horse had been watered afore he started out, because if they come to a creek and the horse started in to drink ——

"Don't you pay no attention to them, Mr. Wivven," says Norah. "They'd think it was funny if a person was killed. They've never been nowhere and they don't know nothing." She was looking mighty sweet in her white dress and red sash, with a red ribbon in her hair.

"Humbly begging of your pardon for contradicting them crool words, I been in Abilene two-three times and Al robbed a bank in Cheyenne," says this boy. "Also, I can spell c-a-t cat and tell you the names of all the Presidents. Al ain't telling what he knows, on the grounds that it might be incriminating. I own up that we ain't neither of us been to Topeka, though. That's our misfortune, not our fault."

"I ain't blaming you," says Cecil. "There's a many with the same handicap that got to be smart men with manners and good sense. You don't want to let yourselves get discouraged."

Allbright had went into the house with Cecil's book, and now he come out on the porch where they was all setting, with Cecil's book in his hand.

"I got an idee," he says. "How would it be if Mr. Wivven read to us some out of this here history he was kind enough for to bring? I been a-looking through it and it seems too good to keep to myself. I know we'd all enjoy listening, if it wasn't too much trouble for Mr. Wivven."

"Oh, please do!" says Norah to Cecil, real enthusiastic; and Mis' Allbright j'ined in asking him to please do; and finally Ed Barry and the other two boys allowed that it was a pious idee, only that it seemed like asking a good deal. So Cecil started to read, and he not only started but he kep' right on; and the devil of it was, Ed Barry said, that every time a feller made a harmless little remark, Old Man Allbright acted 'sif it had been a preacher reading of the Gospel that they'd been interrupting. And he'd interrupt himself, and Norah would interrupt, and likewise her ma—asking questions and passing remarks both. And Norah sat on the porch step behind Topeka, where she could look over his shoulder and bend down to look closer when he come to a picture. And the mess of stuff he was a-reading!

After a while Al got up and said that he hated to tear himself away, but him and his friend would have to be a-moving. He'd have to get Miss Norah to tell him the rest about them Mahrattas the next time he come. So the two of 'em drifted off. Ed went with them to the corral and they talked a while there before they finally left.

"I'd a notion to go myself," says Ed, telling Wes Turpin about it. "I'm glad I didn't, though, because after a while Norah got up and went into the kitchen to get supper, and I took notice that Topeka didn't seem to care whether she went or stayed. My idee is that he don't not much. Him and Old Man Allbright is two of a kind. I excused myself and went after Norah and we had a jim-dandy visit. At supper, Topeka shifted from India to China and give us a great song and dance about the Chinks, but it was Allbright and the old lady he was a-talking to."

"Salting the cow to get the calf," says Wes. "I'm dead onto him."

"No, sir," says Ed. "He just naturally loves to sound his loud bazoo, and he's got some good listeners. It's just a novelty to them, that's all. But your name's mud with Norah, any way you look at it, so you might as well pull out of the game. She thinks you done Topeka dirt, spilling him and making him walk home. It ain't that it was Topeka, because I ast her and she said it wasn't. It was on gen'ral principles. She said she was glad Topeka had whipped you."

"Who told her he whipped me?" says Wes. "What dog-goned liar told her that?"

"It must have been a little bird whispered it," says Ed, grinning. "Anyway," he says, "Dan says he's a-going to fire the next man that starts a fuss. You can't lick Cecil no more and stay with the T A N. Dan says he's a-going to fire the next high contracting parties to a fuss, no questions asked and no excuses took. He'll fire 'em both."

"There might be an idee in that," says Wes, kind of thoughtful. "Maybe we

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(Continued from Page 161)

could rib up Bert to crawl Mr. Wivven's hump. Bert's kind of touchy about his cooking, and if he was give to understand that Cecil had been comparing his flapjacks unfavorable to them produced in the best circles of Topeka, Kansas, we'd be apt to get results. Bert can always get a good job, and he's got money saved, anyway."

Ed didn't think much of the scheme. Cecil had always stood in with Bert and bragged about his cooking. No, he didn't believe he would take a crack at Cecil himself. He'd just as soon, but he didn't think it was ness'ry. His idee was that Cecil was harmless, though unpleasant and too numerous; but he believed that if he was properly approached he would be willing to take Thursdays for his visits to the valley and thus avoid overcrowding and friction. He said he'd put it up to Cecil the first good chance he got, and he done so, but he didn't get no satisfaction.

"My answer to that would be that no man knoweth what's a-going to happen in the future, because it depends on circumstances which may or may not have a bearing, and until them circumstances is known, you can't tell whether they will or not," Cecil says. "Mr. Allbright didn't mention Thursdays in his general and cordial invite to me, but I don't s'pose he would have any objection to that day. On the other hand, I might be unavoidably prevented from going on Thursday; in which case it's reasonable to suppose I might or might not ride over on the Friday following or some other day. I might not go once a month or once in three months or a year, and I might go seven nights hand running, if I was at liberty and knew I'd be welcome and was so inclined. I'd like to be more def'nite, seeing you're so dog-gone anxious, but all I can say is I'll make my social calls, one and all, as circumstances p'mit and I dog-gone please."

To make a long story short, that's what he done, and the boys had to make the best of it; which was that, after all, Cecil didn't seem to have no intentions nor idees beyond conversation, and that as time flew by Norah seemed to lose a heap of her interest in the line of conversation he put out and took a little more interest in what a common ord'nary waddy had to tell her—like about her eyes and her dimples and such. She'd forgave Wes Turpin, and one Wednesday evening when Cecil was at the house a-holding forth on predestination and free will with Allbright, she regular carried on with Wes. There ain't no other name for it, and her daddy had to look at her over the tops of his specs two-three times. It didn't seem to worry Cecil none, hows'ever.

Fin'ly he turned to her, right as she was giggling over something Wes said to her, and asked her if she b'lieved in predestination. He smiled as he asked the question, but her face straightened.

"I don't know what it is, even," she says. "All I know is putty and how many beans make five and things like that. You're a-wasting your time, talking to ignorant persons like me. Pa enjoys it, though, so keep right on and don't mind us."

"Pa certainly does enjoy it," says her parent, frowning at her. "It's a pleasure to have anybody here that's got brains and sense and don't bray like a jackass when a silly gel forgets her manners."

"Have you noticed anything wrong with my manners, Mr. Wivven?" Norah ast him, brazen. "I wondered whether you would," she adds, flip as you please.

"Your manners ain't to be carped at nor took exceptions to, Miss Norah," Cecil answers her. "But about predestination, that's just what's bound to happen, whether or no. You can think that you won't do thus and so and do all you can to prevent this or that, but it's all settled beforehand: it's only a question of time. If I want a certain thing and it's predestinated that I'm going to get it, I'll sure get it; and if Mr. Turpin, for instance, wanted the same thing, he wouldn't get it, no matter how persevering he was or what len'ths he went to. There's a chain of events that's been leading up to any happening away back from creation, and you can trace 'em back quite a ways. All is, you can't figure ahead."

"Clear as mud," says Wes, grinning. He was feeling pretty good, Wes was, even after the crack Allbright had took at him. "But you can make a tol'able good guess sometimes, and fix things so's it will be easier for happenings to happen the way you want 'em to happen," he says.

"I'm a-going to make some candy," says Norah, jumping up, and she went into the kitchen.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go see if I can't be of some assistance," says Wes; and Old Man Allbright told him he'd be doing a kindness and excuses wasn't ness'ry—which you could have took either way.

Wes let on he took it the way it wasn't meant. "No trouble at all," says he. He stopped a minute at the door and grinned at Cecil. "My motter is, if you've got a streak of luck, ride it," he says, and closed the door very gentle behind him.

"Sometimes I think that boy ain't real bright," says Allbright, and then went on with his argument.

I ain't saying that Cecil paid a heap of attention to it or that he didn't prick up his ears at what sounds come from the kitchen. At first there was sounds like Wes was a-braying and Norah encouraging him by laughing; there was sounds that might have been made by a fire being started and more sounds like talking, with a bray now and then. They went on quite a while, them sounds—a spoon stirring something in a saucepan, more talk sounds—if you strained your ears—and sounds of tin pie plates. Presently there come a crash, like tinware on the floor, and a scuffling sound.

"What in the world is a-happening in there?" says Mis' Allbright. But she didn't get up and go see, like Cecil thought she ought.

"So if everything is predestinated there ain't no free will, because it don't jibe," says Allbright, and Cecil nodded. He'd been a-nodding every time the old man had paused for a reply, and he kept on doing it even when there wasn't no sounds no more. He didn't even look around when Norah come in with a plate of candy.

"I thank you kindly, but I wouldn't wish any," he says when Norah pushed the plate under his nose. "It all comes down to this," he says to Allbright: "A person has freedom of choice in a line of conduct, but he'll choose according to his nature and habits if there ain't no cont'ry force against him or holding him back."

"I never heard such nonsense in all my days," says Norah. "That's like saying that two and two is four unless you add on three more which will make it seven."

"You wasn't ast for your opinion," says Allbright. "You'd better go back to your comp'ny."

Norah went back to the kitchen. She shet the door behind her, but none too gentle. Cecil got up right away and allowed that he'd have to be a-getting back to the ranch, seeing that he had to be getting up bright and early. He shook hands with the old folks, who was kind of took aback and he told Allbright that a lantern wasn't ness'ry.

"Tell Miss Norah good-by for me," he says, and hustled out and down to the barn before they could do much more than open their mouths.

It wasn't none too easy to see, but he made out that the first horse he come to was his, and he had the saddle on it and led it out of the barn in jig time. What he wanted was to get away, and he hadn't no desire for comp'ny on the road, for which reason he rode particular reckless, not caring a heap whether he broke his fool neck or not. He got back in time to have had a tol'able good night's sleep after he'd slipped into his bunk in the dark, but instid of that, he didn't bat an eye. I mean, he'd have swore to that, but two-three hours afore daylight showed at the windowpanes, he begun to have his doubts, account he hadn't heard Wes come in. Fin'ly he got up and lit a match and looked in at Wes' bunk. Sure enough Wes had come in. There was his black head on the pillow and his black eyes was a-staring wide open.

"Well, what in Hades do you want?" says Wes, mighty ugly.

"I didn't mean to wake you," says Cecil. "I was just a-wondering whether you'd got back."

"Why wouldn't I get back?" says Wes. "Think I'd drownded myself in the water hole or something? Not by a big brownstone jugful! No, sir! I don't give two whoops." He swung his legs out. "All the same, if you want me to lick you again, job or no job ——"

Johnny Wells spoke up. "Say, if you two roosters don't hush up and let a man sleep, I'm going to take and knock your dog-gone heads together so's they won't be no further use to you -and I won't even wait to put my pants on."

"Do it anyway, Johnny," says Tracy Lamson, and there was sim'lar requests from all sides.

Cecil went back to his bunk and Wes swung his legs back into his. Johnny was mighty easy-going, but you couldn't crowd him, and he was one of these fellers that could lift a kag of nails with their teeth and bend a silver dollar or tear a pack of cards acrost with thumb and fingers; also he had the name of being bullet-proof. Anyway, there was peace; and the silence wasn't broke outside of snores until the boys rolled out for breakfast, when Dan Scott come in and made a few s'gestions as to how we might occupy our time, if so inclined.

That split us up some. Tracy and Ed Barry and Wes and Ron Jones was to proceed to Witch Creek, gathering up cattle on the way for a shipment. They was to go by way of Calico Canyon and Bert was to meet 'em with the wagon. Me and Johnny Wells was to go get in another load of posts by noon and then start up Beaver to round up a few head that had been reported that way and take them on to the other bunch at Witch.

"And you might as well take Mr. Wivven along with you, if he cares to go," says Dan. "He'll be as good on the drive to the railroad as anybody."

We all got busy but Cecil. I seen him try two-three times to get a private word with Wes before he started, but Wes didn't give him no chance; and with fresh horses being catched up and saddled and the milling around in the corral, it wasn't no good place; so the boys fin'ly rode off, and Cecil stood a-looking after 'em like he was a-studying on something important and aimed to take his time to it. Then, all of a sudden, he turned and hot-footed after Dan Scott, who was on his way to the house.

"Well?" says Dan, when he was overtook.

"If you'll excuse me for detaining you for a moment," says Cecil. "I know that you ain't got much time and that what you have got is precious."

"Yes," says Dan, "it's gold and rubies and diamonds and interest-bearing bonds. Spit it out!"

"I reelize that," says Cecil. "Once it's fled, it's fled forever, and regrets is vain and unavailing if it ain't been well spent. When the poet said 'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!' he was a-wasting time himself, asking what ain't possible. The same way with opportunity—if we don't grab at it when it's in reach, thinking that if we wait we'll get a better holt, it vanishes like the mist of morn or a dream untold."

"That's what I'm a-going to do in about a holy second, so you'd better hurry up," Dan says. "Just give me a sort of an idee what in the lob-lollied, tiddlywinked, gorrified blue blazes you're a-driving at, if you don't mind, Mr. Wivven."

"It's a simple question," says Cecil. "I'd like to know, if it ain't troubling you too much, how long a period of time it will take to make the drive from Witch Creek to the railroad, on an average and according to your ——"

(Continued on Page 165)

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THE CARTER PEN

(Continued from Page 163)

"Not much longer than it takes you to ask a simple question," says Dan. "Maybe a week or ten days."

"There's something else I want to ask you," says Cecil. "Would it seriously inconvenience you if I didn't go farther than Witch Creek and come back after the drive had started?"

"Not seriously," says Dan. "I mean to say that it wouldn't teetotally bust us up in business. Even if you quit—supposing such a horrible misfortune happened to us—I reckon we'd pull through, if we all put our shoulders to the wheel and didn't abandon ourselves to vain and unavailing regrets."

"Thank you," says Cecil. "That takes a load off'n my mind. If such is the case, I reckon I'll quit right now. I wouldn't do that, only I got some business to 'tend to that's kind of special."

"If you'll be so kind and condescending and obliging as to trouble to move your odorifrous, goodness-gracioused carcass down to the office, I'll be over in a few minutes and pay you your blastigated wages," says Dan. He was pretty hot under the collar, but he was always the gentleman, even when he was fixing to murder a person. But there wasn't no unpleasantness.

Cecil said he'd go to the office and finish up what work there was to do there, which was only fair, and he could clean it up by two or three o'clock, but he wouldn't take no wages under the circumstances; but if Dan didn't mind, he'd leave his trunk till called for. Well, Dan stared at him a moment and then bust out laughing, so it wound up by Cecil eating his dinner with him and Mis' Scott at the house and the work was done long afore supper and everything pleasant and friendly.

The d'rection Cecil took when he lit out was the one I'd give him the night he was telling about the North Pole. He rode almost as fast as he'd rode the night before, so when he'd passed the water hole and climbed the ridge the sun was only just a-setting. It was a red sunset. After the climb, he was just jogging along easy and thinking hard, when his horse shied off at something white in a tangle of plum bushes. Cecil didn't see it himself, so he didn't shy along with the horse, the result being that the two parted comp'ny, and it was so instantaneous and sudden that he didn't seem to know nothing about it when he lifted his head from Norah Allbright's lap.

He had to scramble up part way to see who was crying, and even then he was kind of hazy about it. He put his hand to his head and felt a good-sized lump and then looked at his fingers, but there wasn't no blood on 'em. He looked at Norah again, who'd stopped crying and got up. Her face was as red as the sunset and got redder.

"Well!" he says.

"I sh'd say!" says Norah.

"My horse must have throwed me," he says, looking around. "Where is he?"

"Not more'n ten miles down the valley, I reckon," she answers. "Are you able to stand up? Want me to help you?" She held out her hand to him and he shook it p'lite.

"How do you do?" he says. "It's a lovely evening." Then he got up on his feet, staggering a little, and she took a holt of his arm to steady him. "I'm all right," he says. "Don't you trouble to help me." He walked to a bowlder and sat down. "My horse must have throwed me," he says. "Where is he? Oh, yes. . . . Well, I'll just rest a little."

In a minute or two his head begun to clear and he got up again. "Thank you kindly for helping me," he says. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I was picking plums," she told him. "You—you made me upset my pail." Then she began to laugh, and kept right on a-laughing until Cecil stopped her, telling her to quit. She clapped her hand tight over her mouth at that, but her shoulders shook violent and she made strangly noises, so Cecil patted her hard on the back, judging that best, but she pushed him away. He didn't know what to do next, so he didn't do nothing, only watch her as she stood with her back turned to him. In a moment or two she faced him, quiet and nothing out of the way.

"I beg your pardon for a-laughing, Mr. Wivven," she says, "but it reely was comical, the way you fell off. Now if you think you're able to walk down the trail, we'll go, and you can get some arnica at the house. . . . Oh, my pail!"

She ran to get it and Cecil followed after. The plums was spilled out and she begun to scoop 'em in.

"No, I didn't expect to see you, neither," she says, looking around her.

Cecil seen a pair of field glasses by his feet and picked them up. His mind seemed to be getting clearer than ever. That jolt must have done it good. Norah was getting red in the face again

"I thought—I thought I might see something of a stray cow of ours," Norah explains.

Cecil turned the glasses on the trail he'd come up by. He could see quite a ways down the canyon and a lot of the prairie beyond.

"You could see anybody coming up from the T A N half an hour or more afore he got here—with these," he says.

"I prob'ly could—if I looked," says she. "Well, there's plums enough for sauce for supper," she says. "Pa'll be glad to see you, I reckon. He said you seemed to go off mad last night about something that he said concerning free will. He allowed you acted 'sif you wasn't coming back no more and he was real sorry. . . . My, you looked funny when you fell—arms and legs all spread out! But I mustn't get to laughing again."

"I wasn't mad about anything Mr. Allbright said," Cecil told her.

"Then what was you mad about?" Norah asks him. "I thought you might have said good night to me, anyway, just to be polite."

"I wasn't not to say mad at all; I didn't feel I wanted to intrude on your comp'ny," says Cecil.

"I didn't have no comp'ny then," she replied. "Wesley Turpin had left long before I brought in the candy that you turned your nose up at, being so much took up with your old predestination. And he went off mad -and he got a bump on his head, too, I reckon."

Cecil stopped short and took her by the arms. "How did he get it?" he asked her.

"With the p'tato masher," says Norah. "Leggo of me, please, Mr. Wivven."

"Was you expecting of him back this evening?" Cecil asks, still holding onto her. "Was that why you was out a-picking plums with a pair of field glasses?"

"It's none of your business, and I'll thank you to leave me loose," she tells him.

A Highway in Mount Baker National Forest, Washington

"About this predestination, Miss Norah," Cecil says, not releasing of her: "When I first seen you, I had a feeling that you and me was predestinated for each other. I had it strong, and that was why I went to work for the T A N, stid of going on to the Little Missouri with my outfit—to be near you. That outfit of mine is now in charge of a man that my father sent out with me to run it until I had learned to run it myself. I've been a-waiting in the vain hope that I could win you and take you out there with me."

"You haven't been acting like it," says Norah—"not in the least. Are you a-going to let go of me, or are you not?"

"I am not," says Cecil -"not until I'm through. I may not have acted like it, maybe because I felt it was predestinated, and because all the rest of them fellers and Wesley Turpin was acting like it, and I thought I'd show you I was different—like that name that was give you by the Indian girl. Why, there's a hundred names I could think of for you, but do you think I'd tell 'em to anybody but you? You're Sweet-Breath-of-the-Morning; you're Warm-Sunshine-in-the-Heart; you're Melody-of-the-Meadow-Lark; you're —— Say, why was you a-crying over me? What for did you hit Turpin over the head with the p'tato masher? Tell me that."

"Because he was a-holding me like you're holding me—only I broke loose. And he was a-trying to—to do something that you ain't trying to do, and I don't b'lieve you want to and wouldn't not even if I was to let you," says Norah.

"Is that all there is to it, U. S.?" Eileen Kane asked.

"That's all there is to it," replied Stegg, who was refilling his pipe. "Except," he added, "that Cecil broke the news to the old man and Mis' Allbright; but it's too near bedtime to tell you how he done that. They was married, if that's what you want to know, and they went to their ranch on the Little Missouri; but the ranch couldn't have been too much of a success, because they sold it inside of a year and went back to Topeka, which Cecil's father mostly owned. Wes Turpin got religion, and the last I heard of him he was gingering up the Gospel under the alias of the Cow-punching Evangelist -went to preaching with a gun belt and chaps on and got independent rich."

Mrs. Kane rolled together a pair of socks she had been darning and called Mr. Stegg's attention to them before bidding him good night. She paused at the door.

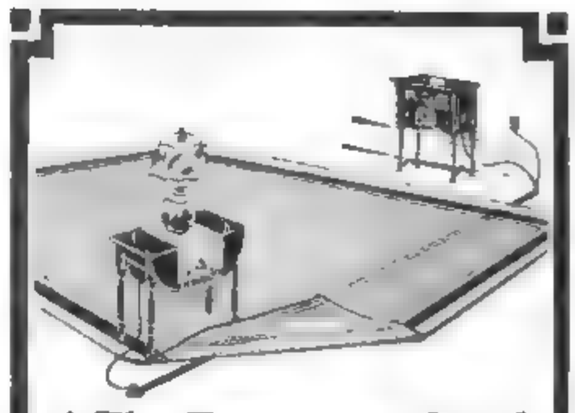
"Come now, Eileen. I want to know your light's out and you're in bed before I retire."

"I'll be up in a quarter of a half of a second," Eileen assured her. "I've just got a few more stitches." As her mother's footsteps creaked on the stairs, she put her mouth close to her great-uncle's ear and whispered: "Uncle Sam, darling, you're quite sure, ain't you, that it will be fine tomorrow after that red sky? Well, if you do go to town, and if you don't forget to ask for the mail, and there should be a letter for me, please, please slip it into your pocket separate and give it to me private and confidential; and if I seem glum and downhearted—because, you know, it's a world of sin and sorrow—and ma thinks it's because I'm disappointed at not getting a letter, don't tell her that you've given me one. You'll do that for me, won't you, darling dear?" She gave darling dear a quick tight hug and kissed him.

"Eileen!" called her mother.

"I'm coming right now," the girl called back; and gathering up her sewing, she ran for the stairs. She paused a moment to lay two fingers on her lips, enjoining secrecy, and then blew another kiss and disappeared. Mr. Stegg picked up the pipe that she had taken from his mouth and, assuring himself that it was still alight, smoked thoughtfully.

"'Red sky in the morning, shepherds take warning,'" he muttered. "Seems like to me this here lamb needs an eye kept on her."

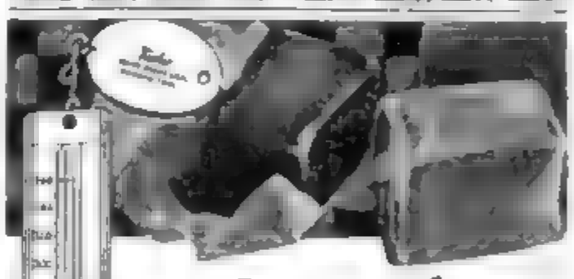


A Flat Extension Cord
that lies under the rug

DO you need an extra convenience outlet in your living room or dining room for a lamp, radio set, percolator, or toaster? The Belden Flat Floor Cord (with two outlets) solves your problem at surprisingly small cost. Just run the thin flat cord under your rug to any part of the room. That's all! No wiring—no fuss. And you have a convenience outlet at each end of the cord. There is no wear on the rug, and you can change the location of the outlets any time.

Made in several lengths.
Ask your dealer.

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2334 South Western Avenue, Chicago



Caramels

are made easily when a Taylor Candy Thermometer is used, and the same delicious results may be obtained time after time

Christmas Suggestion

These Candy Thermometers make excellent little gifts for wife or mother. Get them at your dealer's or we will send direct, safe delivery guaranteed, upon receipt of $2, plus 10¢ postage. Recipe Book free on request.

Taylor Instrument Companies
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Taylor Candy Thermometer

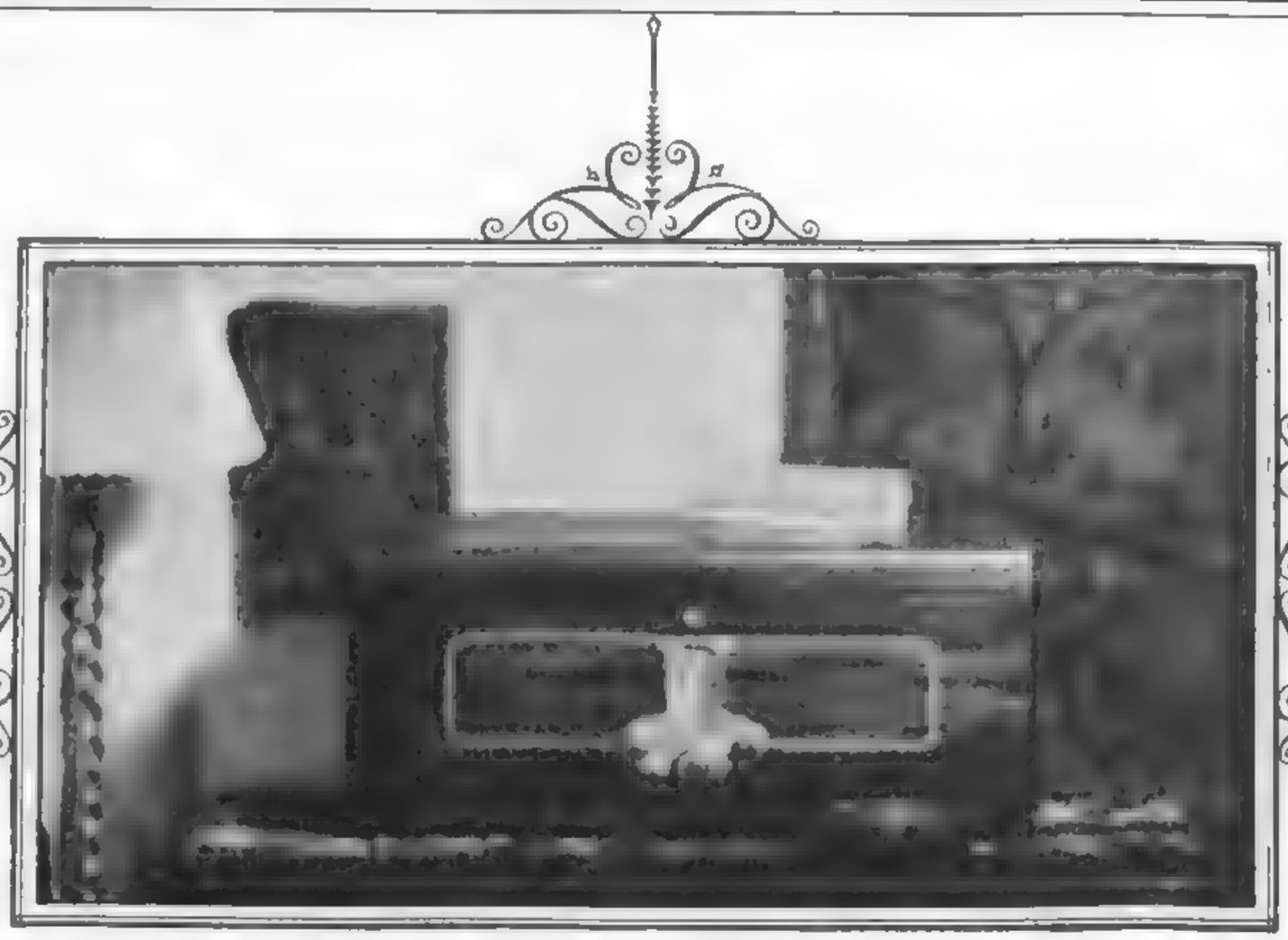
FASHION WELT
ENNA JETTICK Health Shoe
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide

"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."

You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot

Your dealer or Enna Jettick Shoes—Auburn, N.Y.
You'll Stride with Pride in Enna Jettick

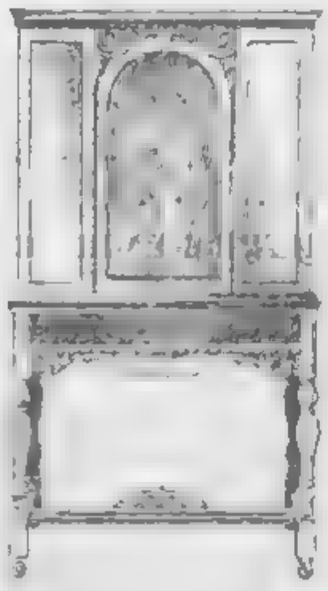


BOSCH RADIO

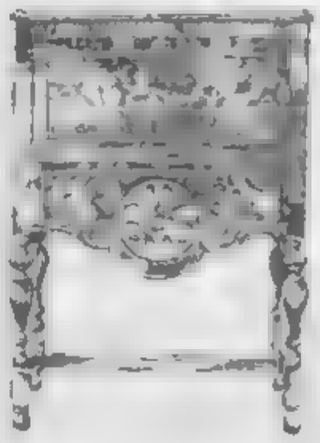
EXAMINE every detail of the precision construction and the newest engineering developments of the Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver and judge for yourself how well it merits the description—"the best in radio." Completely self-contained, with seven amplifying AC tubes and one power rectifying tube, this receiver has power penetration and volume without distortion. See and hear this Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver at the Bosch Radio Dealer's near you and see its unusual value at $132.50, less tubes.

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada—Bosch Radio licensed under Patents and Applications of R. C. A.—R. C. A. and Telephone

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS
Branches: New York Chicago San Francisco



Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing the console Model 28B specially designed for them with super-dynamic speaker and special high-power speaker supply. Console has swing doors beautifully cross-banded and veneered with Bosch Radio Dealers are offering this console 28B with super-dynamic speaker and special high-power speaker supply, less tubes. Bosch Radio Model 28 Receiver for $275 less tubes.



Authorized Bosch Radio Dealers are now showing specially designed console illustrated, with its fine selected and patterned woods, rich carvings and beautiful finish and are offering this console 28A with Standard Bosch Radio Speaker and the Model 28 Bosch Radio Receiver. Price $197.50 less tubes. Model 28B console model, with Dynamic Speaker is $237.50 less tubes

A TINTYPE OF THE FLASH AGE

(Continued from Page 23)

Forty-fourth Street clubhouse as it was possible to have. He would write his I O U for chips running into the thousands, repair with a croupier to the upstairs room where the single-end roulette table awaited action, and there the two would conduct a battle that lasted many times well into the next day, in the meantime only one other person entering the chamber, and that the negro servant who brought food and drink. Almost invariably the house won, but it never received cash or a check—always stocks or bonds or the deed to a piece of property somewhere in New York. This player never appeared in the open gaming rooms, and in the publicity that swirled about Canfield in the two years after Jerome raided the Forty-fourth Street place his name never got into the newspapers.

XXVII

NEW YORK at the turn of the century gave evidence physically of the new era of skyscrapers and rapid transit, but, politically, Tammany Hall still stood astride the city, and vice in all its unloveliness was in the saddle, and apparently meant to stay there.

The Elevated railroads were still using steam for motive power, but had started laying the electric third rail before the close of 1899. It was twenty-three days after Mayor Van Wyck had turned the first shovelful of earth in front of City Hall for the beginning of the Subway, on March twenty-fourth, that plans were announced for the Elevated's power house at Seventy-fourth Street and East River.

The upheaval of earth in token of the Subway was a mild affair compared to the upheaval of earlier in the month when the first real stirrings of the municipal campaign of 1901 got under way in exposures by newspapers of the viciousness of the Tenderloin. The unlovely pictures they painted seemed to prove that conditions in the city's sporting playground were worse than the Lexow committee and its successor, the Mazet committee of 1899, had found them.

On March seventh the Herald carried two stories of the Tenderloin that aroused some interest among the reform element generally, and showed the power arrayed against Jerome and those interested with him in putting the lid on the wide-open city. One of them related the fact that when a policeman tried to arrest bouncers at a disreputable music and dance hall after they had assaulted a patron, the manager of the café snapped his fingers at the policeman, saying:

"That for you and your chief! Go back to him and tell him that he cannot close my place, nor can he interfere. My pull is stronger than his."

The other story was an interview a reporter obtained with President Bernard J. York of the police board. In the course of an interrogation on what the police were doing to suppress gambling, York naïvely said:

"I hear that a man who has long been famous as a gambler has opened a most magnificent club just off Fifth Avenue, near Delmonico's, where he has invested $200,000 or thereabouts in fixings.

"I do not know if this is true, but if I had my way, I would find out. I am opposed to vice, as is every decent citizen, but even the president of the police board is sometimes fettered."

Of course he was talking about Canfield's.

The Herald regarded the first paragraph of York's statement as so important that it ran the words in boldface type.

There were repercussions from both stories the next day.

The manager of the music hall assured a reporter:

"Sure, I snapped my fingers in the copper's face and sent my regards to Chief Devery. What do I care for him? I'm running inside the law, ain't I? Besides, I pay enough for protection. The men who are behind me are big enough to put Devery and York out of office at the same time. I care for none of them. Men come here to spend their money. If they are robbed, they will be ready to go home to their families all the earlier, won't they? So much the better, then. Men should stay home, where they belong, or not kick if they are robbed."

When York elaborated on his statement concerning Canfield's, saying that if he got evidence he might go over the captains' heads and get action against the big gambling houses, the Herald quoted a man said to be close to the administration:

So Barney York says he will clear the Tenderloin if he is furnished information, does he? Well, do you know what will happen to him if he attempts it? It will be another case of Hamlet and the gravedigger, with some gambler-politician to fondle the police president's official skull as he remarks, "Alas, poor York, I knew him well."

You never hear of Commissioner Sexton making foolish remarks like that. We control the police and the office of the district attorney as well, and no power this side of election can close New York.

There was no reply to this, but when the café manager's challenge was given to York and Chief Devery, York said with a sad smile "I don't believe he said it;" and Devery, "I ain't afraid of nothin' that goes on two legs and violates the law." But neither did anything.

On that same morning, March ninth, the Times, which had been quietly working on the matter of Tenderloin vice, aroused the town with an amazing story that told in detail how every kind and degree of illegal traffic had its price, having paid which, it was allowed to run without interference. The Times said this tax of the underworld was paid to a gambling commission composed of a commissioner in one of the city departments—but not police—two state senators and the dictator of the pool-room syndicate of the city. These men set the prices for the various concessions, meeting in the apartment of one of its members at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway, the newspaper said. The total of the graft the Times estimated at $3,095,000 a year. This sum it arrived at as follows:

400 pool rooms @ $300 a month	$1,440,000
500 crap games @ $150 a month	900,000
200 small gambling houses @ $150 a month	360,000
20 large gambling houses @ $1000 a month	240,000
50 envelope games @ $50 a month	30 00
Policy	125 000
	$3,095,000

The 200 gambling houses in the piker class, the Times asserted, nearly all had layouts for roulette, sweat, klondike, craps, red and black, and faro. The big houses, such as Canfield's, Daly's, Kelly's and Dave Johnson's, paid $1000. Six of them also gave up part of their earnings to one of the state senators and the gambling commissioner. When Daly, in times gone by, said the Times story, had a monopoly of the swell business, he gave up as much as $100,000 a year not to be molested. "As he never was—he did not pay in vain."

Evidently the Times' informant was the proprietor of one of the large houses, for the story represented the big fellows as being put out because the commission handed out licenses promiscuously. It appeared that applications were considered in the order in which they were made, an "introduction fee" of $300 being necessary with the application. The police captain of the applicant's district reported to this unofficial gambling commission on the would-be licensee's ability to pay regularly. The proprietors of the old-established houses were hoping, the article stated, that there would be a crash and that after a short period of lying low they might resume business under better terms.

Continued on Page 169

Here's a Man's Gift that Says "Merry Christmas —and Many of Them!"

UNDER the glow of Christmas candles, almost *any* gift will give him a thrill. But a few weeks later, what will he think of *your* gift? It will pile up thrill upon thrill if you send him a subscription for

The Saturday Evening Post

$2 for 52 issues (*Canada $3*)

Just as more than 2,800,000 other readers find pleasure and profit in The Post, so will the men folks on your Christmas list. For The Post is a man's gift—a gift that virtually says "Merry Christmas" 52 times a year.

Do your Christmas shopping now, without the bother of shopping, wrapping, mailing. Hand your order to one of our authorized representatives or send it to the address below. A handy form will be found in subscription copies of this issue.

To each person whom you so remember we will send, in your name, the brilliant announcement card pictured below, to arrive in the Christmas mail

A Gift for Women

The Ladies' Home Journal

$1 the year

A Gift for Country Folks

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For foreign prices see each publication

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Here's that Amazing

Automatic Toaster

Everybody is talking about

The World's *Only* Toaster That You Needn't Watch!

No Watching, No Turning, No More Burnt Toast!

Everywhere you go, you see it; this unique toaster that works itself—automatically.

All you do is slip in a slice of bread, set a little indicator at the Exact kind of toast you want—and forget it.

Soon you hear a "pop!" You look over, and there on the top—automatically discharged—is your toast; Just The Kind you ordered!

No other toaster in the world does what the Toastmaster does. *It has already supplanted old-type toasters in over 260,000 homes.*

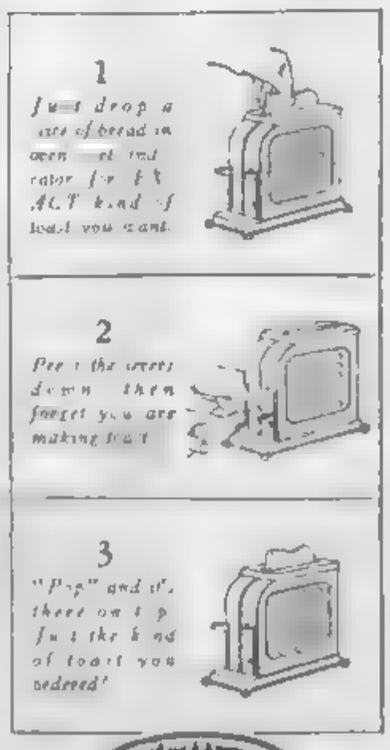
No matter if you already have one or five electric toasters in your home, you'll want this one. People everywhere are shelving their old toasters for it.

Called TOASTMASTER—*U. S. Patented*

Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster like it. There are hundreds of toasters that you have to watch; hundreds that burn toast if not watched. But just One that works itself—automatically.

It toasts both sides at once. And thus gives the superlative in toast.

It absolutely runs itself, even to turning off its own current when your toast is done. *So it can't burn toast. You can leave the room while it's working.*


1
Just drop a slice of bread in open slot and color for EXACT kind of toast you want.
2
Press the levers down—then forget you are making toast.
3
"Pop" and it's there on top, just the kind of toast you ordered!

Good Housekeeping Institute

An Ideal Christmas Gift—Where to See It

If you need a toaster or not, see it. If you want to give a toaster for Christmas buy no old-type toaster before you see the Toastmaster.

Displayed by Electric Light Companies, Department Stores and Electric Shops everywhere in the United States, Canada, and most foreign countries. See one operate. You will want one, just as everybody else does. Waters-Genter Company, 231 North Second St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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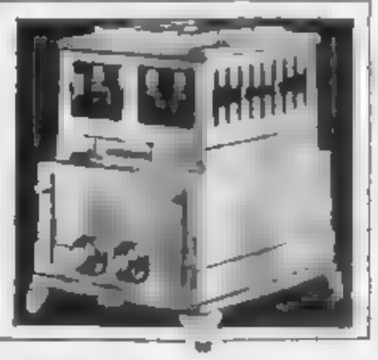
Proved to be a big profit maker for Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals, Cafeterias, Coffee and Sandwich Shops. Over 25,000 now in daily use. Made in three sizes—3-slice, 4-slice, 8-slice. A post card brings full details without obligation.



TOASTMASTER

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

(Continued from Page 167)

When President York was shown the charges of the Times he was dumfounded. He said the police had investigated alleged gaming places and had found no evidence.

"Take, for instance, the pool rooms," he said. "Every evidence of criminal business might be removed in a minute."

"But," the reporter queried, "what of the gambling houses fitted up with a deal of costly apparatus—Canfield's place, for instance?"

"Canfield's?" said York musingly. "Let me see, that's the place in Forty-fourth Street, is it not?"

"That's the locality," said the reporter.

"Then again, most of these places are run as private clubs," said Mr. York. "That makes them hard to get at."

"But the police or the detectives ought to be able to get in as private citizens, ought they not?"

"Certainly," said Mr. York.

"And you would not advise the police to visit or raid them with flying banners or a brass band, would you?" was asked.

"I certainly would not," said Mr. York, "and there will be no investigations made in that way."

By way of explanation of what Canfield's place was, the Times said:

The gambling house of George [sic] Canfield . . . has lately been established in Forty-fourth Street, near Delmonico's. It is the finest place of its kind in this country, if not in the world, and the nightly play there is enormous. It draws its patrons from the wealthiest men in the country, and while it is not hard for a man whose appearance denotes a fair measure of affluence to pass its portals, the shoestring gambler does not long remain its guest.

The entire big brownstone house is fitted throughout with extreme magnificence. The rarest Eastern carpets are upon its floors and masterpieces of art adorn its walls. The furniture, consisting mainly of divans and davenports, are marvels of beauty and luxuriousness.

The gaming room on the second floor extends the length and width of the house and is a noble hall in proportions. In it are the most elaborate gambling layouts in this country, consisting of roulette wheels, faro tables, baccarat tables and rouge et noir. Baccarat, faro and roulette are the principal games, and at times and for certain players the limit is absolutely removed.

Not long ago a certain well-known banker of this city, for whose benefit the limit is removed and who has been a patron of Canfield in this city and at the Saratoga club, left his check for $75,000 with Canfield as the result of one night's play.

Servants throughout the house attend to the wants of the players and the place is conducted much like one of the most exclusive clubs. Entertainment is free to the guests. The costliest dishes—game, pâtés and the rarest wines—are served throughout the night. Everything is conducted with the utmost decorum. There are no loud words or heated arguments, all such being quietly but firmly stopped at their incipiency. A fair slice of Canfield's profits finds its way regularly into the pocket of one of the senatorial members of the gambling commission.

In an editorial appearing that same morning, the Times asserted that the greater part of protection money was divided between Democratic and Republican politicians. A reporter for the paper quoted "a big gambler" as saying:

After all, I believe this scare will do most of us who have been in business a long time a lot of good. It will drive the pikers out of business, for if some show of making a cleaning out of these places is made, only the small fry will be sacrificed. Wait and see if the little fish don't suffer.

When things quiet down a bit the old places will go on as usual, for they will always be open no matter how much reform you have in New York. . . . Do all the hammering you like for a while. It will do the "boys" a lot of good.

The fat was in the fire and the newspaper reporters went to interview people who might have an inkling of what was what in gambling circles. One Tammany leader had his answer ready.

"I'm one of those few men," he said, "who never was in a gambling house in my life. I never saw a game of roulette or of faro in my life. I don't know anything about them."

"And of the gambling commission?" the reporter gently insisted.

"I don't know anything about it. I don't think there is anything of the kind in New York. New York is the cleanest city in the United States. It is cleaner than any little hamlet."

The "dictator of the pool-room syndicate," who, for the purposes of the interview, was allowed to remain temporarily anonymous, had this to offer:

"Don't ask me to talk for publication. My hands are in the air. Isn't the city prosperous? Was money ever so plentiful as now? Why are we attacked in this manner?"

With the newspapers pounding the administration, John F. Carroll, leader of Tammany Hall in Croker's absence, ordered the pool rooms to close. Those of James A. Mahoney, numbering about 130, obeyed. Not so Frank Farrell's places. Devery would protect him, Farrell knew. Mahoney was losing $8000 each day his pool rooms were closed, and at the end of forty-eight hours, after he had threatened to cable Croker, the word went out that he might reopen. His headquarters in Forty-second Street, between Lexington and Third avenues, at once resumed business, and the branches in Manhattan and the other boroughs, in Jersey City and suburban towns of Jersey and Westchester County, began taking in the money.

XXVIII

ON THE night of March ninth the town was just as wide open as it had been every week-day night for months past, but the next night, Saturday, when profits would certainly have been big, policy shops, gambling houses and disorderly houses all were closed. When a Times reporter sought to learn from various officials why the gambling places in particular had by someone's ukase shut up shop, they all with one accord began to dodge. Van Wyck never talked for newspaper publication. York was tired of seeing his name in the paper. Gardiner was tired of being misquoted. John F. Carroll, leader of Tammany in the absence of Croker, was tired of being accused of any connection with vice, and Chief Devery:

"I don't know nothin' about gamblin', and I won't say nothin' appertainin' to or touchin' on them matters. All them complaints which has came to me has been investigated—that's all."

On its editorial page in the issue of March thirteenth the Times addressed itself to the district attorney. After saying that it did not expect much action against the gamblers by "the author of that noble sentiment, 'To Hell With Reform,'" it launched a tirade against the organization back of him:

That Tammany should really be in favor of purifying New York by enforcing the laws against vice and crime is a contradiction in terms. It would denote that Tammany was going out of business by suicide. Tammany is simply a partnership with vice and crime to which its contribution is "protection" and in which its share of the profits is blackmail. It has made a covenant with death and with hell it is in agreement. When its leader pretends to be in favor of destroying its livelihood, he simply means that the case is strong and that it will be necessary to keep quiet until the danger has blown over. He even finds it necessary, for the time being, to acquiesce in this shutting up of the gambling places and the consequent shutting off of so much of the revenues of the organization.

The gaming places now began to reopen—cautiously at first, but soon with the old abandon. When the courts upheld the stopping of music in disreputable resorts on the ground that they had no concert-hall licenses, the police refused to allow music in Delmonico's, Sherry's and other places, but quickly yielded when the newspapers assailed their position.

For eight successive days, beginning with its March sixteenth issue, the Times addressed an editorial "To His Honor the Mayor," calling Van Wyck's attention to the fact that its charges of the existence of a gambling commission had not been controverted and asking him to remove a member of a city department who was on the commission. In one of these editorials, after telling the mayor that he himself was "at the head of a brazen-faced and powerful gang of blackguards and blackmailers," it went on:

You have the power to break up and destroy utterly this alliance of crime and corruption. Why don't you do it? Is there anywhere in your cowed and trembling soul the courage of a mouse left?

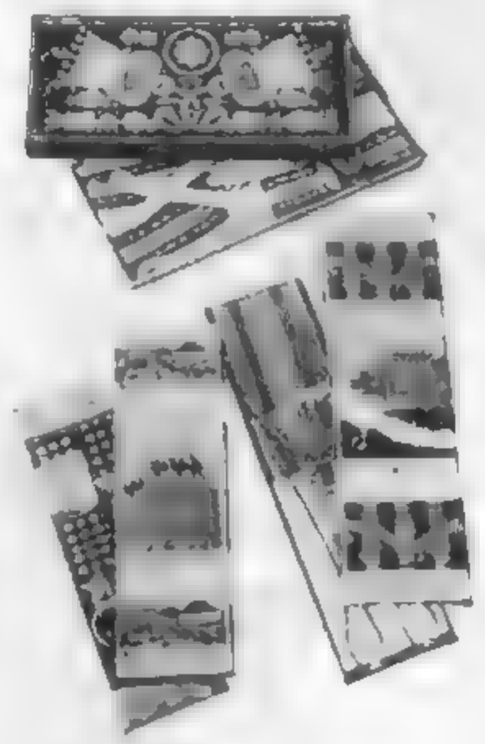
Doctor Parkhurst, viewing the situation as a whole, felt it was good that things were going from bad to worse, because there would be better chances for a reaction against the Van Wyck brand of administration. He placed full responsibility for the plight of the city on the shoulders of Platt and the Republican machine which had injected Tracy into the campaign of 1897.

In the midst of the furor over wide-open gambling, Richard A. Canfield arrived in New York on the Hamburg-American liner Fuerst Bismarck. He had had a pleasant visit with Whistler in England and had traveled over France and to Monte Carlo, where he gave a practical demonstration of how to make money as a customer by quitting when he was $25,000 ahead. John Delahunty, his lawyer, met him at the pier and they drove in a hansom cab to the Forty-fourth Street place, where, at his leisure, Canfield scanned the day's papers. The Herald carried on its first news page a picture of his house, with one of his faithful servitors posing all unconsciously as look-out at the door.

Stories of lawsuits, police shake-ups, raids by Judge Jerome and Anthony Comstock—nothing mattered for the rest of 1900. When a prominent merchant failed for close to $1,000,000, canceled checks made out to Canfield and Bucklin totaling $19,335 were found among his papers. The receiver brought suit against Canfield and Bucklin, hoping to recover triple damages, but the

The Interior of a New York Gambling Club After a Police Raid

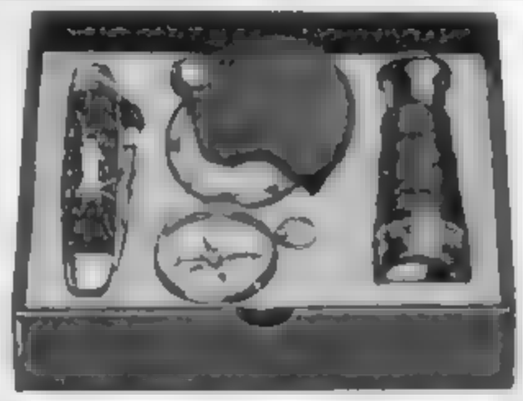
Tops thoughtful GIFT LISTS!



PREFERRED by smartly dressed men, approved by fashionable tailors, suspenders are enormously popular today. And President Suspenders—in a wide variety of designs and styles—afford a versatile appeal for the most discriminating giver or recipient.

The President Sliding Cord, unusually comfortable—the English Style in tasteful colors—the popular Cross Back—the long-wearing Police—every style backed by the President guarantee of absolute satisfaction. President Suspender Co., Shirley, Mass.

President Suspenders



New Outing Kit $5.00

A gift for every man and boy

Six Power Pocket Telescope to observe distant objects with ease and clearness.
Sport Knife with sturdy cutting blade, screw-driver, reamer, bottle and can opener, is an outdoor necessity
Reliable Compass, pocket size, is indispensable on land or sea
Pocket Magnifier that is always useful.

At your dealer's, or direct, postpaid, $5.00

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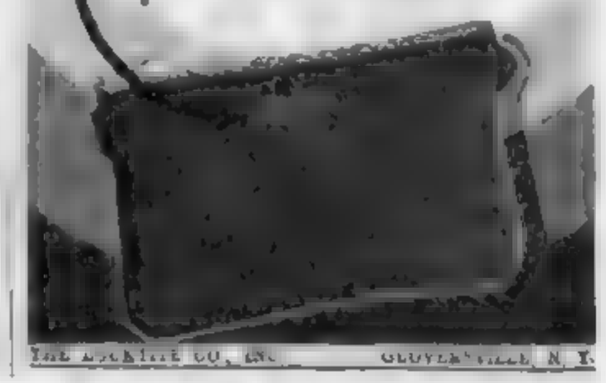
859 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE NAME
"Locktite"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

On Tobacco Pouches and Cigarette Cases. Only genuine Locktites have Talon Hookless Fasteners.

$1.00 to $7.50.



THE LOCKTITE CO., INC. GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

case got nowhere. And just about the same thing happened to Canfield's St. Louis case. The court appointed a special commissioner to take depositions, and the suit dragged along until December nineteenth, when Canfield withdrew it and paid the costs.

The only gain the reformers were able to chalk up at the end of the year was the removal of District Attorney Gardiner in mid-December by Governor Roosevelt on charges growing out of statements issued just before the presidential election which Roosevelt held had been perilous to a fair election. The governor named Eugene A. Philbin, an independent Democrat, to the place.

XXIX

LATE in 1900, with the municipal election nearly a year off, the Citizens Committee of Fifteen, which had been operating in a rather desultory manner, began making raids on gambling and disorderly houses. The committee, organized by the Chamber of Commerce, was in search of information that New York was really wicked; and though officials and detectives of the Parkhurst and Comstock societies could have given all the information needed, the Fifteen chose to see for themselves.

William Travers Jerome, who had been a judge of Special Sessions in New York since the reform administration of 1895, accompanied detectives of the Committee of Fifteen on their raids and held summary court on the premises. Jerome had been an assistant to John W. Goff in prosecuting the Lexow inquiry in 1894 and was to make a name for himself as a vigorous district attorney of New York County over a period of eight years.

Tammany answered the Committee of Fifteen by organizing its own Committee of Five, which started later than and finished before its boiled-shirt rivals, but conducted its investigations informally; and save for a broadside its chairman, Lewis Nixon, delivered at Devery, whom Van Wyck was to describe as "the best chief of police New York ever had," it raised no ripples. When it gave up the ghost in March, Devery was no longer chief of police.

On January 10, 1901, Jerome, in his Court of Special Sessions, had made the statement that gambling was going on every night at Canfield's. Captain Lantry, of the East Fifty-first Street Station, whose precinct had the responsibility for any gambling being done in East Forty-fourth Street, replied through the press that with the help of Canfield's neighbors he had investigated the reports and that there positively was no gambling going on. Canfield, he said, was in Europe, and two negroes, a man and a woman, were the sole inhabitants of the place. The Tenderloin gamblers laughed at this statement. Canfield was in New York, all right, and gambling was going on, though it was confined to a dozen of the dyed-in-the-wool regulars. After Canfield left for Europe in the middle of February, play was carried on only spasmodically.

The legislature, on appeal from Republicans in New York, backed by independent Democrats, now passed the Stranahan bill, which provided for abolition of the police board of four and of the office of chief of the department, vesting the authority in a single commissioner appointed by the mayor. Governor Odell signed the bill on the morning of February twenty-second. Before four o'clock that afternoon Van Wyck had appointed Col. Michael C. Murphy, up to that moment president of the Health Board, commissioner of police. Murphy at once named Devery his first deputy.

The town interpreted this move as a thumb-at-nose answer to the reformers and the legislature, particularly since Murphy declared that his first deputy would have exactly the same authority as he had hitherto enjoyed, except that he would not be allowed to make transfers in the department on his own initiative. Van Wyck put one of the erstwhile commissioners, Sexton, in Murphy's old job, and soon Ex-President York was named second deputy police commissioner. Murphy promised that vice in all its forms would be attacked by the police with vigor, and there was a disposition to give him a chance to tilt at the vice windmill. The colonel had been a member of the County Democracy, was a late convert to the Tammany ranks and had served on the Tammany Committee of Five, which was now preparing to wind up its affairs. He was a Civil War veteran and had taken a leading part in the Fenians' attempt on Canada.

On March second Murphy let it be known that there positively was no gambling going on at Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street, that one of his detectives had been able to gain admission to the place and had found the tables covered with dust cloths, which convinced the police commissioner at least that no play had been in progress there for weeks.

Eight days later the Herald printed a map of Manhattan designating locations of 91 gambling houses and 139 pool rooms. The map had been furnished by Lewis Nixon, chairman of the Tammany Committee of Five, which had finished its work but was yet to issue a formal report. Commissioner Murphy shook up the police force simultaneously with the publication of the map, transferring several captains and subordinate officers. It was revealed that Nixon had sent a cablegram to Croker in England while the committee was conducting its investigation, protesting at Devery's retention on the force and saying that he could no longer continue with the committee unless Devery were forced out. Croker's answer had caused the wind-up of the committee's work.

"I am sorry that you have taken this position. Devery cannot retire in the face of the attacks made by our enemies. If he has been guilty of a crime, let them convict him. When that is done I will be one of the first to help throw him out."

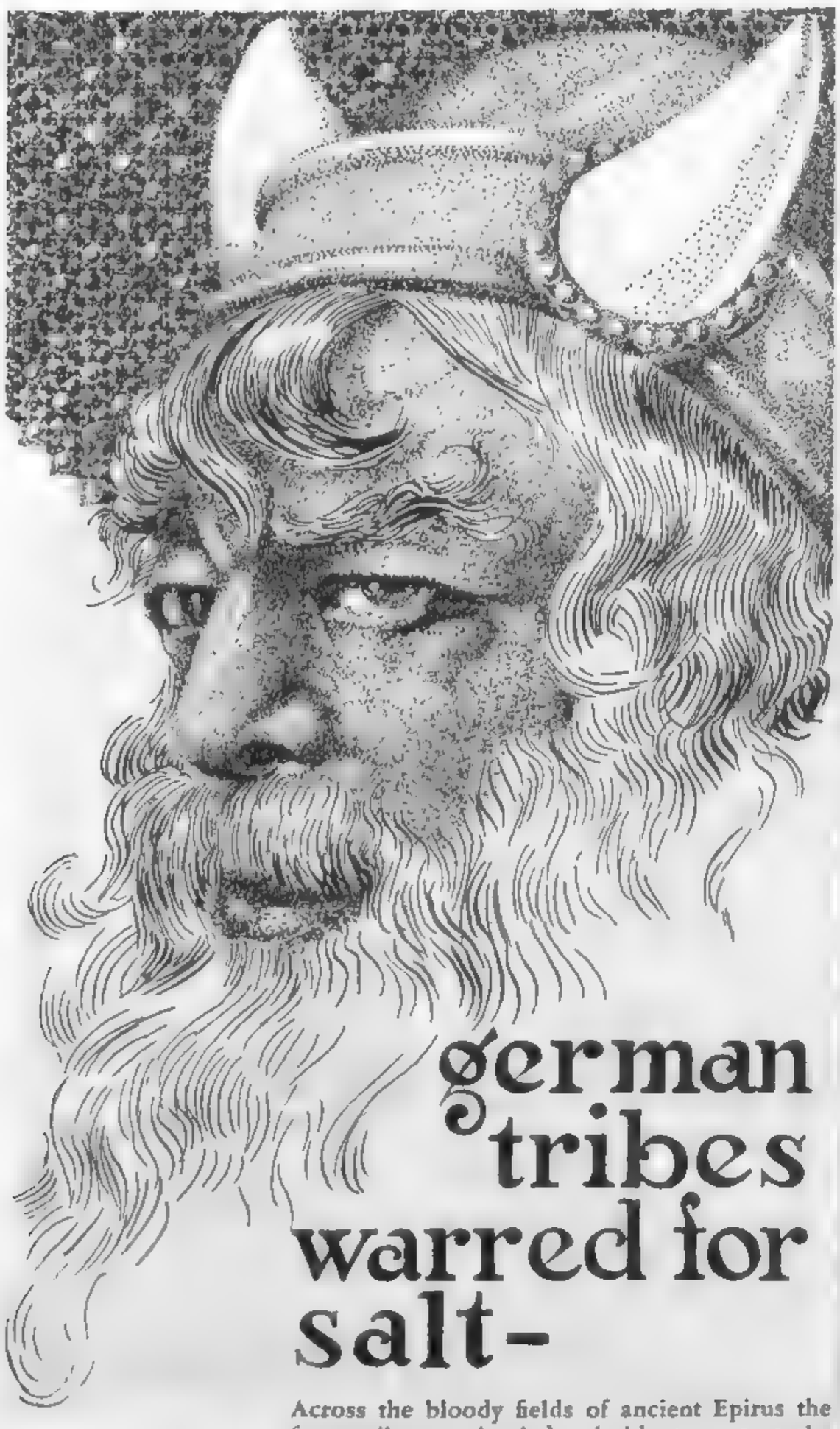
When Jerome seemed doubtful that Canfield's was really closed up, and took occasion to assure his court room that there wasn't a single square gambler in New York—no, neither Canfield nor anyone else—Colonel Murphy sent another detective to Canfield's. In the hallway he came to grips with a negro servant who, mistaking him for a burglar, scuffled with him and fired a shot at him which luckily went wild. Upon subduing the servant, the detective entered the house and satisfied himself that no gambling was going on.

Platt meanwhile had been persuaded by some upstate Republicans that the party had a wonderful political opportunity in the police situation in the city. He sent his son Frank to Albany with a message to Governor Odell that a bill which would allow the governor to name the police head in New York would be passed by the legislature. Odell was warned by young Platt that if he valued his political future he would sign such a bill.

The governor was ambitious politically. Two New York governors had reached the White House in recent years. Platt was powerful. But the proposal was repugnant to him. He flatly refused to advocate it and told young Platt he would veto it if it passed the legislature. Platt backed down, New York City was allowed to run its own police department and Odell served another term as governor.

The Committee of Fifteen, sometimes in evening clothes and operating with the University Club as a base, continued to make raids, with Jerome going along to help out, and accepting bail from whatever prisoners might be corralled in the dives which were visited. Occasionally the quarry had fled when the raiders arrived, and on one occasion, when a projected raid on the Haymarket failed, it was established that a couple of detectives from the near-by West Thirtieth Street Police Station had given warning to the proprietor of what was coming. The newspapers were not at all backward in saying that Big Tim Sullivan was responsible for this dereliction, and further charged that the detectives of the Fifteen

(Continued on Page 173)



german tribes warred for salt-

Across the bloody fields of ancient Epirus the fierce tribesmen battled to hold, at any cost, the banks of the salty streams—for to them that was holy ground—making prayers effective—making powerful those who tasted the sacred waters.

Water Gods are no more—but salt is known in its true value. Tempting to the appetite, invigorating to the body—and at its best, we believe, when made as pure as Mulkey makes it.

Sold by Careful Grocers

MULKEY SALT COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan - Lafayette, Louisiana

Makers of Bakers' Salt, 3 B Butter Salt, Meat Packers' Salt, Water Softener Salt, Free Running Table Salt, Jack Frost Table Salt and Mulkey's Iodine Salt.

MULKEY'S SALT

Let a Winged Minstrel of Christmas Joy

sing Carols in your home throughout the year

THE first Christmas carols were sung over the Judean hills by winged messengers of Joy and Love. Why not invite a little living feathered guest into your home this year to greet you with joyous carols not only on Christmas morning, but on through the year?

The gift of a living golden songster in a colorful Hendryx bird-home will find favor with everyone in the home from grandfather to the newest arrival in the nursery.

Mother will rejoice because a Hendryx bird-home brings a decorative note of distinction into her rooms, while the children will learn a new understanding of pets from the daily care of their feathered guest.

Just be sure that the name "Hendryx" is on the cage you buy, for only the best of living quarters will insure the health and comfort of your winged guest. Charming new Hendryx designs will be shown you at your nearest pet shop, hardware, house-furnishings or department store, florist or seed store. Priced from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

Free: A charming booklet, "The Feathered Philosopher," illustrated in color, will be sent free upon request, to you and to any friends whose names you send us. You will enjoy this story of what a little canary taught people about life, cheerfulness, happiness and love. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 82 Audubon Street, New Haven, Conn.

In the Bird Store

"Joy, joy, joy in the world," trilled the Littlest Bird so lustily that the feathers stood out on his neck like a ruff. "Why so much about joy on this gloomy morning?" chirped the Wise Old Bird. "Oh, I am practising a Christmas carol, for Old Santa just told me that he is going to give me to a dear little girl for Christmas."

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES

Since 1906

Handsome "Thermos" Bakelite Jug
Set made of moulded Bakelite—with a remarkable mirror-like finish which is impervious to alcohol and fruit acid stains. It retains its high polish without attention and will not discolor from use. In natural wood finishes—mahogany, walnut and maple—and also in jade green with ebony and gold. Quart jug with sliding tray and two exquisite fluted [illegible] glasses.

In Jade Green, Mahogany, Walnut or Maple—complete $[illegible]
In Ebony and gold finish (handle and stopper gold plated) $12.50

UNIQUE GIFTS

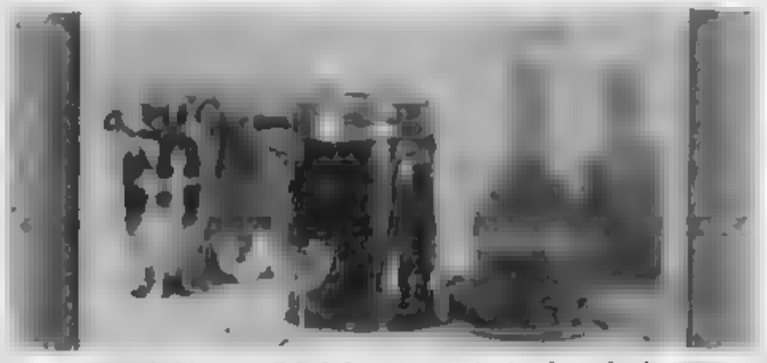
that earn grateful remembrance for their givers

THE fortunate person to whom you send one of these exquisite "Thermos" Gifts this Christmas will think of you, gratefully, every day in the year—and for years to come. Long after Christmas, 1928, has become a hazy memory, "Thermos" will continue to bestow its constant gift of fresh beverages—when and where they are wanted—*cold* without ice and *hot* without fire.

Your "Thermos" dealer has a wide variety of "Thermos" Gifts for you to choose from—"Thermos" pint and quart bottles ranging in price from $1.00 up—jug sets with tray and glasses, nickel plated, silver plated, and in lovely colors, coffee pots, ice jars, food jars, luncheon kits, picnic kits and elaborate motor kits. If your dealer is unable to show you just what you want send your order direct to us, with remittance, giving us your dealer's name, and we will see that prompt delivery is made.

This exclusive "Thermos" silver jug set in pure Colonial design, rare beauty of line and finish, with silver tray.

No. [illegible] Quart capacity $45.00
No. [illegible] Pint capacity [illegible]



A wonderful "Thermos" Gift for a man—this handsome [illegible] plying ice cubes or cracked ice in the living room, library [illegible] —keeps ice perfectly for many hours—complete [illegible]

No. 822, Gallon capacity, in apple green or mahogany [illegible]
No. 821, Half gallon capacity, in apple green or mahogany [illegible]

Here is a beautiful "Thermos" Coffee Pot that keeps the [illegible] hot and fresh to the last drop. [illegible] an Urn design with embossed border [illegible] silver-plated, Butler finish. Four-cup capacity

No. 43 [illegible]
No. 45 Colonial Design [illegible]

"Thermos" is made *only* by the founders of the industry in America

THERMOS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Canadian Prices on Application

The American Thermos Bottle Co., 366 Madison Ave., New York City
In Canada: Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto
Norwich, Conn. Huntington, W. Va. Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

(Continued from Page 170)

were frequently bought up, as were those of the Parkhurst society.

Canfield returned from England in mid-April to find the World claiming that he had a couple of times broken the bank at Monte Carlo and another newspaper proclaiming that a Pittsburgh millionaire had dropped $50,000 in a night's play at Number 5 East Forty-fourth Street. Honest John Kelly's brokerage house had just failed, and Kelly was out $150,000.

The Committee of Fifteen and the Republicans and independent Democrats who were responsible for its formation were now at loggerheads, some vigorous critics declaring the committee was merely stirring up a hornets' nest without getting anywhere. The committee itself was divided on the practicability of continuing the spectacular raids which Jerome and John McCullagh, state superintendent of elections and Devery's predecessor as chief of police, were staging. At the end of February, while detectives of the committee were awaiting the word in the gambling house of Albert Hallenbeck, Number 107 West Forty-fifth Street, Mrs. Hallenbeck came downstairs and stopped the gambling with the announcement that her husband had just died. The incident, small in itself, caused a renewal of criticism. There was talk that the committee was playing favorites. And why didn't it raid Canfield's?

One of the most vigorous of the critics of the raids was John D. Crimmins, an independent Democrat, who was considered a possibility as the fusion candidate for mayor the next fall.

Senator Sullivan was riding the tide now. Fifty of his friends, including the acting leader of Tammany, John F. Carroll, paid $150 apiece to toast him at a dinner at the Hoffman House. They presented him with a silver souvenir six feet high. The menu was in impeccable French and the favors, silver statuettes of the senator, cost $50 each. Big Tim led the diners in singing the old Hoyt favorite, The Bowery, and Frank Farrell and Carroll assured him that he was the finest fellow in the world.

xxx

THE Times that summer printed a story that "a senator" had collected $350 from each of 411 pool rooms in the city the preceding spring on the pretext that the money would be spent in killing in the senate a bill which made it a misdemeanor for a telephone or telegraph company to furnish information on racing to keepers of pool rooms or other gambling resorts. The bill had passed the assembly when the collection was made. How the $143,850 collected was distributed nobody seemed to know, but the bill failed to pass the senate.

Jerome's detectives and those of the Committee of Fifteen had been getting under Chief Devery's skin, and whenever he had the opportunity to discredit the work of the reformers he did so. When a policeman who had been languishing three months in jail for nonsupport of his young children came before the deputy chief in May for the formality of being dropped from the force, his lawyer mentioned the fact that Judge Jerome had had a hand in sending the policeman to prison.

"Judge Jerome, eh?" bellowed Devery. "This complaint's dismissed. There's a lot of tin soldiers runnin' around this town with popguns on their shoulders, shootin' them off in the streets and raisin' riot and rebellion and degradin' the whole—the whole community. It's an outrage. Judge Jerome ain't goin' to run this town if I kin help it. [Wild applause from the policemen in Devery's court.] It's about time a halt was called."

Early in August there was an explosion to set the town by the ears over the gambling conditions in a confession by two men formerly in the pay of the Parkhurst society that they were now employed by the gamblers and were bribing detectives of the various reform bodies to tip off the gambling houses in advance of raids. The sensation caused the political pot to boil. The Republican machine, mindful of the obloquy heaped upon it for its misdeeds of 1897, speaking through Platt promised to support any candidate the fusion forces might decide to oppose to Tammany. The Hall was itself looking around for a candidate, since the scandals of Van Wyck's administration made it impossible for him to continue. Out of fifteen men whom a committee of citizens selected as potential nominees for mayor on the fusion ticket, Seth Low, who had been the Independent Republican nominee in 1897, was chosen. He had been president of Columbia College since 1890. This job he now gave up and with Jerome, who was running for the district attorneyship, made a vigorous campaign that emphasized the administration's alliance with vice.

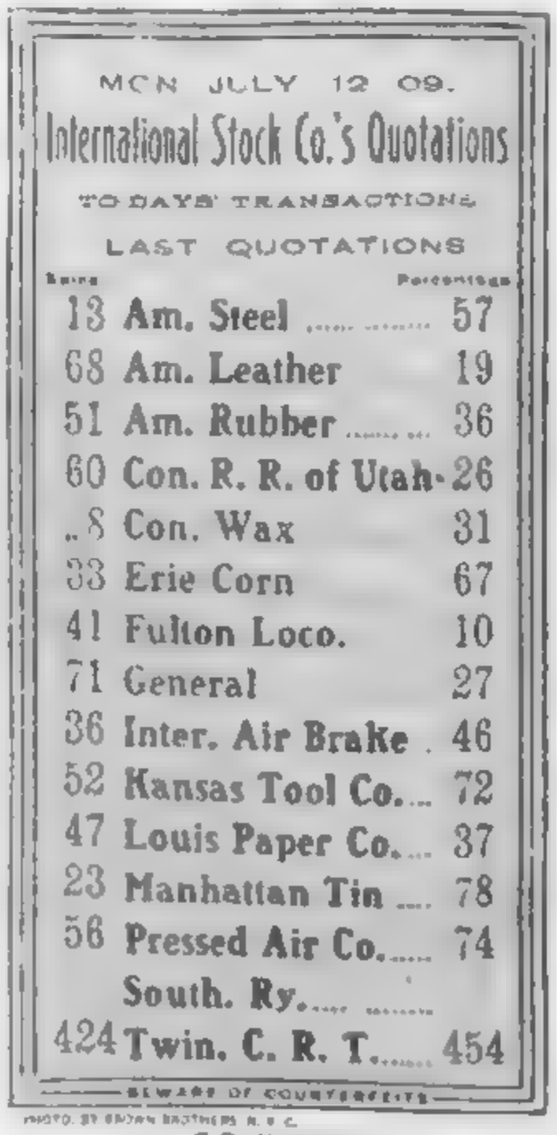
They talked in every borough and several times a day for weeks before the election. Low pilloried the Van Wyck administration and ridiculed Edward M. Shepard, his opponent, who four years before as well as just before accepting the nomination had been opposed to Tammany.

Jerome paid his respects to Canfield several times during the campaign. When he was heckled about the East Forty-fourth Street place he promised it would not do business long after he was elected. And a couple of weeks before the election he quoted Canfield as saying to a friend that if he could get police protection he didn't have to pay so much for, he wouldn't have a double zero in addition to the single zero carried by the Monte Carlo roulette wheels.

One of the handbooks of the campaign, entitled Touchin' on an' Appertainin' to Mr. Deputy Commissioner Devery, set forth the history of the vice syndicate which for a price protected those engaged in illicit enterprises. Carrying the story up to 1901, it went on:

> The combine took to licensing gambling houses, pool rooms and disorderly houses. So many gambling houses were opened that there was not business enough to go around. The gamblers complained that the percentage of profits and the extras demanded by the combine were too high. They began cheating and using brace games. In disorderly houses women began to rob their patrons. In known instances women who were low, but not thieves, were told that if they would add stealing to their other wrongdoing they could increase their own revenue and keep up with the demands made upon them by the police for money. Protection from prosecution was promised and given.

Scanning the two-column scrapbook of the New York Public Library, carrying cartoons


MCN JULY 12 09.

International Stock Co.'s Quotations

TO DAYS' TRANSACTIONS

LAST QUOTATIONS

Shares		Percentage
13	Am. Steel	57
68	Am. Leather	19
51	Am. Rubber	36
60	Con. R. R. of Utah	26
8	Con. Wax	31
33	Erie Corn	67
41	Fulton Loco.	10
71	General	27
36	Inter. Air Brake	46
52	Kansas Tool Co.	72
47	Louis Paper Co.	37
23	Manhattan Tin	78
56	Pressed Air Co.	74
	South. Ry.	
424	Twin. C. R. T.	454

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS N. Y. C.

A Policy Slip

dealing with the police department in 1900 and 1901, one comes to feel that here was, indeed, a body of men whose business it was to plunder rather than protect the people. Those in authority, there can be no question, were in league with the gambling-house keepers and the proprietors of bawdy houses; and if the lower officers and the patrolmen wanted to keep out of trouble, they had to wink at violations of law countenanced by their superiors while pouncing upon those who failed to pay. One sees cartoons and photographs of Jerome holding court in gambling dens he raided with outside help while the police were desperately trying to tip off the law violators. He sees pictures of people who are identified as the receivers of the swag, maps showing location of gambling houses, pool rooms, policy shops and houses of ill fame the police had for years carried on their books as "suspicious places" while making no attempt to verify the "suspicions" that everybody knew were only too well founded. It is not too much to say that despite the efforts of Comstock, Parkhurst, Jerome and their allies, the town was wider open than at any time before or since.

New York believed Jerome and Low the first Tuesday in November. Manhattan and the Bronx gave Low a majority of 6000 over Shepard, and in the five boroughs the fusion candidate led by 31,000. Jerome beat Ullman, the Tammany nominee, who had been an assistant of the discredited Asa Bird Gardiner, by 18,000 votes.

Devery, who had squawked when he lost his job as chief in February, talked vaguely in the days following the election of getting his job back through the courts, but he saw the handwriting on the wall and went out of the department at the close of the year, content to collect a yearly pension after having been the subject of more investigations and formal trials than any other police official.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime raided Al Adams' headquarters at Number 366 West Thirty-first Street a month after election and captured Al and a number of his henchmen. With a number of "dream books" and other paraphernalia was positive proof that Adams controlled 82 policy shops in Manhattan north of Fourteenth Street. When the policy king was finally sentenced to Sing Sing for a year and required to pay a fine of $1000, an official of the Parkhurst society said:

"The entire police force, from chief to patrolmen, has known for a long term of years that Al Adams was just the criminal we proved him to be; and although $11,000,000 a year is paid the police for ridding the community of policy kings, they take the $11,000,000 and let voluntary societies like our own do their work for them."

Canfield, on the last night of 1901, with his two tables and faro box merrily turning out money for him, announced to his patrons that "for the present" there would be no gambling.

Jerome had been talking big, and Canfield, who a short time before had boasted that the new district attorney couldn't get into his place, decided that he would wait a while to see just how things developed under the new administration.

He could not have foreseen that this night of December 31, 1901, was the last night a Canfield-operated wheel or box in New York City would click forth the bad news to the men on the wrong side of the table. The cumulative publicity he had enjoyed in these two years and three months since the opening of the Forty-fourth Street place was to convince Jerome and everybody else that play was going on there all through 1902—though it wasn't. When police officers on the night of December 1, 1902, broke into his place they found plenty of gambling apparatus, but it was packed away in a closet where it had reposed for eleven months.

At last Jerome was in office as district attorney, with the police department—at the top, at least—friendly toward the idea of cleaning up the town. Col. John N. Partridge, whom Seth Low named to be police

All Kinds of Sport All Winter at St. Petersburg FLORIDA

NOWHERE in the world will you find a greater variety of sport and recreation attractions than at St. Petersburg, "The Sunshine City," on Florida's Gulf Coast.

There is actually something to suit every age and taste—something to do or see every hour of every sunny day—and that's almost every day in St. Petersburg. Sunshine 360 days a year!

Wonderful fishing on Gulf or Bay, with 600 varieties of fish to test your skill. Boating, swimming, golf, roque, tennis, lawn bowling, shuffleboard, horseback riding, trap-shooting, archery, motoring—in fact, everything from aviation to checkers.

Varied entertainment. Ample accommodations. Living costs surprisingly low. Plan now to come for a long winter vacation. For booklet address: M. A. Conant, Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Ring in a JOLLY XMAS AUTOMATIC BASEBALL

The merriest of holiday gifts—a new game with all the excitement of ball! A game of skillful competition—just a ... the pitcher throws ... just a touch ... competing ... nine ... animated metal players.

Fun for the Whole Family!

A thrill for everybody as the pitcher rolls the ball ... long winter hours! Lithographed in gay colors. See your dealer or send your $1.00 direct to us.

Minnesota Toy Manufacturing Co.
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FUN all WINTER for $2

Schoolgirls Earn for Winter Fun

With the holiday season at hand what girl doesn't need a pocketful of money? Perhaps you want money for gay new clothes, winter outings, last minute Christmas gifts. ... You can join a jolly group of girls who are happy and independent with their own money earned in spare time. ... You can also win Holiday prizes such as Cameras, a Banjo Uke and a wrist watch. A note will bring ... Please tell me how to earn extra money and prizes ... without ... the details. There are no expenses or quotas. Address Box 1024, c/o The Saturday Evening Post, 91 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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America's most thrilling winter sport. Strand Ski the leader for 12 years. Used by expert jumpers all over the world

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LARGEST SKI FACTORY IN U.S.A.

SPRAY "Agitated" Paints for Unrivaled Results

FLUID AGITATION, the exclusive ELECTRIC SPRAYIT feature, revolutionizes every conception of spray painting performance and results. It gives you full paint value always because a stream of air is blown through the paint. Churning like a maelstrom, the fluid is thoroughly mixed and broken up.

The light weight, one pound, *Agitator* Spray Gun with pistol-grip is held in one hand. The spray, either fan type or round, is controlled instantaneously. The pistol-trigger starts or stops it at full pressure in a flash

This *Agitator* Spray Gun is available either as part of the complete *Agitator Type* ELECTRIC SPRAYIT or separately for attachment to any air line. The complete unit consists of the *Agitator* Spray Gun, compressor, air hose, electric cord and switch. The rotary compressor motor unit gives a powerful, unvarying pressure. A mist-like spray results. The air is cleaned at the intake. A special fan keeps it cool.

When spraying, the small compressor unit is placed conveniently on floor or ladder. Comes complete ready to spray. Plug into light socket. ELECTRIC SPRAYIT is easily hand portable, weight complete only 6 lbs.

The *Agitator* Spray Gun for attachment to any air line gives you the advantage of fluid agitation never before available. Spray Gun, only $17.50 as shown. Price of *Agitator Type* ELECTRIC SPRAYIT complete, $39.50.

Sprays any finish on any surface. Used in any trade or industry. Workmanship and material fully guaranteed. Enter your order immediately. Handled by leading jobbers and dealers. If you do not know where to buy, use the coupon below.

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commissioner, was ready to transform the force into a resolute body of vigilant defenders of the public weal. Devery was in the ash can with his $250,000, muttering against Tammany and yet anxious to be the Tammany leader in the Ninth Assembly District on the West Side. Croker, after the loss of the city, had again announced his retirement, and Lewis Nixon, the shipbuilder, who had found his style cramped when he tried to get at the truth of the vice situation one short year before, was the titular head of Tammany Hall.

During December, while retaining his judgeship in the Court of Special Sessions so that Tammany might not be able to fill his place, Jerome had laid his plans carefully for the job of ferreting out the gamblers. Jerome was a realist after fourteen years' experience in fighting vice, and he had determined that the most successful way to fight the gamblers was to employ a spy who would have the confidence of the men running the houses, a man who could on occasion hazard a few dollars, but would never under any circumstances be thought of as an employe of a crusading district attorney. And so, before he took office, he had his spy—a man who knew his way around the town. Jerome used his own money to pay this man's salary, and although the relation of employer and employe continued uninterruptedly through the eight years he was district attorney, he never saw the man during that time, and only once was the spy inside his office. Though the man is now dead, Mr. Jerome does not care to give his name. Many times in the years that followed, the gamblers suspected that someone on the inside was giving tips to the district attorney, but evidently they never were lucky enough to fasten on the spy. The former district attorney assured me recently that he is quite certain his informer did not double-cross him, leaving that piece of work to another private detective.

Almost without exception, the gambling houses throughout the city were closed down during the first three months of Jerome's term.

If there was play, it was spasmodic, with only an inner ring of patrons allowed the privileges of the house for a few hours daily.

But toward the end of March, 1902, reporters went to Jerome to find out what he was going to do about closing up the Forty-fourth Street place

Jerome told them he could put Canfield's out of business—but there was a hitch that had not been mentioned in the campaign speeches of last October:

It would take at least $1000 to get into Dick Canfield's place and get corroborative evidence. Do you think the controller would stand for a bill of $250 lost at roulette? He would say that the city isn't going to spend its money in that way.

Jerome added that he himself wouldn't put up the money on the chance the controller would reimburse him.

Captain Lantry, of the East Fifty-first Street Station, pooh-poohed the idea that there was gambling at Canfield's and offered to give his year's salary, $2450, to anyone who could get into the place and bring out evidence that would convict the king gambler.

"I have been trying for two years to get evidence against Canfield's place and never a bit have I got," he assured the reporters. "Only let someone come forward with a complaint and evidence on which I can get a warrant and I'll break in right away if I have to break every door in the house. The house is closed as tight as a drum, anyhow.

"I can't get in there, and if my men tried to get in there they'd be thrown out. I have had men detailed to watch the place, and not two people go in and out in a day. I could station a man in uniform in front of the house, but that would be a fool proposition, for the man couldn't arrest anybody who went in or out. The house is in the directory as Mr. Canfield's private residence and he is in Europe at present, I understand. I wouldn't know the man if I met him, anyhow."

Jerome's statements about the amount of money needed to convict Canfield called forth an editorial in the Tribune which took him to task for his hesitancy about spending money in closing "the most famous and familiar hell in town."

Canfield made no answer to the attacks on him and his business, although Bucklin, on his orders, allowed no gambling in the place. At just about the time the Tribune was insisting that Jerome make good on his promises to get into the Forty-fourth Street place, Frank Farrell was making an offer to Canfield of $1,000,000 to take over the places in Forty-fourth Street and Saratoga. When Canfield refused, Farrell set about making his property at Number 33 West Thirty-third Street into a luxurious gaming place. Workmen put bars inside the windows and installed an almost impregnable door. He spent $250,000 on the place. If Canfield had the advantage of being close to Delmonico's and Sherry's, the new Farrell place was right back of the Waldorf-Astoria, which could be counted upon to

Continued on Page 177

"Can You Tell Mummy Which of Our Homes You are Homesick for, Darling?"

When other folks get careless . . . put

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TIRE CHAINS

between you and trouble

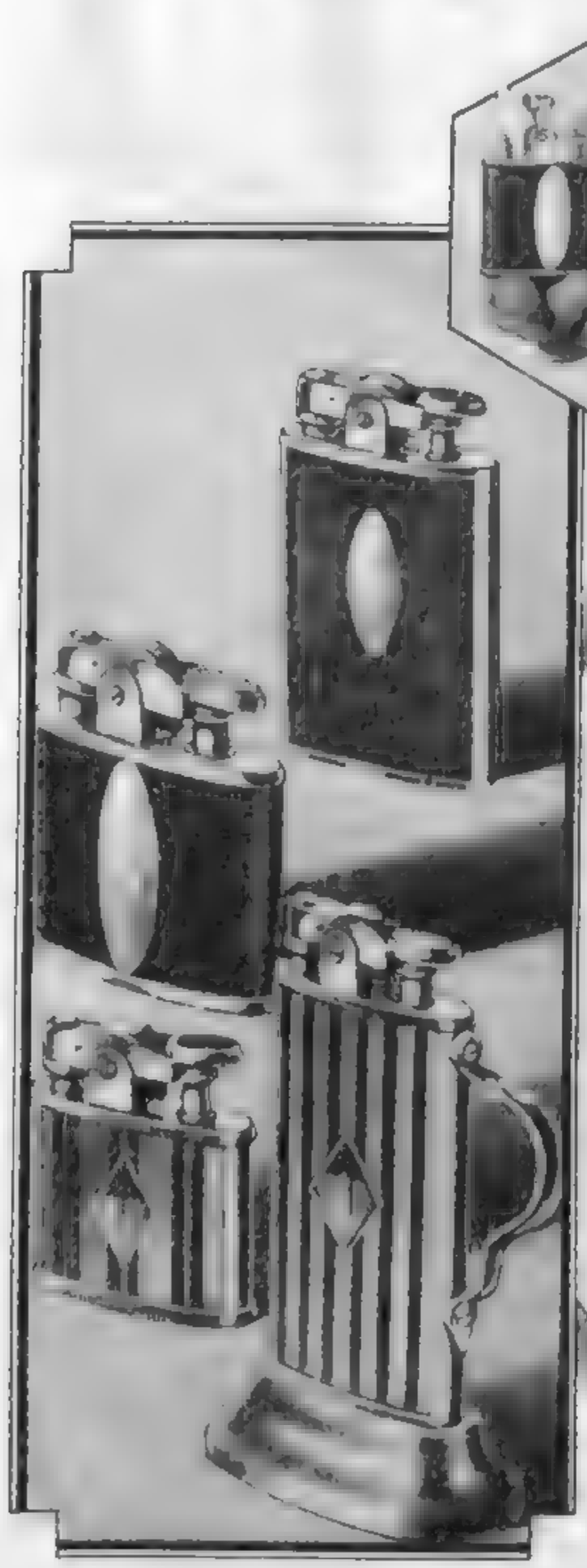
UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

The world's greatest lighter

RONSON DE-LIGHT

Trade Mark Reg. Fully P't'd. Other Pats. Pend.

A flip and it's lit...Release and it's out!



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For all who smoke — the gift of gifts — for Christmas — RONSON DE-LIGHT — the speediest lighter action known.

One hand — One finger — One motion — Instant, automatic light — release lever . . . light vanishes in a wink.

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(Continued from Page 174)

furnish the out-of-town plungers in quantity. The preparations for the work of putting the new place in shape attracted so much attention that the newspapers started to carry stories about it, and the Tribune in September addressed itself to Low and Jerome, demanding that as soon as the place opened it be raided.

But it wasn't.

Canfield had had a prosperous summer at Saratoga. The racing season, under the direction of William C. Whitney, was a brilliant success. John W. Gates and the other plungers were on hand and play was high. Canfield's profits for the month of August were well over the $500,000 mark. During the season announcement was made that the old Indian encampment adjoining the clubhouse had been acquired, that it would be made a park and the clubhouse would be enlarged.

That fall of 1902 was to see the final struggle between the forces of reform and wide-open gambling of the type that had been going on for two generations in New York. Could Jerome and Low make good on their promises to close up Canfield's, Daly's and the rest? Big Tim Sullivan's faction in Tammany Hall was in the ascendant now. Lewis Nixon, shipbuilder and temporary head of Tammany, resigned in disgust in May, 1902, and a triumvirate consisting of Charles F. Murphy, Daniel F. McMahon and Louis F. Haffen was placed in charge of the Hall's destinies. Big Tim could have run roughshod over all three of them, but he wanted to remain in the background and pull the strings of the gambling combination. Due to his support, Tammany in September made Murphy leader, and in May of the following year gave him full control.

In September the gambling house owned by John Daly at Number 39 West Twenty-ninth Street closed down. His place at Number 8 Barclay Street, which had been in almost continuous existence since Morrissey's prize-fighting days, had been shut up in March, due, it was said, to the enmity of a Republican district leader. Lon Maynard's establishment in Broadway between Forty-second and Forty-third streets closed up because, as Maynard told his intimates, the police had frightened away his customers. He had refused to pay, it appeared, and someone had given forth the dictum, "No pay, no play." Word had apparently gone forth that Jerome, in the lingo of the day, would have a fat chance closing up the gambling places that were careful about who was allowed to play, for just east of Broadway, on the lower side of Forty-fourth Street, Dave Gideon and John Daly were having a house fitted up for gambling purposes—a house subsequently to be managed for them by William W. Busteed; and Shang Draper and Al Adams, the latter out on bail after his arrest for running policy houses, were having two adjoining houses on the same street renovated and connected, with the purpose of moving the gambling paraphernalia from one into the other while a raid was in progress. There were other places above Forty-second Street on which work was quietly going forward, and it looked as if the old Tenderloin would soon yield to a new.

Jerome set his jaw a little tighter—and opened it only to talk. During November he announced that a man whom he knew to be a patron of Canfield's was on the then-sitting grand jury, and that Canfield might be summoned by the jury and asked all about the Forty-fourth Street house, but at that house it was said he was out of town and nobody knew when he would return. It turned out he was in Providence visiting his family.

Suddenly the situation took on a new aspect. A detective employed by the Citizens' Union made affidavit that he had been able to get into Canfield's and had lost money there. The affidavit was the basis of a warrant which Jerome received on the afternoon of December first.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A MATTER OF GRAMMAR

(Continued from Page 27)

"A tournament?"

"Exactly."

"When?"

"A week from tomorrow."

"My son and I would engage as partners against some other father and son?"

"Yes, you play in foursome. But the match play is only incidental. The father and son shooting the lowest best ball win the trophy."

"Ah?" said Mr. Docksee.

"We'll expect you to enter."

"I don't know. I can't promise you."

"Why?"

"I have never played with Peter."

"And on the other hand, he has never played with you."

"Very probably he will have his own game arranged."

"Then," said Mac, "it's high time you asserted your rights as a parent and ordered him to play with you in this."

"I couldn't think of that," said Mr. Docksee. "But I hope something intervenes to make it practical."

"It will," said Mr. McWhinney.

So small a detail as securing the entry of the Docksees was child's play for so astute a politician as McWhinney; nor was it difficult so to arrange things that they must play their foursome with Jonas Wagstaff and his son Charles. This pair had rather a reputation as a father-and-son team. In the previous year they had won that tournament at the Apple Tree Club, as well as two invitation tournaments at other clubs. Consequently they were not displeased with themselves. Young Charles Wagstaff seldom was displeased with himself. He was a large and rather handsome youth of seventeen, nearly two years older than Pete Docksee, and he fancied his game of golf. He was one of those golfers who love to get you in a corner and recite every shot of the previous game, pointing out the excellencies of the play and recounting the successful shots in a manner irritating to a reasonably modest man. Mr. Wagstaff was as proud of Charles as Charles was of himself and did not consider it bad taste to drag that subject into every conversation. Nevertheless Charles could play golf, and his father was steady—a grim ninety player. All these were elements upon which McWhinney counted astutely.

The foursome was ready to drive off at 9:30 on the day of the tournament. A number of members not qualified for the event gathered about the tee, and among them were McWhinney and Wills and Weevil. Wagstaff and his son strolled out of the locker house together, nonchalant, chatting, conducting themselves as if the event were already won and the playing was merely a matter of form.

"Ah, good morning, Docksee," said Mr. Wagstaff. "You're going around with us, eh?"

"That," said Mr. Docksee, "seems to be the arrangement."

"Fine! It'll give your boy experience. Great thing for a young player—tournament experience. I've seen to it Charles had an abundance of it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Docksee.

"So long as we're going to play together," said Wagstaff, "I wonder if we can't fix up a match. How many strokes do you think we should give you?"

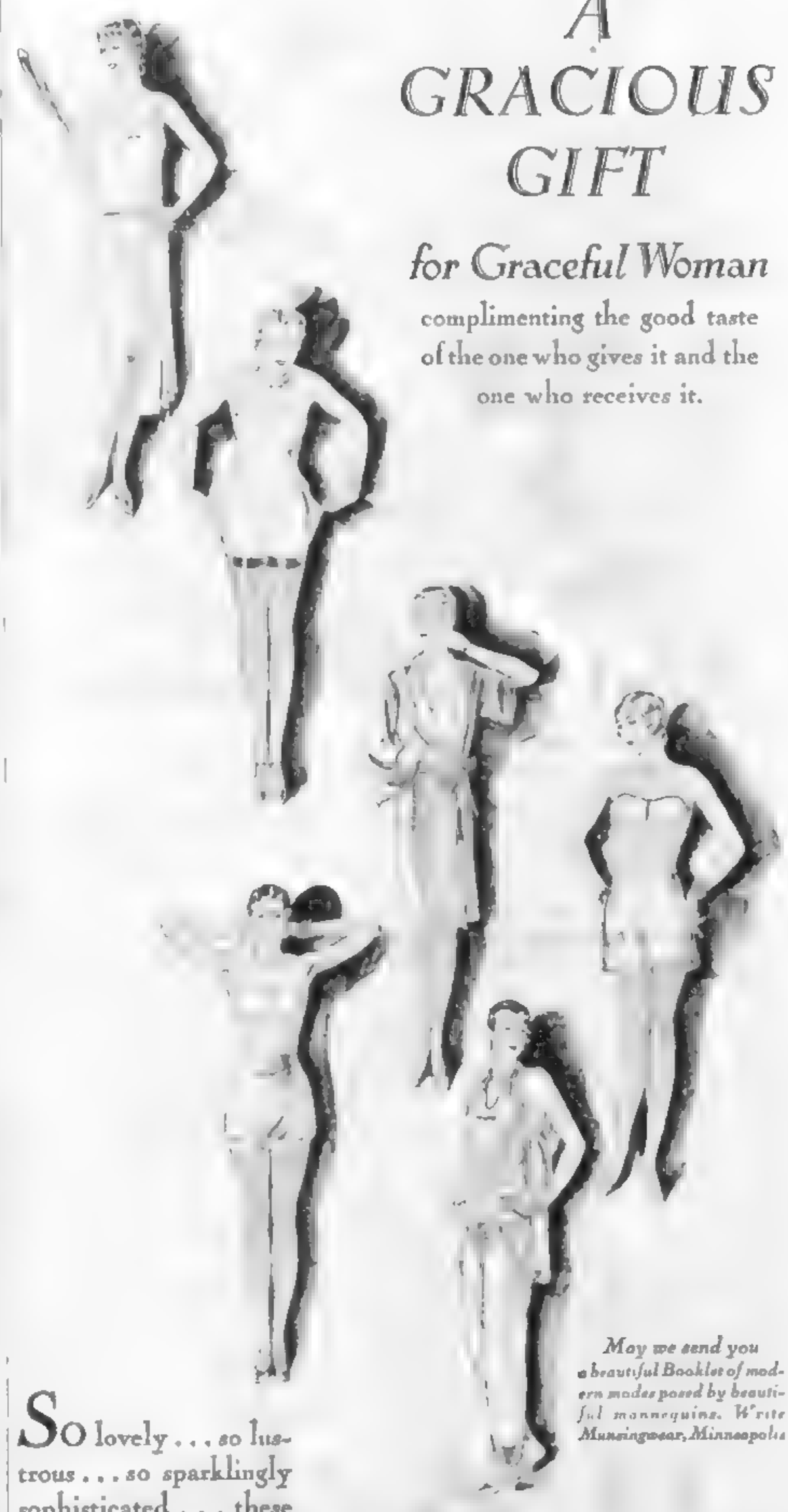
"Strokes?"

"Of course there'd be no match, playing even."

Mr. Docksee looked at his son, who stood silent and watchful some yards away.

"What do you think, Peter?" he asked.

"Just as you say, father."



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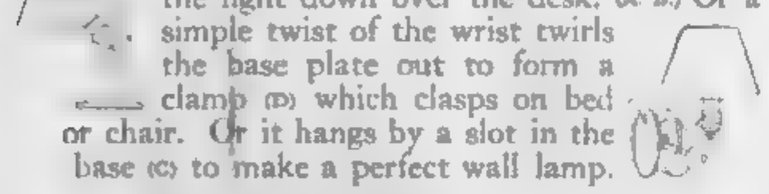

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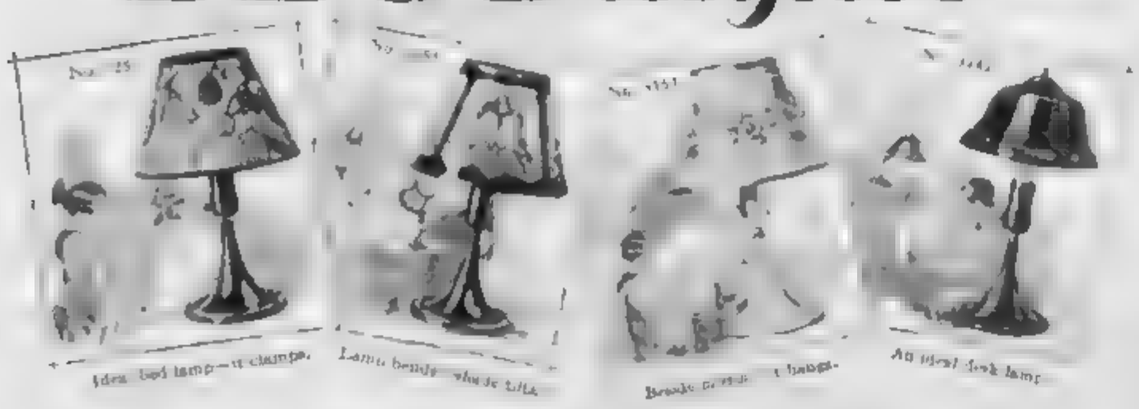

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"You and I play about the same game," said Wagstaff, "but Charles has quite an edge on Pete. Their club handicaps are the same, but Charles has had much more experience and is much steadier."

"I see," said Mr. Docksee. "Handicaps the same, eh? In that case I think we shall play without strokes. What is your opinion, Peter?"

"We can try it, father," said Pete.

"Dollar a hole?" suggested Wagstaff.

"Whatever you like," replied Docksee.

"Toss for the honor," said Wagstaff. "Tails? We shoot then. Charles, will you lead the first nine just to discourage competition?"

Charles drove a beautiful ball with just a hint of hook at the end of it.

"Good boy!" said his father. "That'll give the populace something to shoot at."

He addressed his own ball and drove, as he always did, a straight ball which came to rest a hundred and seventy-five yards out. "On in two," he said.

"Shall I play first, or you, Peter?" asked Mr. Docksee.

"Whichever you think best, sir."

"Suppose I lead the first nine."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Docksee drove creditably and stepped to one side to watch his son. His lips were a trifle compressed and there was a faint anxiety in his eye. Charles, two years Pete's senior, watched the younger boy with a look which he meant to be indulgent. Pete was thirty pounds lighter than he, and four inches shorter. With that gallery watching, Mr. Docksee hoped his son would hit a ball which would, at least, compare favorably with young Wagstaff's drive. He found that his heart was beating a trifle rapidly.

Pete teed his ball, addressed it briefly and swung with a fine, loose, free swing. Mr. Docksee experienced a tendency to catch his breath. The ball sailed out two hundred and fifty yards, with just a hint of a hook on the end, and stopped not a club's length from young Wagstaff's.

"Very good! Very good indeed!" said Mr. Wagstaff. "When your boy gets so he can keep that up, he'll be a golfer."

"One would think so," said Mr. Docksee, wondering if the drive were an accident, but somewhat surprised at the elation it had caused him. He glanced at Pete, but the boy's face was impassive. As they walked off the tee and down the fairway, Mr. Docksee wanted to say something about it, but hesitated. Perhaps Pete would not care to have him refer to it. So he kept silence.

Both the seniors got off decent brassy shots; both the boys were on with their mashies, and the hole was halved.

"Good work!" said Mr. Wagstaff genially. "You held us that one. Keep it up."

"We shall endeavor to do so," said Mr. Docksee a bit grimly.

It was after the third hole had been played that the game began to assume importance in Mr. Docksee's eyes. The Wagstaff family was so evidently anxious to win and so confident of its ability to defeat their opponents. Mr. Wagstaff wore always a coating of suavity, but there was a patronizing quality to it which began to irritate Mr. Docksee. He found he resented this other man's speaking patronizingly of his son, forgetting that his own attitude toward Pete had been even less than patronizing. As for Charles, he treated Pete as a small boy and was not above an occasional rudeness. Mr. Docksee commenced to desire victory.

The fourth hole was long. If one got a powerful drive, it was possible to put the second on the green with a brassy, but it was a hard carry, over a valley and a slope made malignant by sand traps. Most players of ordinary caliber chose to play an iron short, pitch on their third and take a five. Charles walked up to Pete's ball, which was a yard or so short of his own.

"Now's the time to show your nerve, kid," he said with a not agreeable grin. "You've got to fish or cut bait with this one. I'll be on in two."

Mr. Docksee watched his son with some anxiety as the boy turned to his caddie. Would the boy have the sand to attempt the difficult shot, or would his nerve fail? Would he play for a safe five, trusting his opponent might get into trouble, or would he go for the hole? And most of all, would Charles' unsportsmanlike comment upset his mental equilibrium?

"Cuppy lie," observed Charles.

The boy drew out his brassy and addressed the ball, which was not lying so well as it might have been. He measured the distance and direction with his eye and swung. Mr. Docksee held his breath. It was a beautiful shot, rather high, with plenty of carry. It dropped just short of the green and rolled—rolled, slower and slower, until it stopped at what seemed no more than a couple of feet from the pin. Mr. Docksee wanted to cheer, but he was too busy watching his son. Most boys, having got off such a shot, would have replied to their opponents by some gibe, or at least by a request to lay one inside of that. But Pete said nothing. He did not even look at his father. He stepped aside and stood quietly waiting for Charles to play.

"Accidents will happen," said Charles.

"Nice shot, my son," said Mr. Docksee.

"Thank you, sir," said Pete.

"Lay her dead, boy," directed Mr. Wagstaff.

Charles did his best to obey. His shot was excellent, but a trifle long. It rolled across the green to the edge of the bank beyond.

"Worst I can get is a half," he said unpleasantly.

Charles chipped three feet from the pin with his jigger; and Pete, whose ball was not so close to the pin as it had appeared when two hundred yards away, stepped to his ball for a five-foot putt. No five-foot putt is easy—indeed, no putt of any length is easy, especially under strain.

"Give him a four," said Mr. Wagstaff.

Pete did not look up, but addressed his ball carefully, putted firmly, and it struck the back of the cup for a birdie three. The Docksees had picked up a stroke in the main event and were one up in the foursome match. The Wagstaffs took it with scant grace.

On the next hole Mr. Docksee's drive was in trouble and he needed a six to Mr. Wagstaff's five, thus evening the medal score again. He wondered what his son was thinking—if Pete were irritated or shaken by his father's misplay. As a matter of fact, Pete wanted to come close to his father and say, "All right, dad. No harm done. We'll get that one back." But his father's bearing was so austere that he dared not do it. He was no mind reader. Mr. Docksee was thinking, "I mustn't let him down that way. What'll he think of me?" This was a new idea for him. He wished Pete would say something. But he was no more a mind reader than his son.

The tide of battle swung the other way on the next hole and Mr. Wagstaff took a seven to Docksee's five. The boys got their par fours. Young Wagstaff eyed his father angrily.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "This is medal play."

"Aw, dry up!" his father said.

McWhinney, who had strolled across the course with Weevil and Wills to intercept the match, raised his eyebrows.

"Father and child not doing so well," he said softly.

Weevil stepped over to Wagstaff and asked how the match stood, but received so curt an answer that he backed away with no needless delay.

"Friend Wagstaff's savage," he said to Wills.

"The Docksees just picked up two strokes on 'em," Wills said. "The going isn't so easy as they expected."

Pete walked down the fairway alone, looking very disconsolate, and McWhinney legged after him.

"How's it going, Pete? Having a good round?"

(Continued on Page 181)

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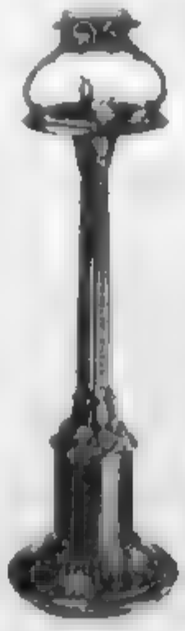

MODEL 3—Flat, non-rocking base. Easily emptied glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $12.00—West of Mississippi $12.50

MODEL 4—New semi-rocking. Easily emptied glass jar concealed in base. Six colors. Price $7.95—West of Mississippi $8.45.

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Excel Electric Corn Popper

(Continued from Page 178)

"I kind of wish we hadn't entered," Pete said glumly.

"Why in tunket d'ye wish that?"

"Well, I guess father kind of wishes so. I mean—I don't think he's enjoying it—playing with me."

"Aw, shucks!"

"I betcha I know what I'm talkin' about," Pete said, and his eyes were wistful. "It's just a nuisance to him and he'd rather be playing with some men. It's spoiled his day."

"Playing pretty well, isn't he?"

Pete's eyes brightened and his chin went up. "Fine!" he said. "He's playin' darn good golf, and he can beat that Mr. Wagstaff the best day he ever saw. He's there in the pinches, my father is. Gosh, I like to play with him! Father's awful dignified, but he's got nerve. I wisht I was old enough so I wasn't jest a bother to him."

"Doin' fair yourself, aren't you?"

"Thirty-eight for the first nine."

"Keep gnawin' their legs," Mac said, and walked away in order not to disturb the boy's next shot. He strolled over to where Mr. Docksee stood waiting, very tall and straight and grave of demeanor.

"Mind a gallery?" asked McWhinney.

"Not in the least," said Mr. Docksee, meaning to be cordial, but appearing to be only very self-contained and a bit offish.

"Tight match," said McWhinney. "Understand you're one stroke up."

"Due entirely to my son's fine play," said Docksee. "I'm a drag on him. Er—I rather regret having entered this tournament."

"Ye do, eh? And why?"

"I thought—I rather hoped—Pete would enjoy playing with me as his partner. But he seems to be bored. You —— After all, you can't blame a boy, can you? I haven't much to offer in the way of companionship."

McWhinney snorted. "You got as much as most folks, ain't you—two arms and legs and what goes to hold 'em together? Most companions I see around ain't got even that. What's your idea of a companion, Docksee? Somebody that resembles P. T. Barnum and Ethel Barrymore and Will Rogers and Judge Taft and Socrates and Paul Whiteman all rolled into one? That wouldn't be a companion—it 'ud be an entertainment committee."

Mr. Docksee smiled faintly, but rather wistfully. "I'd like enough of their characteristics to make myself attractive to my son," he said.

"It's your shot," McWhinney said, and walked away disgustedly. When he rejoined his friends he was scowling.

"Fixin' up a quarrel between a couple of lovers is just duck soup for me," he said. "I can even tinker together a rift between husband and wife, but this situation's got me hangin' on the ropes and hollerin' for help. Can you beat it? Both of 'em jest naturally longin' to be clost to each other and neither of 'em got the sense to see it."

"Darn shame," said Wills.

"Maybe it'll come out better'n you expect," Weevil observed encouragingly.

"Not with those two," snapped Mac. "The trouble with 'em is they talk too good grammar. I'm all against grammar for everyday use. How can you be friendly with anybody if you're always worryin' about splittin' an infinitive? If Docksee'd just say 'I ain't' once, or drop a final *g*, or let loose of a chunk of slang, I'd have some hopes of him."

"Young Pete ain't so grammatical," said Wills.

"He is when he talks to his pa. You'd think he was recitin' a lesson and goin' to git marks for it. Why in tunket don't the kid talk to Docksee like he talks to me? No kid can be human when he's all buttoned up in parts of speech."

"They act toward each other like I used to feel when the minister came to dinner," said Weevil.

"Both of 'em holdin' back what they are and showin' each other what they hain't," said Mac. "As soon's they get within speakin' distance, both of 'em gets as artificial as an iron dog on a lawn."

"There was a couple of shots," said Wills, pointing to the green, where lay the boys' balls within putting distance of the cup. "Both got a shot at birdies. If I could play an iron like that I'd kiss a pig."

"Where's the papas?" asked Mac.

"Both short."

They watched as the elders chipped up. Young Wagstaff sank his putt for a three. Pete missed and took a par four and the parents got their fives. Thus the medal score was all even once more.

"Too tight for comfort. Somebody's goin' to crack," said Mac.

But nobody cracked for the next three holes. Sometimes one team was a stroke up, sometimes the other. All four played steady golf; the two youngsters often brilliant golf. The gallery increased as news of the close battle spread to the locker house, and on the eighteenth tee there were some twenty members grouped about to watch the finish.

"How's it stand?" asked Old Man Arkwright.

"Wagstaff family one stroke up," said McWhinney.

"Huh! Looks bad. One-shot hole to finish. Looks like they was goin' to win this event agin. Somebuddy ought to beat 'em sometime, seems as though. Huh! Mebby Docksee or his boy'll make the hole in one. Say, Mac, a hole in one hain't so hard. Did I ever tell ye about how I done it? I took my spade mashie ——"

"Last time you told me it was a jigger," said Mac.

"'Twan't a jigger. It was a spade."

"Hush! They're shootin'. I'll let you tell me about it in the locker house if you'll gimme a drink. Dog-gone if I listen for nothin'."

"You go to tunket," said the irate old gentleman. "I bet if you ever made a hole in one you'd git to be the club pest—that's what you'd be. You wouldn't make one and scarcely ever mention it, like me."

Young Wagstaff addressed his ball with a Number 3 and went into it beautifully. It rose high in the air, cleared the guarding trap and stopped, fighting the green, some ten feet from the pin. "Take a bite out of that," he said cockily.

His father teed up and waggled. His ball was sliced a bit and fell short of the trap in the rough. A four was the best he could hope for, and his son shot an angry look at him.

"Worst we can get's a half," said Wagstaff. "And that'll win for us."

Mr. Docksee sat erect with immobile face, and no one noticed that his hands were clenched together tightly. He turned to Pete and spoke in his dignified, courteous way—as to a stranger: "Your shot, my son."

Pete's shot was almost a duplicate of young Wagstaff's—high and straight, with back spin to stop its roll when it dropped to the green.

"Well done," said Mr. Docksee formally, and rose slowly to select a club from his bag. His shot was straighter than Wagstaff's.

"On the green!" exclaimed McWhinney.

"In the trap," said young Wagstaff. "That shot never cleared the bunker."

"Looked to me like it hit the top and rolled back," said Wills regretfully.

"We can tell when we get there," said Weevil. "But it looks as if it was all over but the shouting."

Young Wagstaff grinned sarcastically at Pete. "Takes nerve to make a finish," he said, and walked toward the green. Pete clenched his fists and bit back a rejoinder as he followed. They found Wagstaff's ball in the rough with a fairly decent lie.

"Gives you a sure four. Now get it," said his son. "Where's Mr. Docksee?"

His ball was not in the trap, nor was it on the green. It required a minute's search to find it deep in the grass on the upslope of the trap, on a little shelf with a mean hummock behind it—as disagreeable a lie as any golfer ever faced. Mr. Docksee said nothing, but stepped aside for Wagstaff to play. That gentleman addressed his ball with a mashie niblick, played it over the trap safely but too strongly, and came to rest on the upper edge of the green, with a twenty-foot downhill putt for the cup.

"Safe enough," said his son. And then he turned to Pete and spoke in a low voice, but loud enough to be overheard by Mr. Docksee and by McWhinney and Weevil. "Next time," he said, "you better pick a partner. Get you one that can finish. It's the finish that counts, kid, and the nerve to come through in a pinch. Go get you a father like mine."

For an instant there was silence. Then Pete, who had been quiet, restrained, almost dignified, for seventeen holes, became all boy, natural, unrestrained.

"You big stiff!" he said between his teeth, and threw down his club. "Nerve! Huh! My dad's got more nerve 'n the whole darn Wagstaff family, includin' your grandfather! You been shootin' off your face all the way around about nerve. I've stood a lot of it from you because I was playin' with my father, and I didn't want to do anythin' he wouldn't like, but I don't care if he likes it or not—I ain't goin' to stand for you sayin' he ain't got nerve. Why, darn you, he kin give you 'n' your father more nerve'n you got and then have enough left to beat you any day in the week! He's goin' to beat you now. . . . Better pick me another father, had I? I don't care if he shoots this next shot into the clubhouse, I'd ruther have him'n any other father in the country. He suits me, dog-gone you!"

"Here! Here!" interposed Mr. Wagstaff.

"You keep out of this!" said Pete, growing more furious. "We'll show you how much nerve my father's got! I got ten dollars in my pocket I got my birthday, and I'll bet you even we lick you right here! I'll bet you! You two jest come over here and stand close and watch my dad shoot this shot. I'll show you what nerve is! And when he's shot it and we've give you a trimmin', I'm goin' to give you a swell sock in the jaw for sayin' dad ain't got nerve. I don't care if you're twenty feet high and weigh a ton, I'm goin' to sock you! Now come over here and take a look. Peel your eye and watch how a shot gets shot by somebody that hain't afraid to shoot it."

He walked across the green to the trap. "Come on, dad," he said, "show these pikers up. Show 'em our family's got what they don't even know the meanin' of."

Mr. Docksee descended into the trap and McWhinney saw a queer look on his face—a look which mingled astonishment, delight, pride, grim determination. His niblick was in his hand and he took his stance, which would have been difficult for a mountain goat. One foot was precariously fixed a couple of feet below the ball and the other dug for a hold above. The ball itself was hardly visible in the thick, tough grass.

"Sock it, dad!" implored Pete.

Mr. Docksee was deliberate. He scrambled for a sure foothold, fixed his eye on what he could see of the ball, came back slowly with his club and lashed into the jungle with all his strength. A great clod arose into the air, from which presently emerged the ball. It dropped on the green and rolled. McWhinney uttered a word not in any dictionary. The ball continued to roll—in line with the cup, slowly and more slowly. Six inches away it seemed to stop, but decided to move a little farther. It advanced to the very lip of the cup, where it stopped, seemingly dead. Nobody moved; every man was holding his breath. The ball trembled, tottered. It seemed a full minute before it made up its mind whether it would fall or remain on the rim of the cup—and then it dropped—dropped for a birdie two.

There arose an involuntary cheer, joined in by everybody but McWhinney and his friends, who were watching Pete Docksee. The boy had stood during the shot, white and tense; his body had moved with the ball as his will had striven to push it into the cup. But when it dropped it seemed as if a spring were released. He leaped toward his father.

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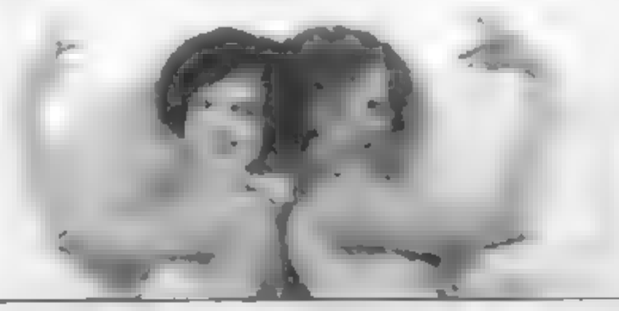

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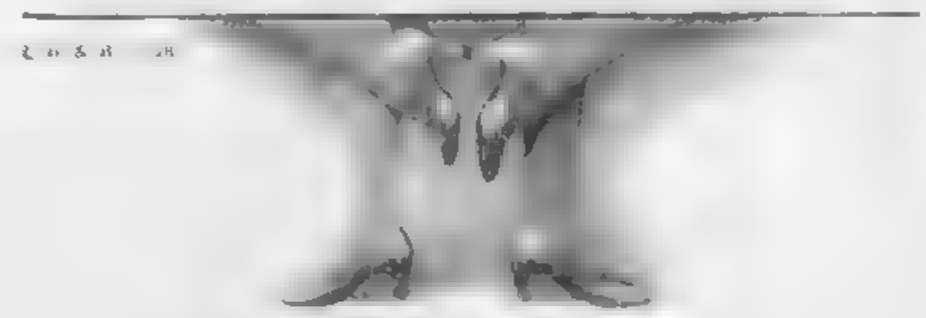

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"At-a-boy!" he shouted, and smote his dignified father upon the shoulder blades. "At-a-boy! Nerve, eh? Look that one over, you big stiff! Now go on and putt, and when we git through I'm goin' to slam you on the nose!"

"Son! . . . Son!" said Mr. Docksee, not chidingly, but in a tone which Pete could understand. The boy remained close beside him, touching him. Wagstaff, scowling, putted his ball down the slope, past the cup five feet. His son laid his putt dead, as did Pete. Mr. Wagstaff dropped his four and the match was over—the Father-and-Son Championship won by the Docksees by one stroke!

Pete took a stride toward young Wagstaff, but his father caught his arm. "No good, son," he said. "It's enough for me to know you want to. Let's not spoil it."

"What you say goes," said Pete, and turned to McWhinney. "See that shot?" he demanded. "Yea, boy, but you're a——" He paused suddenly and looked a bit apprehensively at his father. Suddenly he realized in what undignified and disrespectful terms he had been speaking.

"Gosh!" he said. "I didn't mean to speak to you like that. Honest I didn't. I—— What I meant was I was awful proud and all, and I got kind of excited."

"What -er—what was it you were going to call me?" asked Mr. Docksee.

"I I was goin' to say you was a ring-tailed stem-winder," said Pete, flushing.

"And did you mean it?"

"You bet your life I did!"

"Well," said Mr. Docksee, "my opinion of you is that you're a darned ring-tailed stem-winder too."

Pete stared; his eyes grew big. "Me—you mean me?"

"You bet your life!" said Mr. Docksee, and then: "How about—I mean—would you care at all to play with me tomorrow?"

"Would I?" replied Pete. "I'd ruther play with you than anybody the' is."

"I guess," said Mr. Docksee, blinking a little, "you can write out two copies of that. Come along and let's get dressed."

THE CAT RACKET

(Continued from Page 42)

were the cat runs and on the other the dog cages. The lady drew the man's attention to the orange kittens; he promptly pointed out to her a pair of two-month-old cairn puppies, sporty, active little things, cream-colored, with black points. But the lady shook her head and went back to the kittens, only to be drawn again by the man to the dogs he preferred. Back and forth they went for twenty minutes. Amused, I left them in the throes of indecision while I went into the kitchen. There I laid bets with Bess on the outcome of the marital difference, my sister backing the lady and I laying two dollars on the man. When they finally bade me good morning the lady carried one of the orange kittens in a basket and the man had a cairn puppy tucked under his coat. Bess and I, in the kitchen, each solemnly handed the other two dollars. But I really lost out on the deal, for the kitten sold for only forty dollars, while the dog brought sixty.

That forty dollars I planned to invest in another kitten the very next day, but something that happened in the morning took my attention completely for a while. A little girl came into the yard, carrying a cat basket and accompanied by a lady who appeared to be her mother.

"My little girl saw a lovely Persian kitten in your yard yesterday," she said, "and she's heartbroken because she hasn't got one like it. A friend of mine gave her a kitten two years ago—some kind of foreign cat—but she just doesn't like it. I know cats aren't worth much, but I wondered if there was any chance, if we paid a little, of changing it for the kind she wants."

I looked into the basket and fairly gasped. Her "foreign" cat, that "wasn't worth much," was as perfect a Siamese as I'd ever seen. It was a delicate fawn color, with a long, angular, wedge-shaped face, and close, glossy coat, and the characteristic markings were clear and unmistakable—dark brown ears, feet, tail and nose, including a portion around the eyes. Those eyes—steady, sapphire blue—regarded me quietly, with the assured poise of royal blood. I nearly bowed.

"This is a valuable cat," I told her. "It's a Siamese—looks pure-bred. Pity you haven't got pedigree papers."

"I don't care what kind it is," sobbed the little girl. "I want the other kind of kitty!"

I didn't want to pay out any money for the Siamese; I didn't think they were a good gamble then. On the other hand, it wasn't a chance that I ought to turn down. I knew a good female might be worth a big price.

"Your cat is worth more than my kitten," I told her, "but the best I can do for you is a straight exchange."

Well, they were delighted; the little girl went off, hugging the orange kitten, as quickly as if she were afraid I'd change my mind. And so I might have done. I sat and looked at the Siamese, who returned the appraisal imperturbably, and I felt somewhat as though I'd hired an exiled Russian princess to do the household laundry. It was a strange cat—the strangest, I believe, of all the short-haired.

Short-haired cats include the Australian, the Manx, the Abyssinian and the Siamese, besides that species commonly called "alley." The Australian is a small cat, short-haired, with quite a large head and a long tail. The Manx is, I think, a more interesting variety. The Manx cats always remind me of a song my father used to sing to me:

Oh, have you heard
That the cats have got
No tails in the Isle of Man?
In England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales,
The other cats have all got tails . . .

and so on. The tailless condition of the Manx cat is one of those amusing and mystifying phenomena of Nature—like the unduly generous neck of the giraffe—that never ceases to supply matter for biologic or philosophic speculation. People are always asking me why Manx cats have no tails.

All sorts of solutions have been suggested of course. Some people used to believe the original Manx cat wore out his tail with sedentary habits. Superstitious natives, however, insisted that if you step on a cat's tail the worst possible luck may befall you. So, naturally, any freak cat that happened to be short-tailed or tailless was a cat that was the least likely to be dangerous; there was nothing there to step on. Therefore, tailless cats were cherished and others suppressed. But although the Manx cat, true to type, has only a tuft of hair with no bone at all, there are cats with tails to be seen on the Isle of Man; and there are short-tailed and tailless cats to be found elsewhere besides the Isle of Man. In Russia, it is said, there are tailless

(Continued on Page 184)

Stretchen

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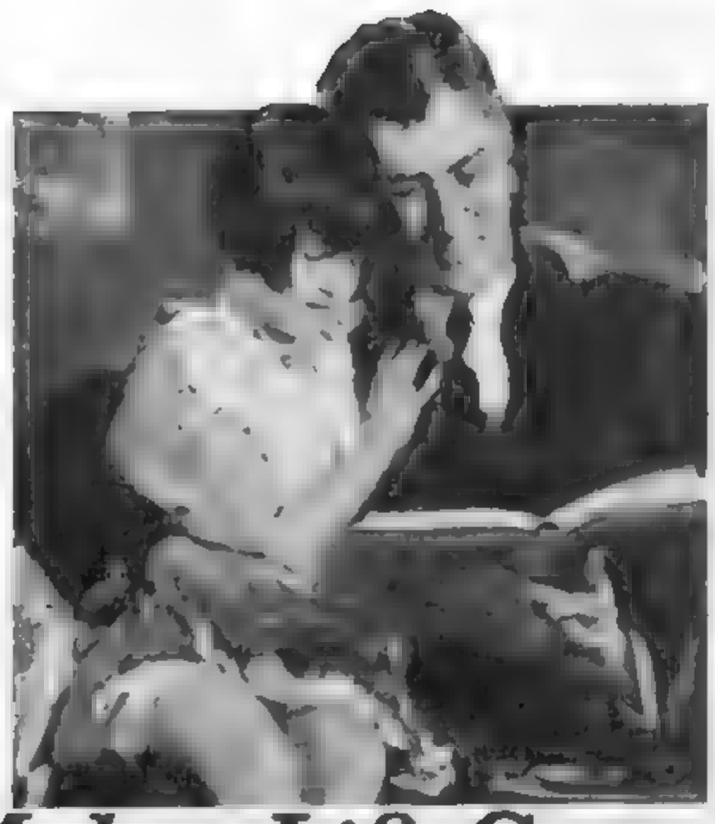

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(Continued from Page 182)

cats, and the Malay cat often has a tail half the normal length. Kink-tailed cats, too, exist in the Malay Peninsula and Japan; Siamese cats are often kink tailed.

Abyssinian cats—bunny cats—are large-eyed and colored amazingly like a wild rabbit, pale reddish brown, with every hair tipped with black. There's another breed of cats you often hear called bunny cats, besides the Abyssinian. These are an American type found in various parts of New England, and have such long hind legs and such short tails that many people insist they have crossed with rabbits. One lady told me that in her New Hampshire home she had a cat that was half cat, half rabbit. It ate greens, she said, and fish and baked beans, but no milk. It had two kittens, both of which had unusually strong hind quarters, but head and forefeet like a cat. One was bobtailed like the mother, and the other had a long tail.

But strangest of all is the Siamese. Chocolate colored, with orange eyes, or, like the one I'd just acquired, nearly the color of wood ashes in a fireplace. Siamese cats are rare in this country; for centuries they have been under royal protection in Siam, and it is said they have acted as watchdogs for kings. The difficulty in getting them out of the country, and their consequent rarity, has sent the price up. Most of the males are altered before they leave Siam, and for a long while it was very difficult to get a good Siamese stud. They are well-dispositioned, clean, active cats, and don't get into the trouble with fur balls on their stomachs the way the long-haired cats are apt to if you don't brush them enough. Nevertheless, I just didn't like this Siamese and I determined to sell her as soon as I could.

I was all the more anxious to do it the first time I heard her cry. It wasn't like the cry of any cat I'd ever heard before—unless it was the distant cry of wild jungle cats I can faintly remember hearing when Bess and I went on a trip to Africa with our parents many years ago. A weird, discordant, mournful, rasping wail. In the civilized confines of a small kitchen it was much out of place. Bess and I shuddered.

A week later, when we had five valuable boarders, worth something like $600 altogether, Bess and I were awakened about three o'clock in the morning by the unmistakable cry of the Siamese. Bess was only half awake; her mind did one of the strange things your mind will do, half dreaming. It carried her back thirty-five years.

A Siamese Cat Call

"There are the jungle cats again," she murmured from her room. "Tell father ——"

Then she went to sleep again, and I tried to do the same myself. But the cry came again; became insistent and continued.

"I'd better go and see what's wrong," I said. Bess came full awake.

"Why, it's only that terrible Siamese," she said. "Don't go out. There can't be anything wrong."

But I was troubled. I didn't think the cat would go on crying like that unless there were some reason.

As soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs I smelled smoke. I began to run. The smoke seemed to be coming right out of the barn. When I reached it, however, I saw that there was a small blaze in a new building the carpenters had been working on just that day; it was on the north side of the cattery, to be used for protection in the winter and a storehouse the year round. How the fire was caused we never knew. I shouted for Bess and our nearest neighbor, and the three of us managed to smother the blaze before it did much damage.

When the danger was over, dawn was just lighting the sky, and we gathered in the kitchen for a glass of milk and a general discussion of how brave and quick and efficient we all were. Into the midst of that discussion quietly walked the Siamese—all the cats by that time were having a glorious time all over the house—and rubbed against my knee. Bess smiled.

"Going to sell her?" she asked, and I smiled back.

"She stays," I said.

After that we bred her every year until she was eight, selling the kittens for fifty dollars for the females and seventy-five dollars for the males. When the kittens were born they were, as Siamese kittens always are, pure white. But when they were about eight days old a faint, delicate dark shading began to appear on the ears. Gradually all the characteristic markings followed—seal brown on the feet and tail, on the nose and around the eyes. All her kittens inherited the deep pencilings from the eyes back to the base of the ears that are desirable in the breed. Siamese cats, I found, are at their best when they are about four and a half months old. They still have the lovely kitten whiteness that makes a striking contrast with the almost black markings.

From Polecat to Persian

Eventually we kept two more females and a male for our own cattery, and I grew to like Siamese cats as well as any I ever had. We were always particularly interested in the male—the father. I never saw a cat make as good a father as a Siamese. One Siamese that I heard of used to pull the hair out of his own hide for weeks before the kittens were due, to make a comfortable nest for the mother.

When I bought my first kitten, with the proceeds from the first orange male I sold, I went straight to a cattery where there were some Black Persians sired by a champion I'd seen the year before in a show.

There is a cat club in nearly every town of any size in this country now, as well as in England. The Cat Fanciers' Association of the United States and Canada comprises twenty-eight groups of cat lovers, and the American Cat Association includes more than twenty separate clubs and societies. The Beresford Cat Club, near Chicago, was founded in 1899. The studbook and register of the Cat Fanciers' Federation has made nearly 7600 entries. America has now more than thirty cat shows a year—still far behind England, but the number increases constantly.

Felines number some fifty species: In the Old World, the lion, tiger, leopard, cheetah, ounce, wild cat and domestic cat; and in the New World, the catamounts—puma, or cougar—the jaguar, pardal, pampas cat, and so on; the polecat—a weasel-like animal—the American wild cat, and the ocelot—an American spotted cat found from Texas to Patagonia. The savage wild cat is larger and stronger than our domestic cat, with a shorter, thicker tail and thicker whiskers. Wild cats are usually yellowish gray, with dark stripes down the back and rings on the tail. In the first American cat show, held in 1895, they were almost all represented but the big cats. They judged Best Cat, Heaviest Cat, Homeliest Cat, Manx Cat, Civet Cat, Lynx, as well as the usual long and short-haired domestic classes—which the catalogues listed as Short-Haired He Cats and Short-Haired She Cats. The colors exhibited in that first show were: White, black, blue or silver; brown, dark gray or red tabby; blue or silver tabby; and any other variety not listed. Today our cat shows number hundreds of cats, collections worth up to $20,000 and individual specimens valued as high as $1000.

It is not an easy matter to choose a good kitten, but judging from her parents and her pedigree, I think I picked out a pretty good spring kitten for forty dollars. Spring kittens are best—the parents are at their best in January or February, when they're not bothered by fleas or heat. Black Persians must have coal-black hair from the roots out, all over the coat evenly, from nose to tail. I found I had to be careful always that the sun or rain didn't spoil black coats. In her prime, mine had unusually

vivid, deep orange eyes, as did all the get of that particular champion, her father, and it was a pity to watch her eyes lose color, as they do when a cat ages. The kitten was eight months old—anything up to nine months can be classed as a kitten—and by getting her that old I shortened as much as possible the time before I could begin to use her.

That first year, financially, was nothing very startling. When I reckoned out, late the second spring, how I stood, I found that I had sold three Siamese kittens for $175, one orange male for forty dollars, boarded an average of four cats a week at two dollars a week—about $615 gross income. Stud fees had been forty-five dollars. Besides our farm, my inheritance brought me in about $1000 a year. Perhaps if I hadn't had that $1000 I wouldn't have gone ahead. It had cost about $100 to feed my own cats, and another $180 for the boarders; total running costs, in fact, for the year were about $400, and left my profit only about $200. However, Bess did little better with her dogs; and I had two queens already producing—the original Siamese and the tortoise-shell—and three more potential queens from them, as capital.

Incidentals, such as medicines, for that year were covered by twenty dollars that the Black Persian earned at her first shows, but besides the twenty dollars, she earned me a few words of free advertising that was highly valuable. It came about in this way:

She was entered in a New York show. I was going to take her myself. She had gone through the usual lengthy process of being beautified—no free run of the garden wall, her hair freed from mats, a good minced-raw-beef diet, and so on. Three days before the show we cleaned her coat thoroughly, dampening it with alcohol and water, rubbing it with a rough towel, cleaning ears and nose, and powdering the ears with a little boracic acid, cutting the tips of her claws; then dusting the coat with cornstarch, rubbed in well, and brushing, brushing and brushing it out for three days.

Once at the show, she was being examined with two other Blacks on the judging table. Long silence from the judge. Finally he spoke:

"Well, I think we'll give the prize"—putting his hand on a fine little Black from Indianapolis—"to this one."

Instantly my cat lifted up her voice in the loudest wail I ever heard her give. It was so uncannily apt that everyone within hearing distance burst into delighted laughter, and next day all the newspapers mentioned it, giving the name of the cattery she came from.

The Cold-Storage Variety

As my trade developed I found I had to differentiate sharply between pet stock and show stock. Every breeder with a trade of any size has to make this distinction. Pet stock is raised from one or two inferior queens, sometimes only half thoroughbred, sometimes thoroughbred enough, but with a poor head or a long nose or enormous ears, or some other defect. Such stock goes to pet shops and department stores, and sells at from five to fifteen dollars. A little of it I sell direct, but not much. Most people, when they decide to buy a cat, merely pick out a kitten that appeals to them. Perhaps it's from cheap stock, for ten or twelve dollars; perhaps they want the better quality, for forty or fifty. In either case, it's a pet cat, and they don't care particularly about the pedigree.

For the show stock I kept my best queens—queens of proved exhibition standard that had been doubly or triply champions—and prize-winning males of the same quality. Most of the stock raised from such cats are show prospects; they bring a good price from fanciers who want to show.

Over a stretch of ten years I found I was able to raise 85 per cent of my kittens. I think that's a fairly high average. Every queen was bred once a year; if she produced only one or two kittens she was sometimes bred twice, but I prefer to breed only once. Breeding queens only once a year makes it possible to show them as well, and I sometimes made fifty dollars a year at the shows, with additional sales there, and advertising. Each year I increased my number of queens. It was always a big temptation, when the kittens were good, to keep more than I could handle.

One day in our sixth year the local carpenter, who had taken a job in the city, came to see me. He had under his arm one of the oddest little kittens I've ever seen. Apparently a long-haired white, it didn't look like a Persian. It didn't look like anything I'd ever seen before. More than anything else, it looked like a polar bear's cub!

"What kind of cat is this?" I asked him.

"This here is a cold-storage cat."

"A what?" I cried, thinking of frozen eggs and defunct chicken. Cold storage was in its somewhat sickly infancy then.

"A year or so ago," he explained, "the cold-storage warehouse I'm workin' for took in a lot o' cats to kill rats. What with the damp an' the dark an' the cold, only a few of 'em lived, but the ones that did grew longer and longer hair, and this kitten is the fourth generation. I've got seven of 'em."

Well, if the cold of the Himalayas produced the long-haired Oriental cats, it seems logical that the temperature of a cold-storage-warehouse cellar should produce long-haired alley cats. The man persuaded me to try to sell it, and I consented. It happened that I was short on kittens myself at the time, and I was just a little annoyed to find that those kittens sold so readily at four dollars apiece.

What's in a Name

One of the females I kept to use as a foster mother when one of my thoroughbred queens had more than three kittens to take care of. It was one of the worst spots for me in the business when I had to take away the little cold-storage mother's kittens and substitute the young aristocrats. She was good—some foster mothers complain terribly—but I felt a little like King Herod.

I watched the various generations of those kittens around the neighborhood, and was amused to see them revert to common short-haireds.

It was the tenth year that the worst luck I had throughout the business struck me like a Florida gale. The first disaster fell upon two tortoise-shell studs that were scheduled to appear in a Chicago show, where I had hoped to sell them for seventy-five dollars apiece. Their wicker traveling cages were ready, thoroughly cleaned with alcohol and neatly lined with plain blue. They were brothers and had been raised together since kittenhood. Scarcely a week before the show, however, they got into a bad argument, and when I looked at them in the morning an ear was torn from its moorings, eyes damaged, and havoc done to the carefully brushed coats. No show for them! A short while later one of the best black kittens escaped—how I never knew. She had on a black leather collar with her name, Black Velvet, engraved on a metal tag that was attached to it. I advertised, offering twenty-five dollars reward.

Two days later a little girl came up the path. She had a black kitten in her arms and what a kitten! Thin, weak, alley bred.

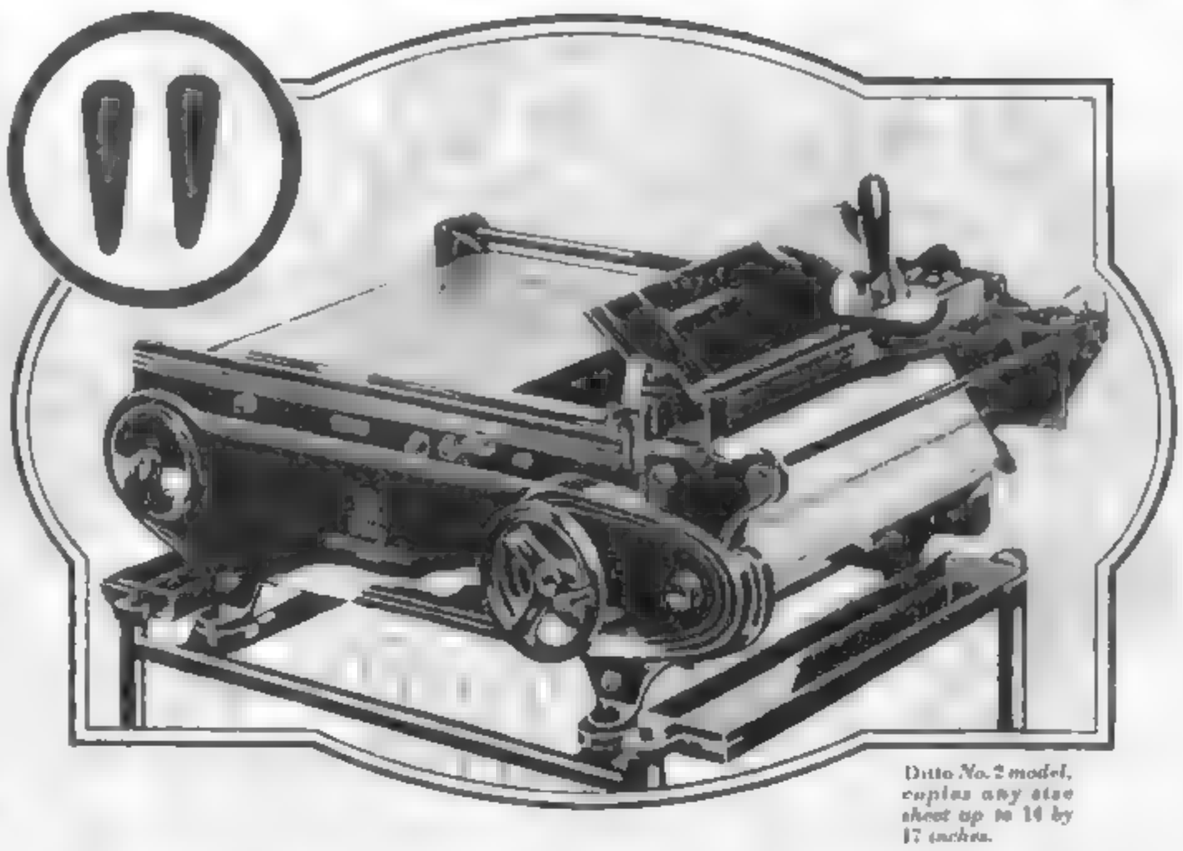
"I got your kitten!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Papa read your advertisement in the paper."

I looked at her and I looked at the kitten. Obviously she really believed that she had what I'd described as a "thoroughbred Black Persian kitten." Around the neck of the kitten she carried was the collar that had belonged to Black Velvet!

"Where did you find it?" I asked her.

"It was in the lumberyard down by the tracks," she answered.

I was sorry to disappoint her; she was so sure she'd found my lost kitten for me. Black Velvet I never saw again. Whoever took him thought it was a better idea to discard the collar, I suppose.



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From one who hears and knows

I have used the Acousticon since 1915, and would not be without it, since it relieves the nervous strain of trying to catch conversation. I have overcome all false pride about wearing the Acousticon, and feel that no one should mind it any more than the wearing of glasses ... Nellie M. Spencer, 839 Larrabee St., Sherman, Cal.

WITH A NEW EARPIECE NO LARGER THAN A DIME

Here's hearing for the Deaf!

There is an open road, and smooth, to hearing and happiness, and the New Acousticon points the way. Thousands already are traveling it, unburdened by handicap, rid of all embarrassment. They have left deafness and depression behind. They are leading joyful, active, useful lives. For they can hear again.

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A wonderful thing, indeed, is this scientific hearing-aid, the culmination of twenty-five years' experience in the field of re-creating hearing. It is so small, so light, so inconspicuous . . . with a tiny earpiece no larger than a silver dime! And it transmits sounds so clearly, so distinctly!

TEST IT WITHOUT CHARGE

For a limited time, we will gladly send, prepaid, a New Acousticon to your home for a ten-day demonstration without charge or obligation of any kind. For we want you to know the merits of this wonderful instrument before you invest one penny in it. Merely sign and return the coupon below.

Branches and authorized Acousticon consultants in 112 of the country's principal cities.

FREE—10-DAY TRIAL OF THE NEW ACOUSTICON

RADIO HOUR
Sunday nights, from 6:30 to 7 P.M. Eastern time—over WEAF and 19 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. . .

Kindly print your name and address plainly and mail to Dept. 533, The Acousticon, 220 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y.

Name .....

Street ..... City.....

"That's What Our Boy Has Been Asking For"

BOYS!

Get your FREE copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot!

You can be proud of a boy who sets his heart on an air rifle for Christmas. It's the manly side of him that is seeking for expression—the side that counts for character

There are so many shallow and harmful diversions offered the boys of today. All the more reason to encourage your boy in a sport that develops self-reliance, alertness, and the teamwork of mind and muscle. Many leading athletes, coaches and experts recommend target practice as the finest possible training for success in sports and in after life.

Start your boy off this Christmas with the Daisy, the safe rifle which has taught marksmanship to millions of boys now grown to manhood. Teach him how to use it; it will mean lots of sport for both of you. There's always a rush for the Daisy at Christmas. Right now, while his stock is full, ask your dealer to show you the rifle illustrated—the famous Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5. Other Daisy Air Rifles, a model for every age, from $1 to $5—or sent direct on receipt of price.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

Helen Gubler Sent Us a Coupon Like This—

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910 Independence Square
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I'm interested in your cash plan for more money. Please tell me about it, but without obligating me in any way

Name. Age
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Miss Helen Gubler of Utah

Now We Pay Her More Than $70.00 a Week

Miss Gubler one summer found that she could earn more money as our subscription representative than she could in any other way. So now she devotes her whole time to our plan. Perhaps you cannot, like Miss Gubler, give us all your time. But even if you have only a few spare hours a week, you can turn them into welcome dollars in a pleasant, dignified way as do hundreds of busy men and women. You work at your own convenience—and you need no business experience.

Mail the Coupon Above for Our Cash Offer to You—Now!

Later that same month one of the best Black Persian females turned an age-old scandal clear around and made it news. She was hunting in a neighbor's cornfield one day when a group of some hundred crows swooped down upon her. They killed her savagely.

But the worst blow of all came when the cat-and-dog influenza, distemper, came down on us in 1916. Both Bess' charges and mine suffered under it. We'd conquered occasional cases of black mange with sulphurous acid. We'd fought bronchitis and eczema and keratitis and catarrh. We'd not been troubled much with fits or rickets; well-fed cats from strong stock aren't especially subject to them. When fits did come we decided whether they were caused by worms or weak hearts or weak brains, and either dosed for worms or set about improving the stock as far as general strength was concerned. Once or twice we encountered rickets when we bred too old a queen to too old a male. We learned to put a drop of 1 per cent solution of nitrate of silver into kittens' eyes as soon as they were opened, and all the cats got plenty of their natural vermifuge, grass. Ears were cleaned regularly once a month, and we had a remedy on hand for bad eyes. In March, show prospects were specially dosed and dieted, with a pinch of phosphate of soda once a day or so for their coats. Nobody got milk, and everybody got the best minced raw beef—choice parts to kittens—with variations of peas and beans and raw eggs and fish. Both cairns and cats were sturdy stock, and we hadn't much to fear in the way of disease.

Experiments in Color

But that spring—that terrible spring—distemper was unavoidable. It happened to be the form that is followed by pneumonia, too, and the only compensation was that we hadn't long to wait. It was live or die in twenty-four hours, once the pneumonia set in. We called in the help of a competent veterinary and prepared for a siege. It was extraordinarily cold for early spring; moreover, the coal range chose that particular time to misbehave, it wasn't easy to get coal, and we had trouble keeping ourselves warm. I remember many a night we spent, Bess and I, on each side of the stove, she trying to warm a puppy while I kept all the heat I possibly could on a kitten's chest sometimes with success, sometimes quite futilely. All told, she lost $250 worth of dogs and I lost four young kittens, a stud a year old, and a champion male three years old. It was losing that one particular male, the champion, that made me suddenly feel, as I sat with him dying on my lap at four o'clock in the morning, tired enough myself after a week of trying rather helplessly to save sick kittens, that I'd give it up. He'd just completed his championship that February. And as it's the dream of every breeder's heart, whether he's raising horses or cattle or chickens or goldfish, to produce the perfect specimen, it was my dream to produce the perfect Black Persian cat. And this cat, one of the get of an earlier Chicago champion that had seemed to me nearly perfect in points and color, had looked, I thought, better than his father. He'd started from kittenhood to be a winner, and when I saw him die I wanted to give up the whole business

But though you may think those things at night, you don't do them in the morning. It may not always be joy that "cometh in the morning," but it is less fear, and that, with the momentum of habitual work, carries you along. Things went better after that night; the summer was good and the following summer still better.

By that time I had ten queens among the show stock. They produced about forty, and raised about thirty-five kittens a year, which sold at an average of thirty-five dollars apiece—about $1225 for the year. In food alone, counting less for kittens and more for brooding females, the cats cost something like a dollar a week apiece. For the year I could reckon on about $500 for the breeding mothers, $150 for the three studs, $280 for kittens, saying they stayed with me on an average of eight weeks each—$930 in all. Occasional medicine, brushes and incidentals were covered by prize money. I averaged perhaps fifty dollars a year at shows, with novices, studs, neuters and females. We always had an average of four boarding cats—twice as many in the summer as in the winter—and the profit on these came to about $500 a year. Stud fees brought in about $750 that year from visiting queens, making a total profit of about $1600. All the time the quarters had to be improved or repaired or enlarged. We fixed up a huge free run, inclosing the sunny orchard. We added a miniature log cabin with screened porch for mothers with kittens; from the outside it looked as perfect as an Own-Your-Own-Home model.

Results of color crossings never ceased to interest me, and while I've specialized in tortoise-shells and blacks, I've tried nearly everything else as well. Once a customer who had bought a black asked me to get her a smoke for her sister. So I bred a black—one of my own—to a Milwaukee Silver, and got a fine little smoke. Silvers bred from a crossing with blue give you a lovely tone, and I got one fine little show prospect by crossing orange with cream. Once I made the mistake of introducing color into a white pedigree, and it was as hard to get out as a scarlet letter. I never knew when an off-color descendant was going to appear, and no one who could read a pedigree intelligently and saw the confession of adulteration in that one would buy the kittens. Whenever I could I'd import a black or blue or tortoise-shell for new blood, but it was likely to cost $250 before I could get one cat from an English cattery to my own.

The mystery of why the tortoise-shell is always female and the orange always male continued to be fascinating as I watched the results from my first tortoise-shell queen. I've got tortoise-shell kittens from tortoise-shell females and black, blue or orange males, or from any combination of orange with blue or black. But once, and only once, did I get a male tortoise-shell, and that was the only male of the kind I've ever seen. I never got an orange female. The explanation seems to lie in the Mendelian Law: The color orange is dominant over black in the male, but only incompletely dominant over it in the female, and pure oranges, therefore, are male, while orange and black, or tortoise-shell, are female.

A Good Combination

Early in the spring of the thirteenth year Bess got an idea that she wanted to open a little tea room on the big veranda at the front of the house. She believed it would help the sale of both dogs and cats. I could see that it might; for three years we had been distributing kittens during the summer to hotels and high-class road houses and tea rooms to be sold on commission, and you'd be surprised what that did to our sales. Hostesses let the kittens play around in the dining rooms, and few people who had children with them could get the boy or girl home without the kitten, once it came into sight. But we hadn't much money saved and it looked like a pretty big chance to take, to put it all into fixing up a tea room.

However, we tried it out. With $2000 we fixed up a nice little place that seated about forty people, hired a cook and a couple of waitresses and distributed some advertising. The first summer we made just enough to encourage us a little, but the next year the sales of soup and salad and dogs and cats doubled.

Since I began, my profits have climbed pretty steadily, on the whole, though they have never been very large. My last years have taken me past the $2000 mark. Without having the opportunity to look at the books of the innumerable cat breeders in the country—from catteries with a hundred animals producing all the time, to the lady

(Continued on Page 190)

B E Y O N D . .

the appeal of known fragrances

There now exists a new and magnetic power of loveliness . . . surpassing description . . . yet urging expression and experience. It is Astris, "Star of Infinity" . . . the supreme creation of the oldest and largest of the great French Parfumeurs.

In Gift Flacon de Luxe of rose embossed with silver, encased in suède, $20; smaller flacon, $8; trial size, $2; face powder, $1; sachet and bath powder, $1.50 each . . . L. T. Piver, Inc. *(pronounced Peevair)*, 118 East 16th Street, New York; 1300 Saint Alexander Street, Montreal.

GLORY of TONE

The Supreme Quality a Christmas Radio can Possess-

THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A STROMBERG-CARLSON—what a gift! What unmeasured hours of delight!

In selecting the Radio which YOU will present, make sure it has in fullest measure the attribute more important than all the rest—TONE.

Just as a world-famous Stradivarius or Cremona violin produces an exquisiteness of tone no others can reproduce, so a Stromberg-Carlson has a tone not found in any other make of radio.

This glorious tone quality, the result of scientific design, generous use of material and care in structure, makes Stromberg-Carlson pre-eminently the radio which expresses the spirit of Christmas.

The address of your nearest Stromberg-Carlson dealer may be learned from his advertisements in the newspapers or telephone directory.

Listen to the Stromberg-Carlson Hour Friday Evenings

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

No. 636 Stromberg-Carlson. Art Console Price, less tubes and Speaker . . $245.

Stromberg-Carlsons [illegible] also battery operated models, range in price from $185 to $1205

Prices quoted are East of Rockies

Stromberg-Carlson

Makers of voice transmission and voice reception apparatus for more than thirty years.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

I don't care how cold it gets — *or how warm*

This seal protects you against substitution. It appears only on standard glycerine solutions vouched for by the Glycerine Producers' Association.

RADIATOR Glycerine

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

Give your car this permanent, safe, anti-freeze protection.

No evaporation, no odor, no constant worry. Harmless to car and finish.

Does not boil away

Your car is protected for the entire winter with one filling

It often happens. You put an anti-freeze solution in your car. Perhaps the weather gets warm. Even as you drive the anti-freeze evaporates. You don't see it go but your protection fades away with it. Then the cold snap, the car is frozen, laid up, with perhaps a good fat repair bill to come.

Yet it is so easy to give your car permanent anti-freeze protection with Radiator Glycerine. Glycerine will not evaporate. No need to add more with every cold snap. No danger of boiling off. No needless worry. One filling protects your car for the entire winter.

Note these advantages

In addition to its permanence, Radiator Glycerine offers several advantages that will appeal to every motorist. Some anti-freeze mixtures will attack the materials used in the cooling system—glycerine will not. Motorists who have had their cars disfigured by solution spilled on them will be glad to know that glycerine is harmless to lacquer. Closed car drivers will also welcome the fact that glycerine has no odor, even when hot, to make closed car driving unpleasant.

It gives complete satisfaction

Thousands of motorists are using Radiator Glycerine. It meets the requirements of the U. S. Bureau of Standards for perfect anti-freeze. Amundsen used glycerine when he flew to the North Pole. Motor car and radiator shutter front makers recommend it.

Be sure the car is glycerine tight

Glycerine cannot evaporate—it can only be lost by leakage or waste. So be sure your car is tight—your garage man can check up on it very easily—before the Radiator Glycerine is put in. Then enjoy your winter driving as you never have before.

Get the details

Every motorist should have a copy of the Radiator Glycerine booklet. It costs nothing and will show you the way to greater pleasure in winter driving. Fill out and send in the coupon, and get the booklet by return mail.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 East 17th Street, New York City

I'd like *real* anti-freeze protection for my car this winter. Send me the booklet.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 186)

in the little brown shingle house down the street, who has a nice Persian and sells a kitten or two a year—I imagine it's better than an average profit.

Ever since Eve first realized there was no hired help available, much of the popularity of domesticated animals has depended on their comparative usefulness to man. Horse and elephant, dog and cow were put to work. But the usefulness of the cat depends chiefly on her ability to destroy vermin. Official institutions like the National Printing Office of France and the French Military Magazine employ bands of cats to kill mice, and an English railroad company employs eight or nine cats, setting aside an item in the budget for their maintenance. There are similar jobs open for cats in city post offices and railroads in this country. Sometimes, too, in spite of the strong popular prejudice against it, you find cat's skin used for fur—sold under some such alias as "California mink."

The old prejudices and suspicions and aversions of the Middle Ages persist to a slight extent. Cats—particularly black cats—are still considered bad luck. In the municipal hall of a big Eastern city, the clerk tells me, there lives a cat—a gentle, rather timid little black cat. When she happens to cross the path of some young couple bent on matrimony, however, they will often retreat hastily, if a little shamefacedly, and say that they will come back some other time.

Gradually, however, the cat is regaining a measure of her ancient popularity. She has been freed from wanton cruelty. She remains aloof and a mystery, but her beauty and charm are once more recognized. The popularity of cat versus dog remains a battle of the centuries. There are even now, I believe, two dog lovers to every cat lover in this country. Really it all depends on what you want. Certainly the behavior of dogs and cats is directly opposite in many ways. Cats are self-sufficient and lair loving; dogs are sentimental. I once had a cat escape from her wicker basket at a show fifty miles away and turn up at home, three days later, having made her way with that strange homing sense that is not vision or hearing or smell.

Bess will often look at a family of red or cream or silver-gray cairn puppies exercising in their run.

"Glad I picked out dogs." She'll grin at me.

But I look at my beautiful Persians sunning themselves in the porch, and my choice is not shaken.

Thousands of Saturday Evening Post readers have equipped their cars with this powerful two-blade windshield cleaner—the Trico Vacuumatic. Now Trico presents another aid to safe driving—the Trico Sleet Wand

Sleet and Ice magically swept from your windshield

THE new Trico Sleet Wand—an auxiliary for all types of windshield cleaners—removes the last hazard from winter driving! It instantly loosens sleet and ice from the glass!

How it works: The Trico Sleet Wand contains a small compact heating element which becomes heated when the Sleet Wand is pulled downward across the inside of your windshield. The moment this gentle heat is applied the ice loosens and your windshield wiper peels it off in big chunks!

That's all there is to it! When not in use the Sleet Wand is up out of sight.

Remember—the Trico Sleet Wand is *not* a windshield wiper—it is just a small heater which warms the inside of the glass—and it may be used with any type of windshield wiper—even a hand cleaner.

Put a Trico Sleet Wand on your car today—before you are caught in one of those terrible ice storms!

If your dealer can't supply you we will mail one postpaid for $2.50 anywhere in United States.

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N.Y.

TRICO PRODUCTS

World's largest makers of windshield equipment

The Trico Sleet Wand may be used with any type of windshield wiper

The new Trico Sleet Wand now on sale at leading accessory stores. Neat compact — ornamental easy to install. Only $2.50 (U. S. A.) Patented U. S. A. Foreign patents pending

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

LAVENDER
FRESH PINK
CHEERFUL GOLD
COOL BLUE
GAY GREEN

—All colors in Cannon towels are guaranteed absolutely fast. Wash them over and over, the borders stay as bright as the day you bought the towels.

TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON TOWELS

Piles of Christmas presents . . . Pick yours

SEA-GULLS
TEDDY BEARS
MARMOSETS
LIGHTHOUSES
STRIPED EFFECTS

And many other modern and up-to-date designs! As well as the charmingly decorative patterns, there are solid color and all-white towels.

CANNON towels, Cannon bath mats, Cannon wash cloths, piles and piles of them—soft, strong, luxurious, made to wear and wear! Here are some of the new good-looking designs, the fast colors, the fine quality you always get in Cannon towels. You'll find them now in the stores at the same moderate prices you pay the year round. And remember, towel departments are spacious and pleasant shopping places.

People are always pleased with towels. People are particularly pleased with Cannon towels. And you will be proud to give presents like these, for they are lasting reminders of your good taste.

This suggested combination in the marine manner is distinctly smart. Deep luxurious turkish towels (about $2.00 each). Heavy bath mats (about $2.50 each). Soft thick wash cloths (about 25c each). All designed with the lighthouse pattern. Available in sets (about $7.50). In green, gold, blue, lavender and pink.

There are also Cannon sheets, new this year; made in white and six pastel colors: Nile Green, Orchid, Canary Yellow, Peach, Sea-shell Pink and Azure Blue. Every color guaranteed fast. The Cannon Lavender Lawn is the finest sheet in the world and each package is scented with Yardley's Old English lavender. Cannon Lineen and Cannon Fine Muslin are for those who wish something less expensive.

The articles shown on this page, and the Cannon sheets, are sold in department stores and dry goods shops everywhere. Be sure to look for the Cannon label. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

(Left) A most useful gift is a dozen of these small turkish towels, guest size. Soft of texture, conveniently small in size. Borders in blue, pink, gold, lavender, green and all-white. About 35c each.

(Center) The pride of any woman's heart would be a supply of these beautiful solid color turkish towels, luxuriously soft and fine.

Delicate shades of blue, pink, gold and green. About $1.25 each.

(Right) The children of the family may think washing a picnic, if they are given towels for their very own use. These teddy bears are especially jolly. Borders in blue, pink, green, gold and lavender. About 65c each.

(Right) The man who is lucky enough to get half a dozen or so of these Sea-gull turkish towels will chuckle every time he uses one. It's a real man's towel. Free and sweeping in design. Deeply absorbent and strong of texture. In blue, pink, gold, lavender. About $1.50.

No one is ever known to have too many bath mats, and here is one out-of-the-ordinary, one that is an exceptional "buy." Mottled effect, in green, blue, gold or pink. About $3.00.

(Left) Whimsical and gay is the Marmoset turkish towel. Smart, too, just the sort of gift women dote on. Your friends who have "gone modern" will adore them. Strong and deeply absorbent. The borders come in blue, pink, gold, green and lavender. About $1.75 each.

TONCAN IRON is Scientifically Alloyed Against Rust and Corrosion

Builders and manufacturers use it wherever metal meets moisture

IMPURITIES in iron or steel invite rust and corrosion. But absolutely pure iron cannot be made commercially, for it would have to be heated to such a temperature in the furnaces that it would be "burnt," and its usefulness destroyed. So in Toncan Iron impurities are reduced to the lowest practical minimum.

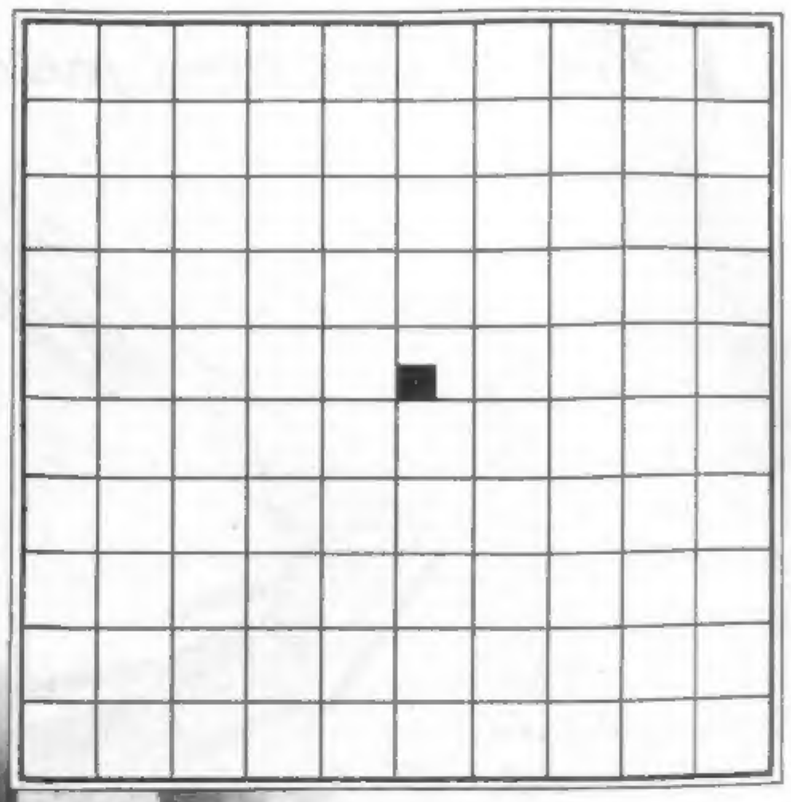
To this highly refined iron pure copper is added in certain proportions, but improvement does not end with copper alone. Through its use in alloy steels, Toncan metallurgists learned many things about the properties of mo-lyb-den-um. They discovered that, when alloyed with copper in a pure iron base, it produced a greater resistance to the attacks of rust and corrosion than commercial iron ever had before.

Since this discovery some years ago, Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron has been subjected to thousands of laboratory tests as well as severe service in actual use and has steadfastly proved its ability to resist rust and corrosion far longer than ordinary ferrous metals.

Architects, builders and sheet metal contractors specify this super-iron for sheet metal work of mammoth buildings as well as for homes of every class. They recommend it for cornices, ventilating systems, window frames, metal lath, roofing, gutters, downspouting, wherever rust and corrosion menace.

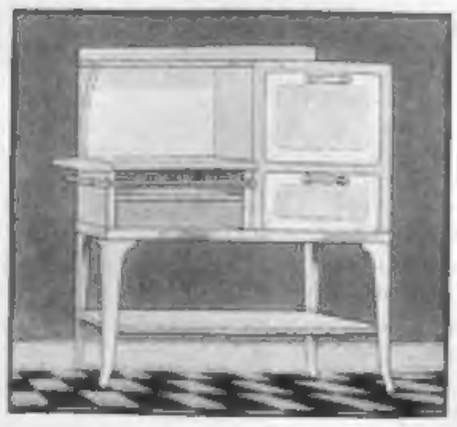
Manufacturers of stoves, refrigerators, washing machines and many other household and commercial products use Toncan Iron exclusively to give greater satisfaction to the ultimate consumer.

Learn more about this amazing iron. Write for our new booklet that presents an interesting story on the manufacture of sheet iron.



Toncan Iron is refined to a high degree of purity before the alloys are added. The black spot represents the total impurities in Toncan—¼ of 1%.

Copper of the highest quality is also used in Toncan. Ingots like those shown below are added to the Toncan Bath in the open hearth furnace. Mo-lyb-den-um is designated by scientists as one of the most active and potent elements used in iron or steel. It is added to Toncan in the form shown at the left.



Toncan Oven Lining and Enameling Iron are universally used by manufacturers of stoves and other household appliances to give longer life and greater satisfaction to the users.

Many tons of Toncan Iron were used in the ventilating system of the new Masonic Temple, New Orleans, La. Architects, Sam Stone Jr. & Co., New Orleans, General Contractor, James Stewart & Co., New York City; Sheet Metal Contractor, Hull Plumbing & Heating Co., Memphis, Tenn.

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product.

AGATHON STEELS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

This Clipping may give you a SILVER CHRISTMAS *too*

he new Legacy Pattern is as modern in
yle as a *Vionnet* gown or a hat by *Ma-*
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na Lisa in its quality and good taste
With its lovely simplicity of line, with
lithe and slen-
r silhouette,
gacy is dated to-
y . . . But it re-
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Poiret. Take all their beautiful, moder
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a new thrill for every hostess who is t
moderne . . . For, in the *Legacy* Patte
the modern motif has been captured
silverwa *Legacy* is as new in style

Suggested Minimum Set of FLAT SILVER

Basic Flatware Service

8 tea spoons	8 dessert spoons
8 dinner forks	1 sugar shell
8 dinner knives	1 butter knife

Supplemental Essentials

8 extra tea spoons	8 orange spoons
8 salad forks	8 coffee spoons
8 butter spreaders	1 cold meat fork
1 pickle fork	1 gravy ladle
1 berry spoon	1 dessert server

ANNIVERSARY PATTERN TEA SPOONS, EIGHT FOR $5.00

Having nothing else to do at the moment, but this and that, John K. Husband picked up a copy of his wife's favorite magazine.

Of all things, his eye lit on an item about silverware (*see above*) listing the silver requisites that a self-respecting home must have.

This was passing strange . . . for John was not given to thinking very deeply about his wife's household needs, excepting by way of rebuttal.

At first, the item affected him pleasantly. "How lucky," he thought, "that Molly inherited her Aunt Minnie's silver service. That certainly was a net gain to me."

But mirth was succeeded by sobriety, as he read into the list. "Molly's service doesn't seem to be so much," he mused. "She's giving her social shows with only half a troupe for her silverware cast. Most of her pieces are playing double rôles for missing pieces. I'll have to look into this drama."

He did. For the very next day he paid a visit to a silverware counter. The surprises there were many and pleasant. For one thing he learned that it doesn't cost the price of a seat on the stock exchange to gratify all of a wife's fondest silverware dreams . . . In fact, he learned that fine silverplate is the least expensive of all the refinements a man can buy for his home.

The Dessert Server cost him . . . $4.25

A set of flatware with covers for eight was priced at $49.85, including a gorgeous Treasure Chest. He bought it. Extra tea spoons at $5 for eight. He bought them. Salad forks in eights, $10. He bought them, too. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Never did he have so much fun for so little money in shopping for the home. Besides, *Christmas was coming.*

And being a thoroughbred, he did the job up brown . . . adding a tea set to the flatware . . . in the same pattern. All in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. For John has an unerring eye for quality. He always spots the best.

. . . So Molly's Christmas was silver indeed.

The basic service came in the gorgeous PIECES OF 8 *Chest $49.85*

And, as a final inspiration, he added a three-piece tea service at . . . $65.00

L'Envoi

Of course, we can't guarantee that if you leave the above clipping where your husband can't miss it, it will do to him what it did to John. But it ought to, if he loves you as of yore . . . *Besides, Christmas is coming.*

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

GENERAL OFFICES: MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . SAN FRANCISCO
CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

Model Seven-twenty-six. Victor adjustable-volume Electrola with all-electric Radiola. Antenna-plate brings in local stations without aerial. List price, $425.

Is there someone you would like to please *especially?*

Model Four-forty. Console-type Orthophonic Victrola. List price, $165. With electric motor, $35 extra. Canadian price on request. A very desirable instrument.

THE VICTROLA, in one of its many forms, is an investment in happiness, without parallel in the long list of gifts that will be considered for Christmas. "The gift that keeps on giving" is no mere catch-phrase, coined for advertising purposes. It is a self-evident truth. Day after day, the Victrola goes on giving pleasure through the years. It is not only a flawless medium of the world's music, but a piece of furniture to grace any home. Its beneficent harmonies add to the sheer joy of living, as nothing else can. There is a type of Victor instrument for every taste and purse, listing at $25 and up. To avoid any possible chance of disappointment at Christmas time, see your nearest Victor dealer *now* and make your selection and reservation. It's an investment you'll never regret.

Model Ten-thirty-five. The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola. The musical instrument that millions have waited for. An investment in happiness for today . . . and the years to come. List price, only $365!

Model Eight-twelve. A very popular model of the Orthophonic Victrola. Moderate in size and price —big in performance. List price, $225. With electric motor, $35 extra.

Model Two-fifty-five. Portable Victrola, in a practically indestructible all-metal case, covered with a leather-like material, softly padded. Amazing volume and tone. List price, $35.

Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola Radiola. Changes its own records—amplifies them electrically. Radiola is the new Super-Heterodyne. A truly de luxe instrument, $1350, list, complete with tubes.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

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